



Parr Sculp

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Mr. P O P E's *Literary Correspondence.*

VOLUME the FOURTH.

With LETTERS, &c. *To, and From,*

Mr. ADDISON.

Bishop ATTERBURY.

Bishop BARLOW.

Bishop FLEETWOOD.

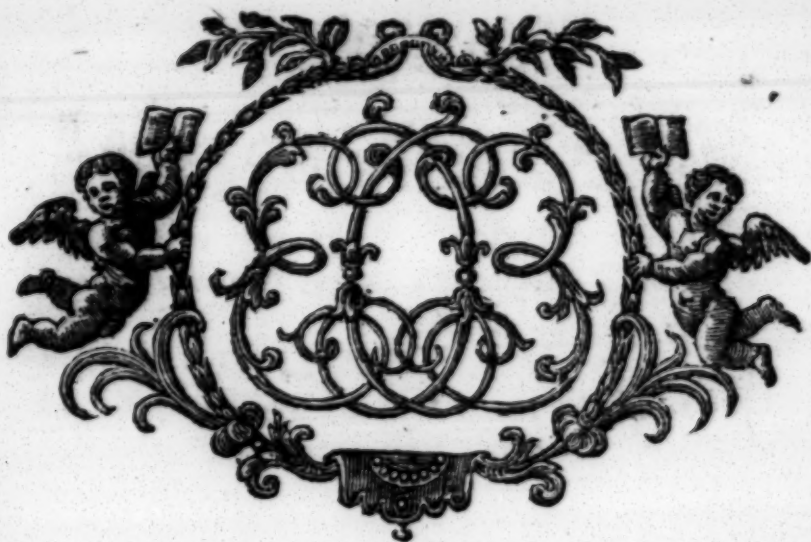
Bishop SMALRIDGE.

Sir BERKELEY LUCY.

King HENRY VIII. to

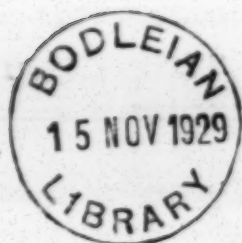
ANNE BOLEYN.

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL, at *Pope's-Head*, in *Rose-Street*, *Covent-Garden*. M.DCC.XXXVI.





TO THE

S I F T E R S.*

INCE the Publication of the
THIRD *Volume* of our *Literary*
Correspondence, I have not been
pestered with the Impertinence
of *Brocade*, or *Tim. Lancet*, or
any of your *Gang*.

However, to redeem your Character, in
some Measure, from its present Contempt,
I will send ye on a much more reputable
Embassy than Mr. *Pope* has done, in con-
stituting ye his Examiners, (an Employ only
fit for that Chin-dropping, driveling, coward-

* A Pack of Wretches so mean, that they went on so
filly an Errand, as to *sift* Mr. CURLL, as Mr. *Pope* in
his Narrative informs the Public.

vi To the *S I F T E R S*.

ly Scribler of the *BASTARD*, S***** by making a faithful Report to the Public of the Contents of this *FOURTH Volume*.

YE are first to observe, that as the *Jesuits* deduce their Original from St. *IGNATIUS LOYOLA*, in like Manner, is Mr. *POPE* the Founder of this Scheme of *Literary Correspondence*.

YE are next to assure all Persons, who are so kind as to give you Audience, that to prevent the least Suspicion of Spuriousity, they may see every Letter I have ever printed of Mr. *Pope's*, in his *Own Hand-Writing*, not copied either from *Twickenham*, or, *Dover-Street MSS.* as Mr. *Minshul* the late Librarian will, in Justice to me, assert.

THIS Volume opens, with the Promised Collection of *Historical Letters*, from the *Revolution*, 1688, to the Year 1730.

NEXT follow Original Letters of Bishop *Barlow*, Bishop *Fleetwood*, Bishop *Atterbury*, his Character by Bishop *Smalridge*, and a Defence of the *Newtonian Philosophy*, by Mr. Secretary *Addison*; all which will subsist by their own Immortal Merit.

To the *S I F T E R S*. vii

A LOVE-SCENE from *Rome* succeeds, being the Original Letters which passed between King HENRY VIII. and ANNE BOLEYN, with some Notes thereon; Addressed to Mr. *Pope*.

SOME of his own Pieces bring up the Rear, and the COURT-POEMS, compleat this Volume.

E. CURLL.

P O S T S C R I P T.

PRAY, with my *Respects* to Mr. POPE, tell him I am sorry that *Ill Health, Ill Humour, Ill Weather, and the Want of a Coach*, should all conspire to prevent his paying that Visit to LUCRETIA,* which she lately expected from Him; and, tho' she will not by any Means admit of the Term *Affectionate*, he may subscribe Himself her *bumble Servant*. The Lady is eloped from her last Lodging,

* A noted Cast-off-Punk, of his pious *Saint-John*. Mrs. *Griffith*, alias *Butler*, alias *Lucretia Lindo*, who has several Letters of Mr. *Pope's*, not worth Printing.

viii To the *S I F T E R S*.

but *He* may hear of his *Deary* at the *Old Place*. She hopes the Picture will please, now the Painter has re-touched it.

'Tis strange! that still our Bard the *Truth* will shun,
For *Wrong* is *Wrong*, where-ever it be done.

Adv. from Hor.





Historical Letters.

LETTER I.

S I R,

June 30. 1688.

YOU see the Upshot of the *Information* against the BISHOPS; his Majesty was in the Camp at *Hounslow*, the Soldiers huzza'd at the News, as loudly as the Mob at *Westminster-Hall*. Mob! did I say? It was a Multitude of Nobility, Gentry, and Citizens of the best Note. The King was terribly chagrin'd; he ask'd what Noise was that? They told him, Nothing, but the Soldiers rejoicing at the Acquittal of the Bishops. Do you call that Nothing, says he? *Wright* is an excellent Chief; * the Most Christian King might find him a very useful Magistrate in *Languedoc*, at this Time. The Command of a Province in *Turkey*, would admirably suit his Genius. The Forms of the Law of *England* were a great Restraint upon his Zeal;

* He was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

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the Spirit of Tyranny in his Office, and Adulation towards his Prince (which generally go together) had such an Ascendant over him, that he broke thro' all Decency; he could not converse with Mr. Justice *Powell* upon the Points of Law, without mal-treating him: He has such an Aversion to poor Sir *B. Shower*, and had at the same Time so little Command of his Temper, that he insulted him, tho' he was for the Prosecution. This arbitrary Behaviour of great Magistrates in silencing Council, whose Faces they do not like, is of greater Consequence to the Public than People generally seem to apprehend: But a fitter Opportunity of treating the Man ill, could hardly be chosen; for the Generality of the Audience were prejudic'd against him, on Account of the Service he was engaged in, and were therefore prepared to approve of all the ill Usage that could be offer'd to him: On the other hand, the King had little Occasion for him, for the Solicitor-General was a Minion, as scurrilous as *Billingsgate*, as prostitute and impudent as *Drury-Lane*. When this Tryal is printed, I hope the odious Colours that the principal Characters will appear in, both at the Bar, and on the Bench, will have a good Effect on the Gentlemen of the Profession for the growing Generation, as young *Spartans* were taught to hate Drunkenness, by seeing the odious Effects of it upon their Slaves. If Judges and Statesmen would only examine themselves by the Faults of those who stand condemned in History, and ask Questions like these; Am I *Hubert de Burgo*? Am I *Treilian*? Am I *Sejanus*? Am I *Villers*? Am I guilty of the Crime for which this Man's Memory is justly hated? I say, were Men thus to reflect, they would forget the Tip-Staves, the Train-bearer

and

and Collar of SS. the Coronet and the Blue Ribbon : They would not bear being branded Villains to Posterity ; and if true Philanthropy and Patriotism could not enter into every Breast, there would at least be an Appearance of them, Men would learn to be affable, benign, Lovers of Justice, or to seem so ; there would be that Resemblance of the Virtues, that Mankind would be deceived and satisfied. Don't tell me of a Man's Eminence in his Profession, or the high Post he fills in the State ; his Learning and Knowledge of the World have not enlarged his Mind ; he is still a little poor Wretch, if he does not remember what a small Part he makes among the Current of Ages. He looks about him, and fancies the present Scene the only one of great Importance, that Time has produc'd ; and, three to one, esteems himself the most considerable Character exhibited in it. Where was this Man bred ? Is he ignorant what a Racket the School-Boys make with *Alexander*, and *Cæsar*, and *Sylla* ; with *Cato*, and *Brutus*, and *Aristides* ? But enough of this. I suppose we shall have the Tryal printed in a Month : In the mean while, I send you Part of what Mr. *Somers* said ; he was Junior Council for the Bishops ; he was very brief, is much applauded for that little he did say, but I suppose will not suddenly be made a Judge, nor King's Council neither. The Heat of Mens Minds at the Tryal, was violent on all Sides. * *Williams* did not scruple to say, that if the Bishops were commanded to do any Thing against their Consciences, they should have acquiesced till the Meeting of the Parliament, they should not have petitioned. And this vile immodest Assertion was

* The Solicitor-General.

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received with sufficient Indecency : People his'd at him for that, and for something else in his Speech, as you would at a very bad Play. Mr. Justice *Powell's* Zeal, on the other Side, was so eager to settle the Point, that the Petition was no Libel, that he did not stick to affirm to the Jury, that it could not be a Libel, unless it were false : But this, I fear, is false Doctrine in our Law, tho' 'tis to be wish'd it were true : I only mention it, to shew you what a Ferment the World is in. Upon the Whole, 'tis thought by some of the wisest and most loyal People in the Kingdom, that we have but a dismal Prospect before us. 'Tis evident, that if the Grand Monarch don't effectually interpose, and pinch the *Dutch*, the Prince of *Oceange* will speedily invade the Kingdom. If he should succeed, what loyal Breast can bear to think the Consequences ? Will he come here, like a Hero in Romance, only to mind other Peoples Business, and then be gone again ? I tremble to reflect what is to become of sacred Majesty, to recollect the shocking Fates of imprison'd *English* Kings, our *Edward*, *Richard*, and the Royal Martyr, his Adage was verified in them all. On the other hand, what if the Prince should be prevented, or be defeated ? What Protestant Soul is not shaken, in the midst of all its Loyalty, to think of the Wonders that may be wrought both in Religion and Liberty, by the Gentlemen at *Hounslow*. 'Tis true, the Majority of them are Protestants at present, and many of their Officers are Men of Quality and Fortune (I am sorry, for the King's sake, I can only say Majority) but 'tis as true, that if there be not Papists and Soldiers of Fortune enough in *England*, there are in *Scotland* and *Ireland*, to shift out the Protestants and Men of

Worth ;

Worth; and then if the Cause of the Bishops, or of *Magdalen-College*, should be brought before them, they will do Business in a Stile yet more concise than *Wright* and *Allybone*, or *Jefferies* and the Bishop of *Chester* can pretend to. But should their Establishment be in Consequence of an Invasion, and of a Victory obtain'd against the Invader, then may we expect to see a Standing Army made Part of the Constitution. Whenever that happens, Parliaments can't be long-liv'd. The Soldier will never starve while the Householder has any Thing to eat. How happy should we be, if the King would content himself with 100 or 1000 Masses a-Day for the Good of his own Soul, and permit his good Subjects to go to the Devil, if they liked: But we are come to this miserable Option, *The King or the People must be ruin'd*; and the Wonder is, *The King himself makes the Dilemma*. I forgot to tell you, that Serjeant *Pemberton*, in his Argument, took Occasion to mention Popery, and boldly said, *'twas the very worst of all Religions*.

L E T T E R II.

Sept. 6. 1633.

I Agree with you, that Kings might benefit by reading History with Attention, as much as their Ministers and Judges, perhaps they might much more, as the Sphere they move in is higher. I wish ours had observ'd in the Life of his Grandfather * *Henry the Great*, or *Davila's History of the Holy League*, that the wisest Hugonot in *France*

* *Henry IV. of France*, Father of Queen *Henrietta Maria*, Wife of King *Charles I.*

advis'd

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advis'd the King to turn Papist, or give up all Thoughts of the Crown : The Parallel is natural. The very Palace of *Whitehall*, his Father's Statue at *Charing-Cross*, ought to be effectual Memento's of the Rage of a jealous People, who fear at once for Religion and Property. If once our zealous *London* Herd break loose, not all the Magic in the *Roman* Missal will be able to charm them, not all the Thunder in the *Vatican* to frighten them : And 'tis believed, * *that Jupiter would be a pleased Spectator of the Broil.*

The military Gentlemen are the only useful Folks on such Emergencies, and they will hardly be persuaded to destroy their own Religion. There must be a Reform first, and a Recruit from *Scotland* and *Ireland*. Indeed, if a King of *England* were only to desire to enslave his People, an Army would make the Game sure : No Matter how, or on what Occasion they came together, they naturally resolve to continue together ; for that is their very Life and Existence : Like Bodies in the animal World, they endeavour their own Preservation, and that is by the Destruction of the Rights of Mankind ; Food as proper for them, as Grass for Oxen ; having neither Liberty nor Property themselves, they readily concur to destroy them in others ; that is only levelling ; but it ends better still for them ; for when they have enslaved the People, they are rewarded with the easiest Chains, the uppermost Rank among Slaves, and often find out their own Strength, and please themselves in chopping and changing their Masters. I can't be particular on a sudden ; but I believe *Rome* and *Constantinople* afford forty or fifty Instances to this Purpose.

* Pope Innocent XI.

But

But we have at present, Religion mixed with our Politics, and that puts us out of all Danger ; for who doubts the Religion of an Army ? Perhaps every one does not apprehend it ; but seriously, Armies sometimes have Religion. When *Henry III.* of *France* was murder'd in his Camp, his great Successor lost two Thirds of the Army in a Month, by Desertion, because of his Difference in Religion, tho' they all ador'd him for many Royal Virtues. Who denies Religion, such as it was, to our *British* Armies of Covenanters ? There was indeed, one Army of *Roman* Catholicks in the last War in *Ireland*, who prefer'd their Loyalty to one of the Tenets of their Religion : The Pope's Nuncio excommunicated the Earl of *Clanrickard* and his Adherents, for continuing steady in their Allegiance to King *Charles* ; and the Earl of *Clanrickard*, at the Head of his Army, excommunicated the Pope's Nuncio by Beat of Drum. But as to our own Army, let its Religion be what it will, I wish the King had Impressions somewhat weaker than he has of Church-of-*England*-Loyalty. Some overweening Doctors have persuaded him, that we are all Saints, but when we are brought to a severe Test, the most of us will be found mere frail Sinners. I wish those divine Gentlemen had mixed a moderate Proportion of human Prudence with their politic Theology, that Principles might not be strain'd till they break. His Confessors should consider what an unkingly, an ungenerous Conclusion they inculcate. *The Principles of the Church of England oblige her Sons to endure every Thing, therefore we will bruise them with a Rod of Iron.* Are such Men fit to rule Kingdoms ? Are they fit to govern a Grammar-School ?

LETTER III.

O Feb. 26. 1688.

THE too near Neighbourhood of *Holland* has thrown our Administration into a violent Ague; the hot Fit and the cold quickly succeed each other. Public Justice is in a fluctuating Condition, it depends on the Winds and Weather, like the Rate of Insurance of Ships on their Voyages. By the Proceedings of the High-Commission-Court, we know which Way the Wind blows; 'tis a mere Barometer, with this Difference from the common Experiment with *Mercury*, that the Credit and Power of that Court rise high with a Westerly Wind, or a Storm; an Easterly Gale sinks them down to nothing.

An old Gentleman, a Friend of mine, determin'd to mount in Armour for his Majesty, when first he heard of this Invasion; he has an inveterate Enmity to the Whigs, for cutting down his Timber in the Days of Sequestration: But indeed this last low, little Shuffling, between Grace and Oppression, has brought him to have a very mean Opinion of the Royal Candour and Integrity, as well as of the Wisdom and Honesty of the Counsellors: And now my Friend is resolv'd to wait the Event of Affairs in a whole Skin; an Alteration which I strongly suspect to have happen'd to many! and even to some of the military People. The Instability of our Councils, is a sure Symptom of a languishing Cause: A Soul by Turns so temerarious and pusillanimous, as on every little Opportunity to fly out into Acts of Wrong, and on every little Check shamefully to cry, *Peccavi*:
Such

Such a Soul is only fit to animate the worst of Tyrants. I think 'twas *Caligula* that would rush and hide under the Bed when it thunder'd, but could piss on the Statues of the Gods, when he thought the Danger was over ; and it was he too, that wish'd the People of *Rome* had but one Neck, that he might destroy them at a Stroke. Surely the Ministers design to pervert People from their Loyalty ; they could never else give such manifest Occasion for Defection. A Verbose *Frenchman* told the Cardinal *de Richlieu*, that God might rest the Government of the whole World on the Cardinal's Wisdom : If this Compliment were true, our Country might afford a tolerable Contrast ; for we have got Statesmen equal to the Task, if the Almighty in his Wrath should resolve to destroy the World by the Pravity of human Councils. But he that brings Good out of Evil, is yet able to save us.

LETTER IV.

Novemb. 2. 1688.

I Do not wonder you should suspect me to be almost a Whig ; for 'tis most certain, I can't persuade myself to draw a Sword to destroy my Religion and Liberty : And yet I wish a Temper could be found to save both Prince and People. It is true, that there are Dangers to be apprehended from the Invader, and that must be the Case, let who will draw the Sword for us. I also agree with you, that there is no natural Connection between Popery and Slavery ; that the Design of imposing both at once on this Nation, is only accidental ; that a Protestant Prince may forge Chains for his People,

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People, as well as a Popish one; that Protestant *Danes* are Slaves, and Popish *Switzers* Freemen: But thus stands our particular Case, Our Prince has avow'd a Design to govern without Law; the Invader disclaims that odious Project: We are certain of our Ruin on the one hand, we have some reasonable Hopes of escaping on the other.

It would not be easy for the Invader immediately to become absolute: That would depend upon a Standing-Army. The Power he brings won't be sufficient to effect his principal Enterprize without a large Concurrence of *Englishmen*; and the Officers will be generally People of Families, who will hardly on a sudden concur with Foreigners to enslave themselves: And I think the Prince's Hands will be too full of Enemies both at home and abroad, to hazard the Loss of his new Friends as soon as he has got them, and to provoke the same People who invited him in, to turn him out again. No Ministers that he can employ will suddenly give such Advice. Even Ministers don't love Standing-Armies; don't desire to see their Prince above Law, unless they have had time enough to commit Crimes that make them afraid of Law, and glad of the Refuge of an Arbitrary Protection: They approve of, and advance an absolute Power to protect them, only in Proportion to their own Necessities. A Man who has acquir'd a good Fortune, naturally wishes to secure his Property in it, and to transmit that Property safe to his Posterity: Nothing but the Terrors that attend on Guilt, can alter that Desire, and they indeed can alter it. If he knows that his injur'd Country has had Cause to demand Vengeance upon him, he verifies the Devil's Observation, *All that a Man hath, will he give for his Life.*

L E T-

LETTER V.

Decemb. 5. 1688.

WE have it from the best Authority, that, *When a Man's Works please the Lord, he maketh his Enemies to be at Peace with him.* Since this is so, 'tis plain the King's Works have not pleased the Lord; for his Servants, his intimate Confidants, his very Children have deserted him. From the Highest to the Lowest! the Prince and Princess of Denmark, the Lord Churchill, the Magistrates, the very Footmen and Common Soldiers shift for themselves, and avoid his ruin'd Fortune. *The Royal Sovereign's sinking; the very Rats, as by Instinct, have quit it.*

The Prince of Orange must devise a Motto more expressive of Success, than, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*; for he has got a potent Kingdom without striking a Stroke. And yet a Thousand of these Instances can't make weak Princes wise. Had ours been less happy on the first Day of his Reign, he might perhaps have escaped his Errors and Misfortunes. His Purse was full, his People rich, his Revenue so large, that it hardly requir'd an Addition to maintain a great Army: His Nobility and Gentry, his Clergy and Universities, his Counties and Boroughs, professed their Loyalty in the most affectionate Terms; and yet, in less than four Years time to use them all so ill, that Affection or Loyalty to him should hardly be found in the whole Nation! 'Tis prodigious!

H——, who is particularly pleased with this Turn of Affairs, says, that *Waller* prophesied it in his Poem on the Marriage of the Prince and Princess

Princess of Orange, he points out these Lines for that Purpose.

*Ten thousand Thanks the Nation owes
To him who does protect us all;
For while he thus his Niece bestows,
About our Isle he builds a Wall;
Stronger than that which Athens had,
By th' Oracle's Advice, of Wood:
Had theirs been such as Charles has made,
Their mighty State till now had stood.*

But if Waller prophesied, he prophesied unwittingly, like Caiaphas the High-Priest, or perhaps like Virgil in his *Pollio*; for he was too devoted to the Court, and had too little Pain for his Country, to dream of what has happen'd at this Day.

LETTER VI.

Decemb. 13. 1688.

I Do not suppose that the Country is in perfect Tranquillity: Our Tumults in Town certainly equal those at *Constantinople*, when they depose their Sultans. I should not like, at present, to be mistaken for a Papist, much less for a Jesuit, in the Streets of *London*. We must never more pretend to be a civilized People, nor call the *Asiatics*, nor *Africans*, Barbarous. 'Tis a Reproach to the Nation, that no Method is found to restrain the Licence of the raging Multitude. Not content with hunting the Priests and Friars, and demolishing their Popish Countrymen, they have violated the Law of Nations, the Character of Ambassadors has not been sacred to them.

If

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If one could be a mere Spectator of their Pranks, (without any Concern for the Reputation of our Country) they have been exhibiting a Farce to us, ridiculous enough in Conscience; they have by Mistake fallen upon their best Friend the *Spanish* Ambassador, as Sir *Martin Mar-all* often does upon his trusty Servant *Warner*. They little know how devoted the *Don* is to their Party. There are also great Numbers among them who rise to pillage, and would be glad to plunder the Rich of both Parties.

It is wonderful, that those who are most deeply concerned, were the last in the Kingdom to foresee these Calamities. Surely Men are infatuated on these Occasions. We hardly find in History a weak Prince who foresees his own Ruin a Month beforehand: Nay, they are generally more secure near the *Crisis* of their Fate than ever they were before, as if *Solomon's* Observation were constantly to be verified, *Pride cometh before Destruction, and an haughty Spirit before a Fall.*

L E T T E R VII.

February 9. 1688-9.

Acta est Alea, We have drawn the Sword, and thrown away the Scabbard: We have put it out of our Power to retreat. Some thought, that in Consequence of laying aside the King, the Birth of the Young Gentleman would naturally have been the next Enquiry; and indeed if he had been left in the Kingdom, it could not easily have been avoided. But I suppose his Friends thought the Air of *London* bad for his Health; for

if

if you look into the Bills of Mortality, you will find, that abundance of Children drop off under two Years of Age. Now since he is gone, if the late King's Abdication (I think that is the Word) be right, it will be also right to reject the Youth, tho' his Birth should be ever so Royal; for will not he have Education and * *Advice from Priests and Jesuits, and other wicked Persons of the Church of Rome?* Not that the History of the Warming-Pan is wholly to be lost; Men of different Complexions are capable of different Reasonings and different Faiths. One Man may renounce him for being the Son of King *James*, and another for not being so.

This new Word *Abdicate* has occasioned a great Display of Learning on the Debate of the Vote. It seems our own Law (which says, *the King can do no Wrong*) was too modest to supply a Word proper for the present Purpose, so that the Civilians were so kind as to lend us this Term of Art. I believe I shall be able to send you the whole Debate in a little Time; I shall therefore for the present only obviate a Mistake, which some Gentlemen have fallen into; as if by the Word, *Abdicate*, the King's Flight were only intended. It would have been too severe to deprive him of his Crown for flying, when it was not safe for him to stay: And I am well informed that it stands in the Vote neither to mean his Flight, nor any express Declaration of his; but it will be best understood by comparing Mr. *Somers's* Explanation of it with the Vote itself. *A Man*, says he, *may Abdicate a Thing when he does an Act which is inconsistent with the retaining it, tho' there be not an express Re-*

* The Words in the Vote of Abdication.

nunciation.

nunciation. Calvin's *Lexic. Juridic.* (*Generum Abdicat, qui sponsam Repudiat*) he that divorces his *Wife*, abdicates his *Son-in-Law*. I transcribe the Vote for you, lest you should not have it by you.

Resolved, *That King James the Second, having endeavoured to subvert the Constitution of the Kingdom, by breaking the Original Contract between King and People; and by the Advice of Jesuits and other wicked Persons, having violated the Fundamental Law, and withdrawn himself out of the Kingdom, hath Abdicated the Government, and that the Throne is thereby Vacant.*

The other Vote for filling the Throne (which sets the Prince on it as well as the Princess, the executive Power to be in him) is something like *Harry the Seventh's Accession*, or rather stronger and more explicate; for his Pretensions to an Hereditary Right were well known; but he thought it prudent to leave the Matter complicated.

There is nothing new in this whole Transaction, nor more wonderful than what has happened heretofore in many other Kingdoms. On such violent Concussions, new Families have sometimes sprung up, and sometimes Democracies. Great Earthquakes change the Courses of Rivers, level Mountains, and raise the Vallies.

LETTER VIII.

THEY tell us Wonders here of the *English Colony of Londonderry in Ireland*, they fight and starve like the ancient *Saguntines*. They deserve our early Care of them; for if we have done right,

right, I am sure they cannot be in the Wrong : Their Grievances and their Dangers were much more importunate than our own. I thought every Thing degenerated which was carried into that Country : It seems I am mistaken ; or perhaps Oppression, which makes a wise Man Mad, can also make a Coward Valiant. I fear we are generally too partial to our own Home, and injuriously so with Regard to our Neighbours. A true-bred *English* 'Squire believes his Countrymen to be more powerful, more valiant, more wealthy, more numerous, more polite, more learned, more wise, not only than any other Nation, but than all the Nations on the Face of the Earth put together : If we could look on other Countries with an impartial Eye, we might see, that they have Numbers of People, and Sources of Wealth, and that they can either think or fight as well as ourselves. The old Aldermen in all our Country-Boroughs, have learned from *Baker's Chronicle* the Successes of our *Edwards* and our *Henries* against *France* : They also know enough of our Story, to tell us that *Scotland* was not with us in those Days, and that *Ireland* was of no Benefit to us ; but they forget, that the best Provinces of modern *France* were then under Princes of their own, mortal Enemies to that Crown ; they do not perceive the intestine Disorders which made Way for the *English* Arms ; nor how easy it was for a Neighbouring Prince, who had their Royal Blood in his Veins, to make Parties among a People of his own Religion, and how impossible that Piece of Policy has been rendered by the Reformation : Modern *France* has at least twenty Millions of People, and the whole *British* Empire not half that Number. The like Alteration has
been

been produced in *Spain*, long since our Black Prince made a Figure on that Part of the Continent. That Country, of many Kingdoms, is become one. So that tho' our ancient Kings in the Holy War may have been as great and powerful as any of their Neighbours ; yet we have Reason to suspect, that not even the Access of *Scotland* under the same Allegiance with us, nor the Growth of *Ireland* in People, in Civility, and in Wealth, have been able to make us keep Pace with the vast Increase of Power in the Crowns of *France* and *Spain*, since the Times I mentioned. And Heaven only knows what *Scotland* will do now.

If we expect to be of Importance in *Europe*, ought we not to make a Coalition with those who are both of our own Blood and our own Religion, and not force them by Hardships into a Spirit of Faction ? *Cromwell*, in one of his Parliaments, rejected many Boroughs, and increased the Number of Representatives for Counties : I have been told the late Lord *Clarendon* used to say, *That this was an Amendment to be wished for in better TIMES.* *Oliver* brought the Representatives of the Three Kingdoms to sit in one Parliament : Is not this also an Alteration to be wished for at all Times ? It is a Proposition which indeed ought to be an Axiom in our Politicks, that these Kingdoms can never make a great and happy Empire, whilst the constituent Parts envy the Prosperity of each other, whilst the Stronger oppresses the Weaker, and the Weaker is tempted to wish for an Opportunity to chuse a milder Lord, or even to set up for an Independency ; which we must never think a Thing impossible, because in the last Century our Great-Grandfathers saw Seven little Districts break loose from the other Ten,

(the whole being but a small Part of a mighty Empire) and set up for themselves with such swift Success, as in the same Generation to beat their old Sovereign off the Ocean ; and in the present Century, have not our Fathers seen the Revolt of *Portugal* from the same extended Empire, tho' *Portugal* is a Country, neither spacious, populous, nor warlike ; not defended from *Spain* by the Dangers of boisterous Seas, nor by the Difficulties of *Alps*, or *Appenines* ?

The People of *Ireland* cannot be supposed ignorant of their own Story ; and indeed it is hard to find out, what has made them Slaves ? or to be considered as a conquered People ? especially if it be true, that at least Nine Tenths of the Land-Estate in that Kingdom is at present in the Conquerors Hands ; and that this present War will probably make the like Division of the other Tenth, and this by the Aid and Arms of the *English* Protestants of *Ireland*. Do *Englishmen* become Slaves by Conquering ? These are Restrained Provincial-Politicks. Let us shew that a limited Monarchy can increase and thrive as well as an absolute one. Let us only rival Foreigners ; but let us not depress one Country, Province, or Member of our own Empire, in Hopes to raise another. I suppose, if the Common-Council of *London* could make Laws for all *England*, we should have all the Manufactures of all the different Cities and Counties restrained to the Freemen of *London* only, and only to be carried on within the Sound of *Bow-bell* : *Norwich* or *Taunton* might probably take as great a Liking to the Woollen Manufacture, and *Birmingham* to the Monopoly of Hard-Ware. What Pity it is that such hopeful Schemes are not carried into Execution ! How rich would they
render

render the Nation ! How powerful the Prince in Proportion to the other Kings of *Europe* ! How securely we should engross our Manufactures without any Danger of being under-sold by our Neighbours ! Tho' we have no Occasion to extend the Limits of the *British* Empire, yet, we should pursue such Maxims as will make it flourish, for Nature has done her Part for us. Our Situation tells us, that we have no Business on the Continent ; that if *France* or *Spain* should make a Present to us of a Dozen strong Towns in *Flanders*, they would not be worth the Keeping ; and we should only have Occasion to resolve into what Hands to put them. The common Experience of every Trader will tell us, that our Manufactures must be made cheap, if we would sell cheap ; and that if our Neighbours can under-sell us, we may leave off Trade. We ought always to remember that the Woollen Manufacture came from *Flanders*, and the Silk from *France*, to *England*, and both by the Means of Oppression, no Matter whether Religious or Political, (tho' I think *Grotius* insists, that the *Netherlands* fought for Liberty, not for Religion) it should therefore be our Care, that, in guarding against a Rival in Trade, we do not mistake our Mark ; and that when we suppress the *Irish*, whose whole Profits center with us, and add to our Power, we do not advance the *French*, and strengthen the Hands of our most dangerous, our Hereditary Enemy. It would indeed be a grateful Return for the Present which they have wisely made us within these last twenty Years, of a large Number of their industrious Artizans ; but, I believe, the most scrupulous *English* Casuist will be content to remain in their Debt on this Account.

I shall not at present undertake to shew the Probability that, letting *Ireland* into a full Trade, and into an Union too, would enrich and aggrandize this Kingdom: I fear you would believe I had taken too many Paradoxes on my Hands at once; but if I find you can digest Part of the Doctrines already advanced, I shall take another Opportunity to shew that the true Scheme of National Trade is, to disperse the Multitude of Working-Hands thro' the cheapest Provinces, and that then you will have *Gold as Brass, and Silver as Stones in the Streets* of your Metropolis. I would attempt to prove, that nothing but a flourishing Trade, supported by wise Treaties, brought *Jerusalem* to that happy Condition in the Days of *Solomon*: He raised great, but not heavy Taxes, for his Wisdom had brought such a Balance of Trade to his Kingdom, that his People were well able to bear them; they never murmured at them, till they got a weak Man for their King, who expected to reap what he had not sown; and I do not read (tho' *Jerusalem* was the Seat of Empire, and *Solomon* was of the Tribe of *Judah*) that there was any Difference made to the Prejudice of the Commerce of the rest of the Tribes. I could wish to give you a Sketch of the *British* Isles united in one Interest and one Parliament, then might we hope for the Dominion of all the Isles of the Bay of *Mexico*, and of the Ocean. A Dominion more open for us to acquire, and more easy to retain, than any the most inconsiderable Part of the Continent of *Europe*.

There is one Thing to be lamented in our Management of Foreign Acquisitions. We get an useless Access of Land, at a great Expence of our People. We hardly ever make a new Subject;
we

we do not naturalize and conciliate the Minds of the Natives where we come. And we have been in all Ages in the same Temper: We were near five hundred Years reducing *Ireland*: We sent Soldiers thither, and gave them Land: They did not, indeed, settle methodically in great Numbers, and make populous Colonies; but they built Castles every where in the Country; made Alliances with the Natives, and degenerated by Thousands, so that the Task of reclaiming degenerate *English*, was formerly more difficult than that of civilizing the Natives. And the Losses which *England* sustained from Age to Age by this bad Policy, have been so large and so frequent, that perhaps it might be affirmed with Truth, that more *Englishmen* have from Time to Time been sent into *Ireland*, than the present Number of its Inhabitants amount to. Had we sent regular Colonies thither, and transplanted good Numbers of their Natives (especially their Children) into the several Counties of *England*, we should soon have found it a profitable Undertaking. This was the Method of *Affyria* and *Rome* too, and now is only practiced by the *Turk*: He takes from *Christians* great Numbers of Children, and makes them the most bigotted *Musselmans*: They recruit his Armies, and, indeed, without this Policy, it were impossible he should have *Mahometan* Subjects: Such has been the Profusion of Blood in the *Turkish* Wars, and so numerous are the *Christians* within those Dominions.

I have sometimes thought it bad Oeconomy, that our *East-India* and *African* Companies do not by Degrees buy up, and educate some hundreds of the Children of the Natives where their Settlements are, and breed them *Christians* and

Soldiers from Father to Son. It is a fond Partiality to fancy they would have less Faith or less Courage than those who are sent from hence : I am persuaded they would have the Advantage in both Respects ; they might easily know more Religion and less Vice than the People who generally take those Journies ; would better endure the Climates ; and as for Courage and Military Skill, these are chiefly to be acquired : The Nations have had and lost them in their Turns. The Proprietors in these Companies are more than Tenants for Life ; their Stock goes to their Executors ; and if the Companies Estate advances in Value, so does every Share of each Proprietor : This ought to encourage them to provide for the future. Nor would it be found a grievous Burthen on the common Stock to execute such a Scheme : Food being cheap, and but little Rayment necessary in all the Settlements, the Expence might be defrayed by the Labour of the Children, except the prime Cost of purchasing them.

The Earl of *Sunderland* is allowed to have been the great Wheel of Affairs, and has certainly contributed to bring about this Revolution, as much as Queen *Maria D'Este*, or King *William* the Third ; but whether in the Spirit of *Rome* or *Geneva*, is a nice Question. Perhaps he was in *utrumque paratus*, and (as cunning Gamesters practice) when he found he had made his Bets on the wrong Side, was wise enough to move off betimes. He now affects to be thought innocent of all the Blunders, and lawless Acts of Power in the last Reign ; to have advised against them, but constantly to have been over-ruled by the *Italian* and Spiritual Counsels co-inciding with his Master's Bigottry.—*Credat Judæus Apella*. Can he who bowed his Knee to *Baal*, who gave up his Redeemer
for

for Idolatry to please his Prince, be supposed incapable of giving up his Country into the Bargain?

He stands at present under the Proscription of both Monarchs; but which is in *jest*, which in *earnest*, as Newsmongers say, *we must leave Time to discover*. Our Henry the Seventh used to make a Stalking Horse of Mother-Church, and excommunicated his best Friends at *St. Paul's-Cross*, when by his Command they offered their Service to *Perkin Warbeck* on purpose to betray him. It is possible, that the Earl may have precipitated his Master's Measures with a Design to bring about the Revolution; it is possible he may have on the contrary endeavoured to prevent the dangerous Steps which have been taken; but he can never be justified in either Light. He ought to have withdrawn from the Scene of Iniquity, and not to have acted one of the most considerable Parts in it. When Lord Chancellor *Finch* was commanded to put the great Seal to my Lord *Danby's* Pardon, he represented it as Illegal, and surrendered the Seal. This should be the Behaviour of all honest Men on the like Occasion. Nor had his Master (who was a Man of fine Understanding) the worse Opinion of his Chancellor.

Whatever Figure our Earl may happen to make hereafter; we should remember, that a good Judge of Life has made it a Precept of Wisdom to wonder at nothing.* And indeed, human Nature is so Fickle, Fortune so Sportive, and the World has already seen so much Variety; that if we are moderately read in History, *There is nothing can happen to deserve our Admiration*.

The Military Gentlemen have been under a Parliamentary Inspection. They have (as was very

* *Nil admirari prope res est una.* Hor.

natural to them) brought upon us some of the crying Evils which afflicted the worst Part of the Reign of King *Charles* the First; and this in spite of the Bill of Rights.

We provide and pay for them all, but the Colonel robs the inferior Officer, the inferior Officer robs the common Soldier, and the common Soldier must of Course extort free Quarter upon the unarmed Countryman. They subtract the Soldier's Pay, and send him to demand Subsistence-Money from his Landlord. I suppose these People have got these pretty Notions in *Flanders*; by conversing with our *German* Allies, this free Quarter with a new Name, the very Bane of the Empire, and what must in Process of Time establish the Dominion of *France* over the greatest Part of *Germany*. Those Princes look on free Quarters as a more compendious Method of maintaining an Army than regular Payments; and instead of taking a Part of the Farmer's Wealth, they suffer him to be robbed of All.

The *French*, and even the *Turks*, tho' they waste an Enemy's Country with Fire and Sword, yet govern their Subjects with a milder Sway. Hence it is that the People who have first experienced the *German*, and afterwards either of the other two Sovereigns, seldom care to return to their old Allegiance. And yet the House of *Austria* cannot see this. Tyranny has surely a great Mixture of Folly or Madness in its Composition.

There are some of our Colonels who rob an Officer under Colour of Cloathing him: They oblige him to take his Cloaths from whom and at what Rate they please; suppose at twenty Pounds, what is worth twelve at most. As if there was any Difference between robbing a Man, and forcing him

him to buy at your own Price. The Officer thus plundered, naturally seeks to reimburse himself.—*Torva Leæna Lupum sequitur, Lupus ipse Capellam.* The King has broke one of the Colonels for it. And if one single Reason did not interpose, I could be content that a King of *England* were as Absolute as the Grand Signior over the Officers of his Army or Revenue. I am not afraid that he would be at a Loss for want of Colonels or Commissioners, Captains or Collectors. They would only be more tender of transgressing with an Halter about their Necks, than they are now, when the greatest Punishment that can befall them is, to be turned out of Employment. A Punishment which some of them may find it worth their While to undergo.

The Objection against such a Regulation, is only this, that Officers who were to live under such Absolute Power would be apt to obey without Reserve; and that blind Obedience might become fatal to the Liberties of their Country. Since then the Crown is not to be trusted with doing summary Justice, I think it would be well if the Parliament took it into their own Hands; and had a standing Committee for that Purpose, in which no Officer should sit.

It were to be wished that every Field-Officer, and Captain too, had a better Revenue in Land than the annual Value of his Commission; and even then, I would exclude him from Parliament and Parliamentary Elections, because he should not have it in his Power to burthen the Subjects to fill his own Pockets. But we have many Soldiers of Fortune in great Posts, who take large Strides to raise Families at once. What Wonder then to see a Country pillaged by Free-Quarter? A Re-

giment cheated of its Cloathing? or fraudulent Bargains driven for Bread or Forage? when the Profit of a single Contract, may be greater than the Value of the Post that may be lost by it.

L E T T E R IX.

1694.

THE Public Business has been at a Stand while we have been opening a new Scene, tracing the secret Methods which are sometimes pursued in procuring Bills to pass in Parliament. It seems the *East-India* Company have been placing Sums in proper Hands. The Speaker and Mr. *Hungerford* are expelled; the Speaker's Bribe was One Thousand Pounds, Mr. *Hungerford's* but poor Thirty Guineas. Surely he thought, he was taking a Fee in *Westminster-Hall*! It is unhappy for us that such Instances are found in our Senate. *Venalis Populus, Venalis Curia Patrum*, was the State of *Rome* sinking into Slavery; it is a Symptom of a distempered Constitution, and threatens our Destruction, if we do not aid ourselves with brisk Remedies. It casts the severest Blemish on the Age we live in, that even a reasonable Bill shall meet with Rubs, and perhaps miscarry, if it do not purchase its Passage.

I believe it was never doubted, but the Corruption of Bribery alone, has always been sufficient to ruin any free People among whom it grew predominant; unless you will chuse to say, that it never came alone. It is attended with false Friendship, Breach of Faith, Perjury, Neglect of the public Interest, insatiable Avarice, public Poverty, private Wealth, boundless Luxury, endless Extor-

Extortion, Fraud in all Offices, Rapine, and Oppression in all the Provinces. It is no Wonder in such a Situation, that the People should wish for a Change of any Sort ; for like a sick Person in grievous bodily Pain, they flatter themselves, that any Alteration must happen for the better.

And yet, to get rid of this Army of Monsters, I never can think it necessary to have Recourse to *Lycurgus's* Scheme, to banish Gold and Silver, and leave no better Money than Iron. This Expedient might suit a Tract of Land about the Size of one of our Counties, inhabited by ten or twenty thousand Families who lived upon their Labour and the Fruits of their own Soil ; but the World is not thus divided at this Day. We could not set forth a *British* Fleet on such a Fund, to keep what we have got abroad, or even to maintain us in Possession of our Home.

We need only go to *Holland* to observe that a People may love Money very well, without having an Opportunity to sell Justice, or their Country. There will always be found a sufficient Number of honest Men to serve the State, if you reduce the Value of the great Employments *Ninety per Cent.* from Thousands to Hundreds *per Ann.* A good Man will only desire to be indemnified as to the Expences of his Attendance (Moderate Expences I mean.) Thus may the most considerable Offices be filled with the worthiest Patriots unrivalled by the Mercenaries. But instead of reducing great Employments to the Value of a competent Subsistence for the Possessors ; we can shew a single Post, which half a dozen People may enjoy at once, and every one of them make a Fortune by it.

LETTER X.

1695-6.

THE exorbitant Grants which have been made to some Favourites, have justly roused the Spirit of the Commons of *England*. The Earl of *Portland* particularly has so far exceeded all Bounds of Modesty, that he has got little less than the Principality of *Wales*, and the Lands and Lordships that should support the Heir-Apparent of *England*, are given to this Lord. The House has this Day unanimously addressed against this Grant, and had a gracious Answer, that it should be refused. They came into this Temper chiefly in Consequence of an incomparable Speech which Mr. *Price* the Lawyer made on the Occasion: It has that Eloquence and strong Reasoning in it, which are worthy the Character of a Man of Learning and Understanding, and that bold Freedom which becomes an *English Patriot* in his Place in Parliament. When great Men obtain Grants like these, it is well they do not ask the Kingdom also. I send you an Extract of Mr. *Price's* Speech, viz. This Petition, *says he*, tho' subscribed only by a few Hands, has the Approbation of many Thousands who are not influenced by their own Interest, but act for the Honour of the Crown and Welfare of the *British* Nation.

If I could conceive how the Glory and Grandeur of *England* is, or can be upheld by a poor landless Crown, and a miserable necessitous People, I might then be easily persuaded to believe, that his Majesty is well advised to grant away all the Revenues of the Crown; and that his Govern-
ment

ment will thereby be well secured, and his People best protected, when they have little or nothing left; but I am sure they are not *English*, but Foreign Politicians, who can revere the King, and yet hate his People. The Kings of *England* always reign best, when they have the Affections of their Subjects, of which they are secure when the People are sensible, the King is entirely in their Interest, and loves the *English* Soil as well as the People's Money.

I must needs confess, that my Thoughts are troubled with strange Apprehensions of our deplorable State: We are in a Confederacy in War; and some of those Confederates our Enemies in Trade, tho' planted amongst us, some in the King's Council; some in the Army; and the Common Traders have possessed themselves of the Outskirts of this great City. We find some of them Naturalized, and others made Denizens: In every Parliament we find Endeavours for a general Naturalization, and that warmly solicited from Court.

We see our good Coin all gone, and our Confederates openly coining *Dutch* Money of a base Alloy for us. We see most Places of Power and Profit given to Foreigners. We see our Confederates in Conjunction with the *Scots* to ruin our *English* Trade. We see the Revenues of the Crown daily given away to one or other, who make Sale of them, and transmit their Estates elsewhere. We do not find any of them buy Lands or Estates amongst us; but what they can get from us, they secure in their own Country. How can we hope for happy Days in *England*, when This great Lord, and the Other, Foreigners (tho' Naturalized) are in the *English*, and also in the *Dutch* Councils?

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If these Strangers (tho' now Confederates) should be of different Interests (as most plainly they are in Point of Trade) to which Interest is it to be supposed those great Foreign Counsellors and Favourites would adhere? So that I foresee, that when we are reduced to extreme Poverty (as now we are very near it) we are to be supplanted by our Neighbours, and become a Colony to the *Dutch*.

I shall make no severe Remarks on this great Man, for his Greatness makes us Little, and will make the Crown both poor and precarious; and when GOD shall please to send us a Prince of *Wales*, he may have such a Present of a Crown made him as a Pope did to King *John*, who was Sur-named *Sans-Terre*, and was by his Father, King *Henry* the Second, made Lord of *Ireland*: Which Grant was confirmed by the Pope, who sent him a Crown of Peacock's Feathers, in Derision of his Power, and the Poverty of his Revenue.

I would have us to consider that we are *Englishmen*; and must (like good Patriots) stand by our Country, and not suffer it to become tributary to Strangers. We have rejoiced that we have beat out of this Kingdom Popery and Slavery, and do now with as great Joy entertain Socinianism and Poverty, and yet we see our Properties daily given away, and our Liberties must soon follow.

I desire Redress rather than Punishment; therefore I shall neither move for an Impeachment against this noble Lord, nor for the Banishment of Him; but shall only beg that he may have no Power over us, nor we any Dependance upon Him.

Then he concluded with a Motion for the Address.

L E T-

LETTER XI.

March 24, 1693-9.

I Remember it was always your Opinion and mine, that Liberty might be in Danger as much under a *Protestant* Prince as under a *Papist*. It seems the collective Wisdom of the Nation is of the same Judgment, for they have resolved to send the Red Coats to learn the Arts of Peace in all the Counties and Boroughs of the Kingdom. They make them in Effect free of all Corporations, and have resolved that seven thousand Men here, and twelve thousand in *Ireland* are a sufficient Land Force. The Courtiers had a large Field to expatiate in, concerning the embroiled Condition of *Europe* abroad (notwithstanding the new Peace,) and the dangerous extensive Disaffection at home: But the Genius of *England* has prevailed. We are not now to be Slaves. His Majesty, under whose Auspices we have learned to mortgage the Kingdom, is graciously pleased to suffer us to see a Possibility of redeeming it. The *Dutch* Guards stuck much with Him, but they must also be gone. He is too wise a Prince, not to know that the Casuistry upon the Titles of contending Pretenders to the Crown, is but a Trifle in the Consideration of the Multitude; it surmounts their Theory. The true Ground and Reason of Loyalty or Disaffection in the Populace is nothing else but the Sense of their own present Happiness or Misery; and let who will reign, he can never have the Affections of a People whom he burthens with Taxes to pay for the Insurance of their own Slavery. A Prince perhaps may have his Option, whether he
will

will govern a People by Force, or found his Authority upon their Affections: He has no Need of (and, I am much mistaken if he can have) Both.

The Courtiers have been very loud upon the Topic of our Obligation to the King, for the Benefits we have received from him, and in particular, for this last Act of Condescension: For my Part, it gives me the Spleen to hear such Stuff. Surely, these Men would make us believe that we were born the Slaves of some Eastern Monarch, that we enjoy our Liberties by a Gift revocable at Pleasure, and that they are not our Birth-right and Inheritance. Men who advance Notions of this Tendency, deserve the Gibbet equally with *Garnet* the Jesuit, and *Oliver Cromwell*; as being equally Traitors to their Country.

The King indeed ran the Risque of conducting our Efforts for Liberty and Religion; we have succeeded, we have paid the Expence of the Undertaking, and raised him to the Throne for his Pains. What is more to be done? I hope I am a very good Protestant, but I am sure I never did design to truck away all other Rights of an *Englishman* for a Deliverance only from King *James's* Ecclesiastical Tyranny. Were our other Rights extinguished, our Religion would be also precarious; *Orthodox* with *Constantine*, and *Arian* with *Constantius*. Such a Deliverance would be Protestantism with a Witness. It would bring us under a very lively Description of bigotted Madness, which I shall not attempt to translate, but here transcribe to save you the Trouble of turning to it.

*Jupiter, ingentes qui das, adimisque Dolores,
Mater ait Pueri menses jam quinque cubantis,
Frigida si Puerum Quartana reliquerit; illo
Manè Die, quo tu indicis jejunia, nudus*

*In Tiberi stabit. Casus Medicusve levârit
Ægrum in præcipiti, mater delira necabit
In gelidâ fixum Ripâ, febrimque reducet.
Quonam Malo mentem concussa? Timere Deorum.*

LETTER XII.

1701.

WE are at last come to the several Resolutions, which I send you inclosed, about settling the Succession to the Crown; a Point of the utmost Importance to these Kingdoms, and of no small Moment even to the most considerable Powers in *Europe*. *France*, *Spain*, the *Empire* and *Holland* are most particularly attentive to this critical Step; for I believe it is by this Time well understood that the two late Kings were duped into the Measures of *France*, and had no Concern to preserve the Balance of Power in *Europe*. The Duchess of *Savoy* is as importunate to have her Birth-right considered at this Juncture, as the Duke's Minister was fulsome in his Compliment upon the Revolution; yet surely they must have then foreseen their Pretensions would be prejudiced by that grand Event. We have thrown the Popish Pedigrees out of the Question: You see we do not meddle with the Prince's Birth; if it could be proved supposititious, that would not remove our Difficulties: We insist on the Security of our Religion as well as our Laws; we have seen how weak the Bonds of Duty, of Promises, and of Oaths, are upon a Popish Prince, and therefore we cannot scruple to exclude a Multitude of the Descendants of King *Charles* the First, in Favour of his Sister's Children.

dren. It is, indeed, a Wonder that this Work was not begun and perfected many Years ago, for the Occasion was little less than at present, except the Chance of the Duke of *Gloucester's* Life.

I fear you will observe some Cobweb-Nets, or Ropes of Sand in our Restrictions upon the Successors : We say he shall not go out of the Kingdom without Consent of Parliament. If he should not meet with Parliaments kind enough to consent *Gratis*, and his Inclinations be very strong for a Tour abroad, he may learn to buy Leave perhaps, once for all, by getting the Clause repealed : And (which is worse!) Corruption of all kinds are in their Effects very like Fornication ; it frequently happens, that Women *sin* the first Time without a Design to make a Practice of it ; their Desires draw them in only (as they imagine) to gratify themselves *pro illâ vice* ; but the like Appetite recurs on fresh Occasions ; frequent Acts grow into a Habit ; and the same Person who felt a quick Compunction for the first Fault, now thinks it a Fault no longer, and is insensible of Remorse and Shame. And, indeed, I think that Restriction a very idle one. Is it to be feared, that the Elector of *Hanover* (to put the Case stronger than that of the Dowager Duchess) could attempt to make his Electorate the Seat of the *British* Empire ; could he think himself safe in the Possession of the Crown, if he were to fall upon so ridiculous a Project ? A Prince of Common Sense has no Occasion for this Restriction ; and if we had a Fool so absurd, it were no Matter what became of him. A brave, a wise, a good King may have Occasions to go abroad, highly beneficial in their Consequences to this Kingdom ; and I think we may believe, without taking any Security for it, that *England* will
continue

continue the Seat of Empire till it falls under the Sway of a Sovereign who has another Dominion at least equal to it.

But that Article which seems of most Importance in Favour of *England* (and which would be truly valuable, if it were possible duly to fulfil and observe it) will be found either *unjust* or *impossible* in the Execution. It is that which provides—
We shall not involve ourselves in the Quarrels or Defence of the Dominions on the Continent, which may belong to the Successor. With all due Loyalty to his Majesty, and Deference to the Princess *Anne* and her Hopes of Issue; let us suppose an Elector of *Hanover* on the Throne of *Great-Britain*, and that he may have Occasion to quarrel for the Rights of these Kingdoms with any of his great Neighbours on the Continent; as, suppose the *Swede*, the *Dane*, the *Pole*, the *Prussian*, the *Saxon*, or the *Austrian*; Will they take a Bull by the Horns? Will they attack him where he is strongest, and chuse to fit out Fleets to dispute it with *England* on the Seas, where they are certain to be worsted? Will they not rather with Fifty Thousand Men come against his Ten Thousand, and overwhelm *Brunswick* as a Reprizal on the King of *Great-Britain*? If this should at any Time be the Case, would it be generous, would it be just and honest to suffer it? Would not our Coolness on such an Occasion, tempt or provoke even a righteous Prince to make Treaties, not quite so much to our Advantage as they ought to be, for Fear of causing his innocent Dominion on the Continent to bear our Iniquities, to be the Scape-Goat of his Island-Empire?

I believe nobody can doubt, that the fine Webs of Politicks may be so intricately woven, and the
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Affairs of *Europe* so much embarrassed, that private Gentlemen will prove but very indifferent Judges to determine this Question, *viz.* Whether it be only Knight-Errantry, or necessary Justice in this Kingdom at such or such a Time to be at the Expence of protecting the Electorate? or to know what is the true Foundation of the present Quarrel?

We should remember that notwithstanding all our Precautions on this Head, the Power of making War and Peace will still reside in the Crown. It is true the Right of giving Money is in the Commons, and they may refuse to provide for the Wantonness of Ambition. I shall not presume to call the Separation of these Powers, *of raising Armies and of raising Money*, a Solecism in our Constitution; nor say where I would have them reside, if to be reposed in one Constituent-part of the Legislature; but thus much I may observe (because *Charles II.* tho' an indolent Prince, gave us a flagrant Proof of it in the *Dutch Fleet at Chatham*) that if our King makes War without Money; not he, but we are to be the Sufferers, and shall then find this Truth,——*delirant Reges plectuntur Achivi*. I must make one further Observation of an Hardship the Electorate might endure for the Sake of *Great-Britain*. Contrary to the Decisions of all the Schoolmen and Casuists, it is settled as a Principle in the Law of Nations by the Practice of modern Politicians and their Masters; that, if your Neighbour is too powerful, it is a just Cause of making War upon him. Now perhaps there is hardly at this Day a little Prince in all *Germany*, who would not exert himself in Defence of the Electorate as it stands alone: But for the Reason given, the Question would be widely different

different if the same Territory were only a small Part of the Dominions of an *English* King ; they would then perhaps consider the Balance of Power in a new Light ; and the more jealous our Neighbours were grown of the Conjunction, the more should we be concerned in Honour and common Sense to defend so near an Ally, and to supply the Want of all other Confederates.

I would not be understood on the whole to say, that *England* would be the happier for such an Access of Dominion on the Continent under the same Prince. I think quite otherwise ; and heartily wish that we would, in Time, attempt the only Means to obviate all Difficulties. We might try to get it established by a Law in the Empire, and certainly make it Part of the Act of Succession here, that this Crown devolving on the Duke of *Brunswick*, his Duchy and Electorate should, *co instante*, divest out of him in Favour of some Protestant of his Family. I am not at all apprehensive of his rejecting the Crown on these Terms ; but if they be not previously made a Condition of the Succession, it will be idle and unreasonable to expect a Compliment of that Importance afterwards. Now is our Time while we have in our own Hands a Value abundantly more than equivalent to give for it. It will be too late to make Bargains after we have made a Present of that Equivalent.

But perhaps the Mistakes of this Age may be cured by Design or Chance in some future Generation. A Prince may leave only Female Issue to inherit the Throne, and then the *German* Dominion would go to collateral Males, or it may be conquered : And in the then subsequent Generation this Kingdom will regret the Loss of it, as little

as we now do that of *Bohemia* an hundred Years ago, and of better Countries on the Continent which formerly paid Obedience to our Kings, and which were but ill defended at the severe Expence of Deluges of *English* Blood and Treasure.

These remote Speculations will probably be Realities with our Grand-Children, they will be in earnest about them, and to their Care I leave them: For perhaps it is a general Happiness that many of us cannot have our Turns in the Disposal of the World. Tho' I might mean very well, and might fancy myself a Judge of Affairs, yet to the Cost of my Fellow-Creatures I might in the Event be found as miserable a Bungler as — or the Farmer in the Fable, who obtained of *Jupiter* Leave to regulate the Weather within his own Grounds, but had not Knowledge enough of the secret Springs of Action in the vegetable World to balance the Powers committed to his Care: Heat and Cold, Moist and Dry, were too many for him. The politick World, like the natural, is composed of *Discordia semina rerum*; and it requires great Penetration, successfully to observe their Operations.

LETTER XIII.

LAST Sunday the great Soul of our Sovereign quitted its decayed Tenement. Had it been lodged in a Mansion firm as itself, the World would have quickly seen new Instances of its Vigour. He continued his usual Hunting till within
four

four or five Days before his Death: His Enemies give out that he died of an Hurt received by a Fall from his Horse; the Horse is of a *Sorrel* Colour, and the *Jacobites* drink his Health devoutly, under that Denomination. *

It is true, the King had a Fall, and broke his Collar-Bone: But this was not the Cause of his Death. His Exit about this Time was unavoidable, had he not fallen at all; his Lungs were emaciated and inflamed, and nothing but *Medea's* Kettle could have been of Service to him.

He has left us under the Conduct of a Woman, at the Beginning of a War, probably the most raging and extensive that *Europe* has felt within these hundred Years: And under the Protection of a Woman, about a Century ago, we happily sustained the most dangerous Shock that has been attempted to our Prejudice within these six hundred Years.

I wish the *Dutch* and *Germans* would make good their Frontiers, with the Assistance of the other Allies on the Continent, and that we might

* The following Satire is handed about:

*Illustrious Steed! who should the Zodiac grace:
To Thee the Lyon and the Bull give Place:
Blest be the Dam that fed Thee, blest the Earth
Which first receiv'd Thee, and first gave Thee Birth:
Did wrong'd Hibernia, to revenge her Slain,
Produce Thee; or, unhappy Fenwick's Strain,
Or Glencoe's barbarously butcher'd Clan?
Where'er Thou art, be Thou for ever blest,
And spend the Remnant of thy Days in Rest;
No servile Use thy noble Limbs profane,
No Weight thy Back, no Curb thy Mouth restrain;
No more be Thou, no more Mankind a Slave,
But Both enjoy that Liberty Thou gave.*

furnish

furnish our whole Quota in Value upon the Seas, where our most natural Strength lies, and where we shall, I doubt not, be more than an Overmatch for *France*, if our Friends behave as they ought to do upon *Terra Firma*. These would in Consequence leave us in full Possession of the Maritime Empire; for we being at the Pains of destroying the *French* Naval Force, would at the same time have the Satisfaction to see the *Dutch* Ships of War neglected, and go to Ruin.

But it is too probable we shall partake in the Glory or Shame of what is to be executed by Land; the military Men, and the young Nobility and Gentry, who desire to be so, will all make their strongest Interest to have a great Army, and to carry on this War upon the Plan of the last; and if we prove victorious, we (I mean the Nation in general) shall get Glory and Poverty by it, while a few great Officers, and Persons concerned in Cloathing, &c. make their Fortunes.

There is no need of the Spirit of Prophecy, to foretel that the Nation must in this Case be beggared, in Favour of *Holland*, and of those very Parts of *Flanders*, *France*, or *Germany*, which may become the Seat of War. This was our Case in the last *Irish* War; which, however, was unavoidable. We poured in more Money upon them than ever that Nation saw before, which is now coming back by the Sale of the Forfeitures. It was not indeed of very long Continuance, therefore we did not greatly feel it, till we added a *Flemish* Account to it; and then, with the Assistance also of *Dutch* Clippers of our Coin, we found ourselves almost in a Condition to shut up Shop. The King has left a motley Ministry; a Change is expected
in

in Favour of the *Tories*. But you shall never find any in the Sincerity with which

I am, &c.

London, March
10th, 1701.

LETTER XIV.

Feb. 15, 1703.

I AM persuaded you have great Satisfaction in the News of the *Queen's* Gift of the first Fruits and Tenth to the poor Clergy, as it is a strong Proof of her Zeal for our established Religion. The *Roman* Emperors who persecuted Christianity before the Days of *Julian* the Apostate, *occiderunt Presbyteros*; but he, in Appearance more moderate, tho' in Truth wilier and more malicious than his Predecessors, *occidit Presbyterium*. He spoiled the Churchmen of their Means of Living, and by this Method had well nigh destroyed the Priesthood. Starving is doubtless as effectual a Form for Death to assume, as any other, and perhaps one of the most terrible Forms it can assume.

The *Queen's* Piety on this Occasion is the Contrast of *Julian's* Malice; there is nothing wanting to compleat the Merit of the Design, but to substitute the Word Restitution, instead of Bounty or Donation: However, it must be acknowledged, that there was much to be said to justify the Right of the Crown to this Branch of Church-Revenues, which King *Henry VIII.* laid his Hands on; for this Revenue had been for Ages enjoyed by the *Pope*, as Head of the Church, therefore the vest-

ing it in the Crown, was but a natural Consequence of one throwing off the usurped Supremacy of *Rome*.

What farther enhances the Merit of this Gift, is the present Exigency of publick Affairs: It is done at a Juncture when the Crown is not in a giving Condition. It is to be hoped that late Posterity who shall enjoy the Benefit of it, will revere the Memory of the pious Donor; and that our succeeding Monarchs may be excited by this laudable Example, to raise up the drooping Head of the *English* Church, plundered and covered with Rags by an unbelieving Prince, and his sacrilegious Creatures, under the Veil of Reformation. A Prince more dangerous to the Christian Religion, than *Julian* or *Attila*, because *he communed with it in the House of God, as a Friend*. His Title of Defender of the Faith gave him an Opportunity to destroy his Charge, that Church, which is always in the Condition of a Minor.

I am here induced to lament the Avarice of Ecclesiasticks, who, when they had an ample Dominion over the Minds of Men, grasped at too great a Share of the good Things of this World; they were not content with a competent Income; they thought their Power, their Revenues, their Number, could never be sufficiently augmented. These Maxims, joined to their Vows of Celibacy, which took in both Sexes, and their Care to conceal their Shame when they broke these Vows, rendered them Enemies to Society, to human Nature. And as Reformations are too apt to run into an Extrem, opposite to the Evil designed to be remedied, the Church of *England* has dearly paid for the Avarice of that of *Rome*: Men knowing that the Church had obtained too much,

easily took up a Notion that they could not leave her too little. They knew that the Monks in dark Ages, had importuned from the Fears of intimidated dying Sinners, unreasonable Grants of great Estates, and along with these, the reforming Generation made no Scruple to rob the Church of its natural Inheritance, which it had enjoyed from the Piety of purest Times, in Imitation of a Pattern given by God himself, when he condescended to compile a Body of Laws, both civil and ecclesiastical for the Government of his chosen People.

The Land which had been given by superstitious Penitents, to found or endow the Nurseries of religious Idleness, were perhaps very properly resumed in Favour of the Crown, rather than of the Heirs of the Donors; for had they been restored to the latter, it would have produced such infinite Confusion among the Claimants, as probably would have redounded less to their Benefit and the Nation's, than the Method which was taken. But does it also follow, that there could be a Difficulty to ascertain the right Owners of the parochial Tithes, which were found in the Hands of the Monasteries? It was easy to know that the Monasteries had taken them from the Parish-Priests, and by worse Means, if possible, than their Influence over the staggering Resolutions of dying Men. They robbed the secular Clergy with a strong Hand, by the Aid of the usurped arbitrary Power of the See of Rome, which was wrought upon by Money, to interpose in Favour of the Regulars; not without an Eye to some political Maxims, little less than treasonable; for the Allegiance of the Subject was divided, by that Solecism in Politicks, *imperium*

in imperio; and frequent Experience told us, that the Regulars knew no Sovereign but the *Pope*. These Sufferings of the parochial Clergy were not a Reason, at the Reformation, why they should not be restored to their own.

Indeed if it shall happen that the christian Temper of Posterity, one Way or other, shall bring back the Tithes, or an Equivalent for them, to the Church, I should never wish that it might be endowed with great Estates in Lands into the Bargain. My only Desire is, that Religion may not suffer by making the Clergy contemptible, who will always be held in Contempt, if they are obliged to live in Poverty.

In the mean while there might be some other Expedients found out, that would contribute to place them in a comfortable Condition to attend their great Charge, the Care of Souls. There are too many Parishes in *England*, both in City and Country: It is true, there are some Parishes too large, which ought to be divided; but there are a great many more too small, which would be better united: Two or three insufficient Provisions for so many Pastors of little and ill attended Flocks, may amount to a competent Maintainance for one able Minister, who may do his Duty with Satisfaction to a decent Congregation.

Perhaps also it is not now necessary, that the Revenues of Colleges should be as ample as formerly for the Education of Youth, when the Nation is overstocked with Learning already, and there are not Benefices sufficient to receive the Men who have gone thro' the Course of their academical Studies. I could therefore rejoice that we had fewer People educated on Charity to fill the Church; not at all dreading the Want of a Supply

ply from those of better Fortunes, if we could contrive to advance the Benefices to a reasonable Value; which would be much furthered by taking away some Superfluities of Schools and Colleges, and bestowing them in the Endowment of the Church, where they are most wanted. I am far from thinking it for the Benefit of Religion, or of the Nation, to diminish the Number of Professors or Fellows in either University. It will always be necessary to the Permanency of sound Learning, that there should be a considerable Number of Men of good Parts and Education maintain'd at full Leisure to attend their Studies in every Branch of Literature. But will this also prove, that there is a national Advantage in bringing forward yearly, at the publick Expence, an hundred Persons to the Degree of Batchelor of Arts, who know not afterwards which Way to turn themselves, and have Reason to wish, that instead of reading *Ramus* and *Aristotle*, they had been taught to throw the Shuttle, or hold the Plough of their Fore-Fathers.

A poor Man may be as honest as a rich one, but it is not generally so easy to tempt the latter into mean and scandalous Actions. The Necessities of some of the lowest of the Clergy, are apt to lead them into Mistakes that cause a Clamour against the very Priesthood, and do a real Diservice to Religion. And yet these meanest of the People (*who seek the Priest's Office, that they may eat a Piece of Bread*) are immediately ready to fancy themselves Gentlemen, and that their Families are also advanced in Blood and Degree. Hence it happens in their Oeconomy, that during the Father's Life-time, the Son is bred at a Free-school, undoubtedly designed to be a Bishop at least;

least; the Father drops off, and then the poor Youth is glad to find Employment as a Drawer in a Tavern, or perhaps to wear a Livery, and it is well if no worse happens. As for the Daughter, she learns to dance, and play on Musical Instruments; and because she is a Gentlewoman, she scorns to do the Office of a Country Housewife at home, or to go to Market along with the Wives and Daughters of the neighbouring Farmers. Her Education is like that which the unhappy Gentry of *Georgia* are said to give their Daughters, to fit them for the Seraglios of the *Turkish* and *Persian* Grandees, and the Event is often worse, if possible. The best Prospect after such an Education, is an honest Servitude.

Which of the Bishops (if he has not made himself remarkable for Moroseness) is not daily pester'd with Ecclesiastical Beggars, the pretended or real Widows and Orphans of indigent Clergymen, besides Crowds of indigent Clergymen themselves. I do not observe these Facts, as believing it improper for Clergymen to marry; but being of Opinion, that those of them who marry, and cannot save any Thing for their Families, should at least teach them to endure and work thro' that low State of Life they are born to: And I also consider it as a Reason for augmenting the Value, tho' we should considerably diminish the Number, of Benefices in *England*.

I rejoice as an *Englishmen*, that our Clergy are rather Ten Thousand than an Hundred Thousand: There are the fewer idle Hands in the Nation, compared with its *Papish* Neighbours, therefore our Wealth is the greater.

I rejoice also, that these Ten Thousand are not restrained from Marriage: For, this single Advantage

tage will in a few Generations spread the *Protestant* Religion over *Europe*, by our gradual Increase of People and the Decrease of the *Papists*; unless the Almighty, for his own secret Purposes, shall send some more Kings to reign in *Protestant* Kingdoms, like the present King of *Sweden*. Were it not that *Cromwell* (in too great Haste to settle that miserable Kingdom of *Ireland*) gave vast Multitudes of the Natives to the *Spaniard*; and that the late Revolution, and some Laws which followed it relating to Religion, and others concerning Trade, have sent great Numbers of the same People to *France* (all which have been replaced by the Natives of *Great-Britain*, besides our large Export to our *American Colonies*) *France* and *Spain* before this must have felt more sensibly, how burthensome their Religion is to the State: And these our *British* Islands would have grown up by this Time as populous as the *United Netherlands*.

It cannot be pretended, that the taking away the Funds from the Scholarships, and Exhibitions in the Free-Schools and the Universities, to apply them to the Augmentation of poor Livings, can work an Injury to any one; it is true, that whoever is in Possession of an Income of that Nature, ought to enjoy his legal Estate in it; but on the Vacancy (no Individual having a Right) the Publick may well and justly apply it to the most laudable Purpose; and I believe it is hardly a Question in our Age and Country, which is the more eligible Species of Charity, (the Education of poor Scholars, or Maintainance of poor Ecclesiasticks with Cure of Souls?) To this I may add, that many of the Estates which are in that unnecessary Method of Charity, were for a like Reason taken

from another useless People and given to the present Possessors; whose Number is now become a Nuisance to the Nation.

I would also propose, that my Lords the Bishops would contribute to the Dignity and Sanctity of the Priesthood, by approaching nearer to an Equality of Revenue among themselves, with such Moderation, that on the one Hand each might have sufficient to enable him with Decency to attend his Service in Parliament; and on the other, that their Behaviour there might not be so frequently suspected by the Laity, as it has formerly been, as if they were too ready to obey the Nod of a Minister of State; and to hope to deserve a sudden Promotion to a tenfold Revenue; to take a speedy Flight from the Dreary Mountains of *Snowdon*, to the warm old snug Palace of *Lambeth*. What think you, Sir, would not Two thousand Pounds a Year be a decent Income for a Bishop? (some of them might have something more allotted to them, as my Lord of *London*, and others, who have most Occasion to reside often in Town, or in other expensive Parts of the Kingdom) and would not Three thousand Pounds each be a tolerable Income for our two Metropolitans? The rest of the Episcopal Revenues might be applied to the Support of their inferior Brethren: And without a Bill to prevent Translations (a Bill which honest Men have sometimes been tempted to wish for) we might live to see a certain Bench filled with Patriots, and this without enduring that absurd Inconvenience, which an Act against Translations would introduce. For, under such a Law, if the Prince should have it in his View to advance to the Summit of Church Preferment, the most deserving Priest in *England*; when the worst Diocese becomes vacant, he must
not

not promote him, because under such a Law it would put a Negative upon his farther Advancement; so that a Man of the most consummate Merit, might after many Years Expectation, die a private and poor Parson, because he was designed to be Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

But this long Letter will pass with you for one of my Resveries; especially my last Scheme: For nothing like it can ever be executed, unless the Temporal Lords should in some future Age happen to think as I do, and attend in Parliament with Diligence, to accomplish an Alteration.

LETTER XV.

S I R,

July 29, 1706.

THE Union is at length as good as concluded; it was hard, or rather impossible, to settle the Terms of it to every body's liking: But the grand Design was always desirable to the Unprejudiced of both Nations; and our late Blunders have made it more necessary to us than ever it was.

Edinburgh will doubtless suffer by the Loss of the Parliament there, and of the Resort of their Nobility; but in the main, the Kingdom must grow richer upon being let into the *English* Trade, instead of their late wretched Condition, without any valuable Branch of Commerce, or any rational Prospect of obtaining one. They are now to be Members of a flourishing Empire; an Empire, safer and happier (*sua si bona nôrit*) than the greatest on the Continent; because in its natural

(its naval) Strength it is much more powerful than any of its Neighbours.

Scotland used to be the Pensioner of *France*, used to ravish two or three of our Northern Counties, to burn our Houses, and run away with our Cattle; and often felt the Severity of our Reprizals. But, in one Generation, that Border will grow enamoured with the Arts of Peace, and such of their great Men as love Pensions, may haply enjoy them with less Hazard than of old, without the Danger of seeing their Country destroyed by Fire and Sword, as a Reward for their mercenary Politicks. As for our Parts, it is no Trifle to remove for ever the Probability of being attacked in the Rear by Enemies far from being despicable in Point of Bravery, and not to be despised because of their Poverty; for their Poverty contributed to create our Danger. That Poverty and that Bravery will for the future exalt our Hopes, instead of creating our Fears. Our People on this Side *Tweed*, may well be spared, to ply the Loom and Hammer, while the Heroes of *Gathness* and *Sutherland*,——

Disdaining servile Labours, bear the Musket,
The glorious Musket, and enjoy their Leisure;
Nor unrewarded bear it, but the meed
Of six good Pence *per Diem*, Wealth not known
To their great Ancestors, they glad receive,
And hail Flock Buds, Wheat Bread, and *Cheshire* Cheese,
And bless that League which show's these Blessings down.

We have some very worthy Men among us, who are much disgusted at the Care that is taken of the Kirk; the Preservation of which is a fundamental Article. They alledge, that *Episcopacy* was unfairly
outed,

outed, and that the Majority of the Nobility and Gentry of that Kingdom would, if they could, restore it at this Day. But the Preservation of the Kirk is at present a Condition without which no Union can be had; the Populace will not yet part with the *Mess Johns*. That must be expected in a cooler Season, and then the fundamental Article will be a Cobweb. It is absurd to attempt to make irrevocable Laws for Posterity; every Generation must of Necessity have a Right to chuse for itself. This ridiculous Notion of immutable Laws, was however a Maxim in Law among the *Medes* and *Persians*. Observe the Consequence: Their Emperor To-day promulges an IMMUTABLE Edict to destroy all the *Jews*, and on the Morrow sends forth another, that they may take Arms for their Defence, and that all his loving Subjects shall assist them. Can any common Lawyer or Civilian deny, that there will be in the united Legislature of *Great-Britain* an unlimited Power over the whole Body, and every Part of it; or, that they will have sufficient Authority to repeal any Law which either of the divided Kingdoms made. What the *Sultan* is in *Turkey*, and the *Mogul* in *India*, the Parliament of *Great-Britain* must necessarily be, in the Plenitude of its Power.

Another Complaint among us is, that the Members which *Scotland* furnishes to both Houses, amount to a tenth or twelfth of the Parliament, tho' they are not to pay above a Thirtieth of the Taxes of the united Kingdom: I do not fear being suspected as a Partizan for the *Scots*, when I declare that I believe this to be still very equal; for tho' we leave them an open Trade, yet the Profits of that will be swallowed in the Rents of all their best Estates, and must center in *London* and *Middlesex*. It

will be well enough if the publick Money raised among them suffices to answer all the publick Demands there: Their great Men will live here, and in a Generation or two will become mere *Englishmen*.

There is one Omission in the Articles of this Union, with regard to the Perpetuity of the *Scots* Peerage. There are no new Peers to be made there, and they are always to send Sixteen to Parliament by Election. I believe their Number is pretty large at present, suppose one hundred and fifty; but these will gradually decrease, and be extinguished by one Accident or other; for there are no perpetual Successions, no Bishops among them. I lately observed this to a very intelligent Gentleman of that Nation: He looked on it as a remote Evil, *For*, says he, *most of the Peerages there, are inheritable by the Daughters, when Sons fail*; I allowed this for a Reason why Peerages should not easily be extinguished: But I am convinced, that thus they will more readily decrease by Unity of Possession, occasioned by Marriages both among their own Nobility and ours, which will have a quicker Effect than the Extinction of the Male-Lines by the Course of Nature, separate Maintenance, and Venery. Almost as often as a *Scots* Coronet devolves upon a Female, it will consolidate that Peerage with some other; so that, in Effect, there is a *Scots* Peerage merged for ever.

There is another Way left open to diminish their Number; for tho' a *Scots* Peer must not be made an *English* one, yet his Son or Brother may; and thus upon the Fall of one Life, there will be one Peer less on their List. So it is likely they will hardly have sixteen Lords left in an hundred Years. I have not been informed whether this
Omission

Omission was by Mistake, but it is really of little or no Consequence. Since *Scots* are capable of being made Peers of *Great-Britain*, it matters not from what Castles, Towns or Villages, they take their Titles, nor whether North or South of *Tweed*: It will only sound a little absurd to Posterity, that the same Person, who may be called to Parliament as Lord of *Hammer-smith*, shall be refused Admittance as Duke of *Edinburgh*. For the rest, the Locality of Titles happens not to be material; for if this Kingdom preserves its Constitution, Posterity shall always find most of its largest Fortunes and greatest Men, in the House of Peers of *Great-Britain*: But if, for our Sins or theirs, our Posterity shall bow the Knee before a Tyrant, after the Manner of the Nations round about us, and the Houses of Parliament in a Venal Generation concur to murder the Constitution, it is a Matter of no Sort of Importance, who shall be the Parricides.

We might be content that the Numbers, both of their Lords and Commons to sit in the United Parliament were to be double or treble those agreed on. Thus we should have more of their Wealth drawn hither, and our Constitution would be safer from the Attempts of the Crown, as it would be harder to manage or gratify so great a Number. This is what we ought to attend to on all Occasions. I design to make my Grandsons learn it along with their Prayers and their Creed, That the *Liberties of England can only be destroy'd by a Standing Army of her own Sons; and that Parliamentary Bribery is the most proper Method to obtain such an Army.*

And yet it is strange, that Men can sell themselves and Posterities for an Estate at Will! You shall

shall find in some foreign Countries a Man of Two Thousand Pounds a Year of Inheritance, who for so small a Bribe as an Office or Pension of Five Hundred Pounds a Year, during Pleasure, shall give his Vote for a Law, which in its Consequence renders his Inheritance as precarious as the Pension. Is this being wise in our Generation? Is this to be justified even by the Wisdom of the Children of this World?

What Age, what Kingdom can shew an immediate Succession of three good absolute Monarchs? Or, in what Country have Liberty, Corruption, and a Standing Army, gone Hand in Hand for forty Years together? It is an idle Imagination to suppose, that when a King designs to rule by his Will, he must do as the *Danes* did, discard his States, and rely upon his Troops. That is indeed the shortest Way, but not the safest. When *Augustus* had established himself against all Opposers, he did not covet a great Army, he chose to keep a packed Senate in Pay; he gulled the People with an Appearance of Liberty, and the Administration of his Government was gentle: But *Rome* was ruined, it lost its Liberty, and was as effectually enslaved under him, as under *Nero* or *Domitian*.

*Mollia vincla pati jussit, at vincula passa est;
Purpureum cultu insolito venerata Tyrannum.*

Thus while with Clemency *Augustus* reign'd,
The Monarch was ador'd, the City chain'd.

But tho' this be the safest Method for a Prince to take, who desires to be absolute, yet it is the most burthensome to the People. Their Pension-Senate is a more extravagant Charge upon them,
than

than a great Army would be. If I were to live in an Age and Country where the Representatives of the People had sold them to the Prince for Places and Pensions, and given him a military Force to ensure the Purchase; I would concur in and promote a Petition, that the Prince might assume the Legislative Authority, exclusive of such prostitute Representatives; and I think it is evident, that in such a Case, whether a Prince were good or bad, a wise Man or a Fool, the People could more easily pay for the Wants or the Wantonness of the Monarch alone, than for those and the Wages of several Hundreds of Parricides into the Bargain.

Nor is a People the safer from such Attempts, for having a Ruler of their own chusing. The ambitious Man, when he has climbed all the Rounds of the Ladder of Authority, turns his Back to it, and scorns the base Degrees by which he rose. In all mixed Governments, each constituent Part must be eternally on its Guard. The Prince can easily take Care of his Prerogative, because, being but one, he can always be true to, and consistent with himself. His Individuality gives him those Advantages, and the *præ-existent* Temptation of Ambition, that Spur to make Use of them, that he ought never to be trusted with more than his own Rights, if the Subjects would hold theirs. I transcribe for you the Picture of a vigorous Prince, riding a Nation after he had defeated its Enemies.

*Cervus, equum, pugna melior communibus herbis
Pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo
Imploravit opes hominis; frenumque recepit:
Sed postquam victor violens discessit ab hoste,
Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore.*

Since

Since I am grown a little pedantick upon the Subject of Slavery, I will put you in Mind of the ridiculous, the miserable Figure which a Mock-Senate makes: You have two beautiful Sketches of such Assemblies in *Juvenal*, proper to excite your Laughter and Indignation. In one you have the Prime Minister destroy'd at once, on his Master's Letter: the World agrees in an Opinion, *Sejanus* was guilty, but Justice would expect some Proof of it: *Tiberius* had too loyal a Senate to wait for any Evidence: Their Tyrant signified his Pleasure; and that served for Demonstration to *that very Senate* which had voted Statues to *that very Prime Minister*. The other Scene is the merry one, where they take into Consideration the over-grown *Turbet*: Nothing can be more fantastick than the blind Haranguer making a florid Speech in Praise of it, and unfortunately turning his Face from it to the contrary Side of the Room, in order to point out and descant upon its Beauties. Such are the *Ardua Negotia Imperii* proper to be laid before a Parliament of Slaves. Such are the *Arcana* fit for them to debate on.

L E T T E R XVI.

Mar. 20, 1710-11.

IF Victory has not made us or our Allies too insolent, it is impossible that the great Folks at *Gertruzdenburgh* should fail to settle the Repose of *Europe*. But if we over-value ourselves, and under-rate our Grand Enemy, we shall find that he is an absolute Prince, and a proud one too, and rather

ther than stoop too low, he will give us an Opportunity to buy more Laurels at too dear a Rate; to purchase more costly Hangings for *Westminster-Hall*. But we have fought enough for Glory, and for Profit too; for we may make good Bargains now, if we think fit (after our surprizing Successes) to make Peace Sword in Hand.

The D—— of M—— has been rewarded, for his glorious Victories in this War, in a most extraordinary Manner, as indeed he deserved; but Envy will not let him enjoy his Honours in Peace, it is the usual Fate of superlative Merit,

Comperit invidiam supremo sine domari.

To be raised by the Smiles of their Prince above their Equals, happens to several Favourites in every Court, in every Generation: But for a *British* Subject, a Protestant, to have a Fief, a Principality of the *Empire* conferred on him, by a *Roman-Catholick* Emperor of *Germany*, and not only to be promoted to the highest Honours by his Sovereign that are in her Power to bestow, but also to have his transcendent Merit proclaimed by the united Voice of the Legislature, and transcendently rewarded by an ample Recital of his famous Exploits, and by the Gift of a Princely Revenue, and Royal Manor to him, with an unusual Limitation of those, and of his Honours, in Favour of his Posterity; these I say, are Circumstances of human Grandeur which few Subjects in many Ages will be seen to attain to: A Pinacle above which a Man of rational Sense would not endeavour to soar.

All the little Sallies of Satire against him will be buried in Oblivion, when the Statute that re-
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cites his Victories, and entails a Royal Inheritance to reward them, shall record his Glory to late Posterity. There is nothing wanting to compleat his Character, but this, that he shall be as willing to let his Country enjoy the Fruits of his Victories, as he has been able to gain them; that he shew himself as grateful to *England*, as She has been to him; that he may judge a Princely Fortune (a Fortune unrivalled by any other Subject) to be sufficient for him and his Family; and that he may not desire to make a Trade of War, because he profits by it, tho' at the same Time it consumes whole Nations, and his Mother *Great-Britain* among the rest.

LETTER XVII.

April 13, 1710.

YOU rightly observe, that this hot-headed Priest has cost both Houses more Time and Trouble than his Head is worth. What matters it if he has been too peremptory in the Pulpit, on a Subject he might better have let alone. Some Parts of his Sermons are little better than Nonsense, but the general Doctrine may be supported by the Authority of all our most eminent Divines, and corresponds with that Maxim in Law, that *the King can do no Wrong*.

I think the Doctor and his Prosecutors have split on the same Rock; an extraordinary Case, like the Revolution, is quite out of the ordinary Rules of Law, and not defined among the general Learning of the Casuists concerning the
Obedience

Obedience of Subjects to their Sovereign. The Doctor ought not to have drawn the Revolution into the Debate, nor ought we to fancy, that the Maxims of the Laws of God, of Nature, and of the Land, are changed by that extraordinary Occasion and Event. 'Tho' I am persuaded the same Tenet has been taught ever since our Reformation, yet this Gentleman's Manner of teaching it is indiscreet; and his Warmth has been singular several Years ago. *Defoe*, in his *Hymn to the Pillory*, has long since justly celebrated the Doctor's intemperate Zeal against the Dissenters; (I think *Defoe* had been then exalted for writing *The shortest Way with the Dissenters*) he wishes, that all who merit equal Punishment, might stand there along with him; and then descending to Particulars, says he,

There wou'd the fam'd *Sachev'rel* stand,
 With Trumpet of Sedition in his Hand,
 Sounding the first Crusado in the Land,
 He from a *Church-of-England* Pulpit first,
 All his Dissenting Brethren curst,
 Doom'd them to Satan, for a Prey,
 And first found out *The shortest Way*.

But the Consequence of this mighty Eclat is, that most People are apt to consider a Sentence against this Preacher, (not as a Condemnation of his Temerity by instancing the Revolution upon an improper Occasion, and of his unwarrantable pronouncing Damnation against the Dissenters, but) as an Establishment of the discretionary Resistance of the Subject, and as a Degradation of kingly Power in *England*, to the Condition of the Consular in *Rome*, controled by the Senate, Tribunes, and People; and all this, by a solemn
 Judg-

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Judgment of the Lords at the Demand of the Commons.

Our political Penmen, who swarm in every Age, will not fail hereafter to magnify every Mistake, every Slip, in every Administration; and even to call Virtue, Vice; Sweet, Bitter; and Good, Evil. *Algernon Sidney's* Treatise of Government will pass upon many for the Law of the Land; and those who approve most of the Revolution, may live to see this latitudinarian Allegiance (which the misguided People will be apt to learn) become troublesome under the best Princes.

I should think therefore this Prosecution cannot have been a very agreeable Entertainment to the Queen, nor a pleasant Speculation to those who are in the Course of Succession to the Crown.

In the mean time, Conversation runs as low with us in Town as you describe it in the Country. You can hardly find a rational Creature to talk to, or a rational Topic to talk upon. Go where you will, you meet the *Doctor*. Be it *pro* or *con*, it is still the *Doctor*. The devout Adherers to the literal Construction of Holy Writ, say, that the sacred Volume is in Peril; and ejaculate their Apprehensions in Metre. One of their *Pasquins* closes thus,

Tho' all the Fathers, great and small,
From good St. *Austin*, back to *Paul*,
Did justify the Criminal;
Yet nothing cou'd acquit the Priest,
Nor Father *Paul*, nor *Jesus Christ*:
Look to your Doctrine, *Paul* and *Jesus*,
Sachem's Sermons do not please us,

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He copy'd you, was your Disciple;
Next Turn is your's, they'll burn the Bible.

The Poet's Partiality, in Favour of the Doctor, is as extravagant, as his Apprehension of the Danger of burning the Bible. I give you this only as a Specimen, or rather Symptom, of the Fever of the Town; for I assure you, the Zealous of my Acquaintance, who read these Lines, are as fond of them as he can be that made them; for my own part, I rather agree with Mr. *Dryden*, to count such Clergymen,

The *Phaetons* of Mankind, who fire that World,
Which they were sent, by preaching, but to warm.

The Alteration of the many-headed Monster in Seventy, yea, in Thirty Years, is unaccountable. *Pym* and his Fellows were idolized by the Multitude of this very City, for the Reverse of this Doctrine, and so were the seven Bishops: But now if any Man has a Doubt about it, let him not divulge that Doubt in the Streets of *London*: If the present Humour of the Town continues a little longer, I shall be able to send you an whole Suit of Apparel, or Set of Household Furniture, sanctified with the goodly Image of the Doctor.

L E T T E R XVIII.

Aug. 14, 1712.

I T is not doubted that this Treaty will end in Peace, in Spite of all Opposers. It is pretty unhappy for us, that all the Nations engaged in War

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War should not concur with us to wish heartily for the general Tranquillity of *Europe*. Nor will I answer for our own Soldiers of Fortune. The inferior Officers make a great Clamour against it in Coffee-Houses and other Places of publick Resort; and, if you will take their Words, they speak the Sense of the Nation; but do not you believe a Word of that.

The Emperor perhaps fancies that it is the Business of *Great-Britain* to raise the House of *Austria*, on the Ruins of that of *Bourbon* and of *Great-Britain* together; the *Dutch* can never be tired of having the Subsistence Money of our great Land-Army circulate in their Country; and the little Princes of *Germany* can afford to hire out Troops to us a good while longer, if we can find Cash to pay for them; this is a Trade among them.

Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Capadocum Rex.

But *England* seems, as well as *France* and *Spain*, to have Occasion for a Peace, and for some of the same Reasons. We have not been beaten often, it is true; we have gotten great Victories, yet still we are Sufferers, and must be so, as the Scene has been laid. What we conquer in *Flanders* is to be divided between the *Dutch* and the *Emperor*, and *Spain* is also to be conquered for the latter. As if the House of *Austria* might not lord it over *Europe* as severely as that of *Bourbon*; as if it were necessary to exhaust ourselves, to bring a Moiety of *Europe* under a single Person, lest a Moiety of *Europe* should at some Time or other hereafter (which possibly may never happen) fall under the Dominion of a single Person. This is, *ne mori-*
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are mori, with a Witness. Nay it is worse, it is giving Boot, where the Exchange at even hand would be a bad Bargain; it is paying our Blood and Treasure to set *Charles* on the *Spanish* Throne, when we can leave *Philip* there without farther Expence; and when, of the two, it is rather our Interest that *Philip* should fill it; and the best of the Jest is, that not one of them pretends to shew how *Great-Britain* is to be reimbursed a single Stiver, whatever her Expence has been, or may be hereafter. This is a well chosen Game to play at, where we may lose and cannot win. We are told indeed, that by carrying on the War, we shall keep out the *Pretender*. I fancy, at this Time of Day, *France* will readily agree to make us more secure against him by a Peace.

It is to be hoped that the Outcry in Coffee-Houses of Red-Coats, who have the Fear of Breaking before their Eyes, may be slighted; that those who have made a Trade of War, either Abroad or at Home, may have no Influence upon our Councils; that our Ministers will sit down to treat in Temper, and not in Spite; that they will rather imitate *Martin's* Behaviour in the *Tale of a Tub*, than his Brother *Jack's*. We must not pique ourselves on pulling down every thing which our domestick Enemies have built.

I can only wish, that the Wings of *France* may be effectually clipped, even to the dismembring some of its Provinces, if possible, in Favour of *Savoy*, *Lorrain*, *Bavaria*, any body; and that if we are to have the least Retribution for all our Labours, Costs and Losses, it may be allotted to us in Islands above all Places; and above all Islands, in those of *America*, which produce Sugars and Cotton. A small Portion in these would answer our

our Purposes, better than twenty capital Fortresses on the Continent of *Europe*. They would be a Mine, and not an Issue of Treasure. As for any Fortress, as *Dunkirk*, *Gibraltar*, or any other that may annoy our Traffick, it would be convenient to reduce them to the Condition of *Tangiers*, but not to think of holding them.

I am strangely fond of those *American* Islands, and think I can justify my Notion by a short Observation upon a well known Piece of History. I frequently recollect, that *Jamaica* was taken by mere Accident: *Oliver* had formed a much greater Design, which miscarried; and when only *Jamaica* was the Prize, his Commanders were called to a severe Account. He was also Master of *Dunkirk*, and King *Charles II.* of *Tangier*, in Dowry with his Queen. These were monstrously expensive, so as not to be tenable. The People grumbled that the Crown did not keep them; but as long as they were kept, they grumbled also at the great Expence of maintaining them. These are gone for ever from *England*, while the poor despicable Island of *Jamaica* has grown a flourishing Colony, is become an inexhaustible Fund of Wealth to us, and occasions the constant Employment of a considerable Fleet of *British* Merchants.

The Dominion of the Seas is what we are able to maintain, it maintains itself: The more we have of it, the less Danger we are in of being invaded in it by the envying World confederated against us. It is one of the clearest Demonstrations, it is vulgar Arithmetick; that if we carry a Million of Tuns of Goods each Year a Thousand Leagues, and our Neighbour carries but the tenth Part of that Quantity the like Voyage, we shall
maintain

maintain ten-fold his Shipping, ten-fold his Seamen, and in Consequence be able to meet ten such Neighbours as Enemies, at once, upon the Watry Plain.

If our Island-Colonies were very considerable in Number and Value, we should find this great Convenience, that they will require no Garisons, because no Armament could appear upon the Seas, sufficient to disturb them: Nor ought we to oppress them, nor suffer them to be oppressed by rapacious Governors. But while our Neighbours are stronger in those Parts than we are, both We are, and the Colonies must be burthened with the Expence of an armed Force both by Sea and Land for their Security. Were they ever so populous, had they as many People among them as their Mother Country contains; there would be no Danger of their Defection, while we gave them no Cause to mourn the Want of Liberty. Their Trade would all pass thro' our Hands, protected by our Fleets, while they lived at Ease, and in as perfect Obedience as the several Parishes of *Middlesex*.

L E T T E R XIX.

May 6, 1723.

WE are under terrible Apprehensions here, about no less than Church and State. This has been the Devil of a Plot, and it is proved by Means that must not be discovered; for if a Plotter knows how a Decypherer found him out, it seems he may grow so cunning in perplexing his Cypher, that the Artift will not be able to fol-

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low him any longer. Silly Traitors! is it then possible to invent inextricable Cyphers, and you remain so indolent as to put your Lives and Fortunes on a Key as simple as *Julius Cæsar's*, which the School-Boys have learned from *Suetonius* for these Sixteen Hundred Years past.

Treason is a paw Thing! a noisy Crime of State, as *Dryden* says. I'll have none on't. There's *Perkins's* Head on *Temple-Bar*, like *Cymon* in *Dryden's* Fables,

Whistles for want of Thought.

From all Men of common Sense, Heaven avert the Omen.

There is an *English* Bishop, a *Spanish* Cardinal, an *Irish* General, a *British* Peer, or twain, a Brace of very small Nonjuring Priests (but one of them has drowned himself, I wish you were to see the Wall he got over, you would judge how ingenious, and nimble too, he must have been) all these, and more, are Personages in the *Drama*, which has lately entertained the Town. I say nothing of Proofs; some People are very believing, and others were mere Infidels. The Doctrine of Transubstantiation has had full Credit with our Ancestors, in Spite of their Senses: And yet *Zeno*, in another Age, would not believe there was such a Thing as Motion.

For my own Part, I design, as long as I live, to be courtly in my political Creed: It is an impertinent and pragmatistical Folly to endure the Frowns of the Great, for want of acknowledging, that a *Cloud* is like a *Whale*, or very like a *Weazel*. Since *Plots*, true or false, are necessary Things, why should we doubt of the Reality of
this:

this: But for irrefragable Proofs of it, peruse the Arguments of the Solicitor-General, &c. Mr. *Wynne*, a young Lawyer, is much applauded for the Defence. The D— of W— has shone in his House on the Occasion; he has taken abundance of Pains to observe upon the Evidence, which makes his Speech much the longer; it delighted many of the Hearers: But the Master-piece of Eloquence on this Occasion, in my poor Opinion, is Mr. K--'s which you receive a Copy of; it is indeed the most finished Performance of the greatest Orator our Island ever boasted. There is nothing omitted that was necessary to be remembred; there is not a superfluous Sentence, not an ill-turned Period, not an ill-chosen Expression in the whole. There is that Strength of reasoning in answering the Arguments of the Adversary, and that Clearness of Diction to convey to us his own Sentiments. that, it is like a polished Diamond, of the first Water and most excellent Workmanship. It is impossible to say whether its Firmness or its Lustre be most predominant; or for which of those Merits in the highest Degree of Perfection, all other Gems must yield it the Preference.

L E T T E R XX.

May 28, 1725.

YOUR Complaint is very just, that by the Titles of Impeachments in Parliament, a Man at a Distance off cannot guess what the Accusation is. This against the Earl of M** consisted chiefly of two Branches; one that he sold the Offices of the

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Masters

Masters in Chancery for very great Sums of Money; which Offices are in some Degree judicial; the Sale of them therefore must naturally introduce Corruption in the Officers, according to the Adage, He that buys Justice, must sell Justice. The other Branch is, that to conceal this Sin, (as it commonly happens) he fell into a greater: Large Sums of Money, belonging chiefly to Orphans, had by the Authority of the Court been deposited in the Hands of these Masters; some of them thought it a proper Opportunity to grow rich, nor scrupled to adventure the Fortunes of their Neighbours: They met with woeful Disappointments of their Expectations; there were great Deficiencies; and the Chancellor, to screen them, was guilty of shameful Delays of Justice, by putting off the Hearing of the Causes affected by these Losses.

To the Wonder of the gazing World, and maugre the zealous Endeavours of some most noble Peers, this corrupt Man is to continue a Judge, upon his Honour, of the Lives and Fortunes of *Englishmen*; he is to continue to make our Laws, and to interpret them. He is condemned in 30,000 *l.* it is true, but, *cui bono?* Not to repair the suffering Suitors; but as a Fine to the Crown, (which perhaps may remit it) tho' the People have received the greatest Injury. How then are the Sufferers to be repaired, think ye? Why, truly, it is rumoured, by a Tax to be laid on the Suitors in that Court. The innocent Suitors, who may be esteemed sufficiently unfortunate in having Occasion to resort thither, are to be punished for the Iniquities of the Chancellor.

The House of Lords is not bound by the Forms of the Courts below Stairs, and the Impeachments before them are managed pretty much in the Stile
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of the Civil Law; it were to be wished, in the Case of this Earl, they had adopted a Form of that Law which is proper to produce a just and rational Sentence upon Crimes like these they have lately censured. The Criminal Process, among the Civilians, is frequently, if not always, in the Nature of an Action *Qui tam*, &c. I have seen a Libel of theirs for Homicide, which amounted to an Appeal, as well as Indictment. In a Case, like this, they would, in the first Place, have given Relief to the Injured out of his Estate, and then have made a reasonable Confiscation to the Prince, as a Punishment of his Crimes. Thus they would have fulfilled the Dictates both of commutative and distributive Justice. Restitution, was barely a Debt, and Confiscation was a moderate Punishment.

If a Sentence of Sir *George Oxenden's*, who opened this Impeachment, had been duly weighed, we should hardly see the Innocent taxed for the Crimes of the solvent Guilty. But we have never been fond of changing our Laws, no not even for the better; the Lords in Parliament, four hundred Years ago, to reject a mischievous ecclesiastical Proposal, answered, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*. An Answer highly laudable on that Occasion! and ever since we have it trumped up to us, as a Maxim, without the least Attention to the Difference of the Matters in Question. I will mention to you two strong Instances (instead of twenty) of our supine Neglect in amending our Laws. The Landlord from all Antiquity might distrain his Tenant for Rent due, and then the Distress must perish in his Hands, if the Tenant could not pay; for the Lord could not sell it, till enabled by a Statute made in the Days of King

Charles II. This Piece of Common Law we sent to *Ireland*, but they found the Remedy one hundred and fifty Years earlier than we did. Another Instance is, that the then Statute of Administrations (which is but a Translation from the one hundred and eighteenth Novel) was made in the latter End of the same Reign, and no earlier; and we are sure that our Law was a regular and flourishing Profession four hundred Years without it. Perhaps it flourished the more, for differing in many Points from common Sense.

L E T T E R X X I.

Feb. 7, 1730.

TH E R E is one of the Wonders of the World to be accomplished this Session; the Salt-Tax will be abolished. It is a new Thing for the Crown to lose Ground in the Revenue. Our History shews very few Instances of the Kind. Tho' the Occasion was most urgent when the Tax was imposed; and tho' the Grant of it was only temporary, and for a very short Time too, yet Pretences have been always found to continue the Burthen, when the Necessity ceased. Our Oracle in the Law and Records of Parliament observes, that Tonnage and Poundage were granted first to King *Henry V.* to enable him to invade and conquer *France*; but his unfortunate Son, who lost that Acquisition back again, enjoyed the same Revenue, as did also Queen *Mary I.* who lost
Calais,

Calais, the only Fragment of it that remained till her Time. So forcible is a Possession in the Crown, that People are apt to suffer it to turn to a Right. But this Mistake cost K. *Charles I.* dear; it was the first Grievance of his Reign, and disposed a knowing, a resolute Generation of Freeman (whose Spirits were not broken by Taxes and Standing Armies) to examine every Thing with Rigour. Yet not all the Difficulties and Misfortunes of his Reign could deter his Son, King *James II.* (tho' he did not want the Money) from levying the same Revenue before it was given by Parliament. I think we have one Instance in the *English* History, of the Monarch's taking less than the Subject gave, and that was in the Days of good Queen *Elizabeth*, who chose to reign in the Hearts of her People, who depressed Monopolies, and particular Schemes of robbing the Publick, and esteemed the Wealth and Honour of the Nation as her own.

If Farmers in their Tillage and their Diet, Merchants in victualling their Ships, Potters in their Manufacture, but above all, the Fishery (that *Diu multumque desideratum* of *Great-Britain*) require such immense Quantities of Salt, that it is impossible to maintain the Officers, and to make any considerable Profit of that Revenue, if we allow Draw-backs for all those Purposes (not to speak of the frequent Frauds upon Exportation) and as on the other hand, we would not have our Neighbours Till their Land, Navigate their Ships, Cure their Fish, and even be able to sell an earthen Pitcher cheaper than we can; it is really amazing to consider how this Tax came first to be granted in this Nation; but it is much more astonishing that the Experience of its Mischiefs had not long ago awakened the Legislature to redeem it. It is

not strange that the People should gladly embrace the Opportunity of Deliverance from this Oppression; the Miracle is, that a first Minister should give his Voice for so considerable a Reduction of his Myrmidons, should concur in abolishing a Tax which seems calculated to create Ministerial Dependencies, and to corrupt Voices for Parliamentary Elections. Perhaps, like *Sylla*, he knows he has so well convinced the World of his transcendant Ability for Mischief, that he may retire in Safety with the Spoil of Nations, and deserve the Thanks of Mankind for plaguing them no longer. But if he designs to pursue the Plan which he has hitherto proceeded on, the Trained Bands of the Salt-Duty are an ill-judged Reduction of his Forces: He does not usually commit such Blunders in Domestick Politicks, whatever his Enemies object to his Skill and Address in Foreign Treaties. Taxes, burthensome as This is, make Standing Armies necessary; and great Armies cannot be maintained without burthensome Taxes; they are Bawd and Punk to each other, but the poor Nation is always the Cully.

It is a Proposition as demonstrable as any in *Euclid*, that heavy Taxes must naturally destroy this or any other trading populous Nation, which depends greatly on its own Manufactures. Yet neither the small Vulgar nor the Great can comprehend this Truth. If *France* can maintain her Manufacturer, in proper Provinces, at Ten Pounds *per Annum*, when ours must cost Twenty, and if the Value of 30 *l.* in Wool will employ at least six Persons, at a Medium, *per Annum*, the *English* Account will stand thus, For Wool 30 *l.* for Work 120 *l.* Total, 150 *l.* The *French* may be stated thus, For Wool, 40 *l.* for Work, 60 *l.*
Total,

Total, 100 *l.* so that the *French* may sell Wares of equal Goodness at 100 *l.* which we shall not be able to sell under 150 *l.* and this upon a Supposition too, that they pay 20 *l.* for one third Part of their Quantity of Wool, which costs us only 10 *l.* Thus if we suppose that they use two Thirds of their own Growth, they can afford to give for what they buy from us, or from *Ireland*, double the Price of our Market, and yet sell so much cheaper than we can, as is already stated.

Our Manufacturers make a Noise about the running of Wool, and about that only, as if this were their only Evil. They are assisted in their Clamour, and misled in their Reasoning, by those whose Business it is to raise a Dust, and to hide the true, the principal Cause of the Declension of the *British* Trade; that is of the *British* Grandeur. This assigning *non causa pro causa*, is (when it can pass upon People) the most dangerous Kind of Sophistry; the Principle being false, the false Deductions from it may be numberless.

If a Master-Weaver, who returns Twenty Thousand Pounds a Year in his Trade, should complain that Wool is risen Ten *per Cent.* by clandestine Exportation, and that the Manufacturer is ruined by it; it would be in vain to tell him, that there is a single Evil that prejudices his Manufacture in a much greater Degree: He would laugh at me, as an ignorant Pretender, to presume to be wiser than a Man in his own Trade. And yet I may venture to say, that the Duty on Soap and Candles is an heavier Clog on the Manufacture, than any probable Advance in the Price of the unwrought Commodity can amount to. But here is the Difference, the Master knows when he pays an advanced Price for Wool, but he

forgets that he pays the Candle-Tax in the Wages of the Workman.

I do not mean upon the Whole, that *France* will be able to cut us out from every particular Branch or Article of the Woollen Manufacture. I doubt not that we are in Possession of a Manufacture of some Sorts both of Cloths and Stuffs, which they cannot equal; especially without the Help of our Wool, or that of *Ireland*. But then this must be admitted, that tho' we could totally cut off the clandestine Exportation, yet the *French* would still be able to increase in the Manufacture of vast Quantities of coarse Goods; and let us remember, that tho' a Yard of fine Cloth may be worth a Guinea, yet the Proportion of that Export is but small. It is the Cloathing of the Millions that makes Millions of Money; and if the *French* are to supplant us in foreign Markets for the Sale of coarse Goods, tho' perhaps the Fountain of our Wealth will not be quite exhausted, yet I fear it will run miserably low. It is idle to say, that their coarse Manufactures will not be as good as ours, if they sell at a lower Price, that will more than compensate the Difference. The Multitude do not affect the nicest Goods, they are glad to be warm at a cheap Rate, and I think our Merchants have said something like this in their Complaints of the *Irish* Trade to *Lisbon*. They say, that the *Irish* Goods are not comparable to ours, but because they can undersell us, they have a ready Market, while ours lye unfold upon the Factors Hands.

It would be proper to apply this Complaint against *Ireland*, to *France*, and to *Prussia* too; for the *Prussian* has supplanted us very lately in our Trade to *Muscovy*, to the Value of many Thousand

and Pounds a Year for coarse Cloathing for the *Russian* Armies. Does all this depend on the Running of Wool from home? Has the Almighty given fleecy Sheep only to *England* and *Ireland*? We may possibly hinder Foreigners from getting our Wool, but what Act of Parliament shall prevent their working up their own? Why do not we make a Law to forbid their Grass to grow, and to intercept their Sun-shine.

Nothing but the true Foundation of the Growth of the Wealth of private Dealers, can make a trading Nation flourish. We must sell great Quantities, and that cannot happen unless we sell at least as cheap as our Neighbours: It is easy to see, that we cannot effect this, while we are plunged in Debt: It is no Wonder that we are thus in Debt, since, after our devouring Land War, we continue to support a great Army at home and abroad ever since; and that by Taxes which were half devoured by those who collected them. It is natural for People to flock out of the Mortgaged-Kingdom to *America*, *France* or *Holland*, or any other Place where their Industry may feed and cloath them, which it cannot at home: And thus (just as it happens in the Case of private Persons) the Increase of the Nation's Debt occasions the Decrease of the Means of paying it. The Loss of the Nation by maintaining a great Army, is not yet sufficiently stated, besides the positive Loss of paying them, there is also a negative Loss of at least 200,000 *l. per Annum*, which they would and ought to get, if they were left to labour for their Subsistence.

I am, &c.



Miscellaneous Letters.

*A Letter from Bishop BARLOW to his Honoured Friend Mr. Edward Cooke, * at his House in Plow-Yard in Fetter-Lane.*



Have received your Letter, and the ingenious book † you so kindly Sent me; and this comes (with my love and Service) to bring my harty Thanks. Though my businesſes be many, and my Infirmities more, (being now paſt the 74 year of my Age) yet I have read over your Booke, with great content and ſatisfaction: For I doe really believe, that the many pertinent Records, and profeſ which you have brought, are ſufficient to evince the truth of your poſitions. You have done me a great honor in the Concluſion of your Booke, which I wiſh I were worthy of. You are pleaſed to make uſe of the ſame words and chalenge to yours, which I

* This Gentleman was one of the Benchers of the Temple, and, ſome time, Licenſer of the Preſs.

† A Diſcourſe on the Nature of the Engliſh-Conſtitution. Written by Mr. Cooke.

have

have made to my * Adversaries; and I doubt not, but you will, and (God willing) I shall (when there is a just occasion) be able to make good that chalenge. Some of our late scriblers seeme to make the Kingdome of *England*, rather Elective than Successive and Hereditary; and that it is in the Power of the Parliament to depose and sett upp Kings, or alter the Governement (which was fatally and traiterously put in practice, (to the horror and amazement of all good men) by the late longe Parliament) yet it is evident, and in our laws and publique Acts of Parliament declared, (which you better know) that this Kingdom ever was, and for ever † ought to be hereditary and successive. Nor did the Conqueror, or any Kinge since, ever acknowledge or pretend to any popular or Parliamentary Election: But even those Kings, who had not an undoubted immediate right of Succession, did ever clame the Crowne, as Heires and Successors to it. Soe *William* the Conqueror; (as you have well proved) so *Henry* the 4. (after the Deposition of *Richard* the 2) did in full Parliament, challenge the Crowne *Jure Sanguinis*, as legall Heire to it, as appeare by our authentique Records: The Record is now in print, amongst our Historians published by ‡ *Cornelius Bee*, who had that Record from me. But I need not tell you, what (I believe) you better know. And *Henry* the 7. (as my Lord *Bacon* in his Life tells us (as I remember) when he was to be proclaimed Kinge, layed clame to it, not onely as marryinge *Elizabeth*, (next Heire of the House of *Yorke*) but

* See his Remains.

† Statut. Jacob. 1. Cap. 7.

‡ Vide Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores Decem. pag. 2757. lin. 57.

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by Inheritance, and in right of the House of *Lancaster*. They all know, that the Kingdome of *England* was hereditary and successive, and therefore they all had, or pretended to, that Title, and not to any parliamentary or popular Election.

I beg your pardon for this tedious, and (I fear) impertinent scribble. My love and Service (with my Thanks for your Civility and undeserved Kindnes to me) once more remembered, you shall (at this Time) have no farther trouble from

Your much obliged friend and servant

Thomas Lincolne.

*Buckden,
March 19. 1681.*

P. S. Pray present my respects and service to my worthy friend and coffin Mr. *William Petyt* of the Temple.



L E T-



LETTERS

O F

Bishop *FLEETWOOD*,

Containing

His Sentiments of the PROCEEDINGS of
the NEW MINISTRY during the Last
Four Years Reign of Queen *ANNE*.



WHEN that unhappy Change was made in the Queen's Measures, 1710, which blasted all the Glories and Triumphs of the Eight preceding Years, this good Bishop, who was a steady Friend to the *Old Ministry*, because he saw they had served their Country well and faithfully, could not be drawn to give any Countenance to the Measures of the *New One*, tho' Endeavours had been used, and Intimations given by the Queen herself, who had a great Value for him, how pleasing his frequent coming to Court would be to her. But his Sentiments will best appear from his own Words, in a *Letter* to a FRIEND, viz. —

— *When*

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—When my Duty to the Queen, and the Good of my Country will permit it, my Gratitude will never let me vote against my Friends; when I have saved my Conscience, I give myself up to what I call my Honour; and therefore under all the Discouragements I can be, I shall always be on the Side of the late Ministry, because I know they served the Queen and Nation so well, that I am morally assured they never will be served better; and whenever they are, I shall certainly be on their Side who do that Service: I think I may be allowed to act as clear and disinterested a Part as any Man of our Order; for sure if I could shift my Side, I might be well accepted, considering what Relation I have had to One,* who governs all, and who is very civil to me upon all Occasions; but the Measures we are in are by no Means pleasing to me, as what will never do the Nation's Business; and I foresee that all our Millions and our Blood spent for these twenty Years past, will end in a despicable Peace, which yet we must pitifully sue for too.—

About two Years after, when he was again asked his Opinion of the Situation of our Publick Affairs, his Answer was as follows; *I have been, and am still, in so ill Humour with relation to them, that I hardly can endure to think of them. We were in the greatest Honour abroad of any Nation in the Earth; we are now the Scorn of all People: Our Friends hate us, and our Enemies laugh at us. We shall neither have a good Peace, nor a good War; France will not give us the first, and we ourselves have cut off the Means of the last. The Disgrace of the Duke of Marlborough was worth a Million at least, and yet I do not hear we got a Farthing*

* The Earl of Rochester.

by it; which I impute not to our *Honesty and Virtue*, but to our *Folly, Malice, Infatuation*, and the great *Haste* we are in to be undone. The *Parliament* has passed such a *Censure* upon the *Duke*, that I dare aver no equal Number of Men in all the *World*, of what Nation or Religion soever, would have done. But the laying him aside is so strange a thing, that People are put to all their Shifts to account for it; and to make it go down with the *World*, must invent, exaggerate, and say and do any thing, to make him appear worthy of such Usage; but I expect it will turn to his *Enemies Mischief*, as it certainly does to his *Honour*, that after so keen and malicious an *Inquisition* into his *Conduct*, their great Master should be able to accuse him of nothing, but of doing what all *Generals* have done before him, and what *King William* always did.

In *May 1712*, he published *FOUR Sermons*, on extraordinary Occasions*, with a *PREFACE*, which was ordered to be burnt by a *Vote* of the Majority of the *House of Commons*. Upon this most unjust Affront, his *Lordship* wrote the following Letter to the *Bishop of Salisbury*.

* 1. On the Death of *Queen Mary*. 2. On the Death of the *D. of Gloucester*. 3. On the Death of *King William*. 4. On the Accession of *Q. Anne*.

T O

The Bishop of Salisbury.

June 17. 1712.

MY LORD,

I Received the Favour of your Lordship's Letter, and took it, as I know it was intended, very kindly. The Manner of my receiving the Indignity put upon my Preface, was neither like a Christian nor Philosopher, but like a very worldly Man. I knew the whole Process, and knew it to be a Piece of Revenge * taken by a wicked Party, that found themselves sorely stung; and it affected me accordingly, i. e. very little. I am not one that love to be the Talk of the Town, and in this Part I confess I was uneasy, although I think the Talk was very much in my Favour. The Complaint was made by Hungerford,† and seconded by Manley, ‡ (People that should indeed have been ordered to have burnt it) and thirded by what we call the Court, and carried by Numbers, without a wise Word said against it. Sir Peter King, Sir Joseph Jekyll, Mr. Lechmere, and others of the Robe, were very

* For Printing, a few Months before, his excellent Sermon against Those that Delight in War. Wherein he had set the ungenerous Treatment itewn the Duke of Marlborough, in such a Light, as will reflect everlasting Intamy upon his Persecutors, the Professed Enemies of their Country.

† A sneering, trifling, Wrangler, and much more noted, at the Bar, for Noise and Clamour, than a Knowledge of the Laws of his Country.

‡ A Tool of Hungerford's, per Nobile Fratrum.

Strenuous

strenuous Advocates in its Behalf, and so were other Gentlemen, but to no great Purpose, for the Court divided 119, and my Friends but 54. If their Design was to intimidate me, they have lost it utterly; or, if to suppress the Book, it happens much otherwise, for every Body's Curiosity is awakened by this Usage, and the Bookseller finds his Account in it, above any one else. The Spectator has conveyed above 14,000 of them into other People's Hands, that would otherwise have never seen or heard of it. In a Word, My Lord, when I consider that these Gentlemen have used me no worse, than, I think, they have used their own Country, the Emperor, the States, the House of Hanover, and all our Allies Abroad, as well as all the Bravest, Wisest, and the Honestest Men we have at Home, I am more inclined to become vain, than any ways depress'd at what has befallen me, and intend to set up for a Man of Merit upon this very Stock. But Pleasantry apart, my Heart is wounded within me, when I consider seriously whereabouts we are, and whither we are tending. The Court-Party do now own publicly, that except the Allies accept of the Conditions that are offered them, King Philip is not to make any Renunciation; and certainly the Allies cannot accept of those Conditions, unless they are distressed to the last Degree. We must and shall have a separate Peace in spite of all that can be said, and that must be without a Renunciation on the Part of France, and without a Guaranty from the Allies; and what a Peace is that like to be? It is now said, that England is to constrain the King of France to content the States with a Barrier to their liking, and that the rest will come in, or stand out without any Danger; but I am afraid England has lost all her constraining Power, and that France
thinks

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thinks she has us in her Hands, and may use us as she pleases, which I dare say, will be as scurvily as we deserve. What a Change has Two Years made? Your Lordship may now imagine you are growing young again, for we are fallen, methinks, into the very Dregs of Charles the Second's Politics; saving, that then they were more reasonable, because our Enemy was then in so full Power and Lustre, as might both terrify and dazzle a poor luxurious Prince, who would not be disturbed, nor seemed to care much what became of England after he was gone. The present Times may put you in Mind of those, with this bad Difference still, that now the ruinous Effects of those Advices seem to be taking Place after an Interval of five, or six, and twenty Years; and after such an Interruption, as one would have thought should have quite baffled and destroyed them. I find, my Lord, upon reading my Letter, that I have entred upon deep Matters, which, considering the Times, and the Spâ Waters I have taken, I ought not to have done. You will, I hope, excuse me, for methought I was talking with you, who, I believe favour me. I have, I thank God, an intire Trust in his Goodness, and know he has hitherto preserved us beyond all reasonable Hopes, without, and against, all our Deservings; but will he still go on to save us against our Will, and in the Midst of our Endeavours to destroy ourselves? I hope He will, for else I think we are a lost People. I pray God to preserve your Lordship, and all your Family. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble Servant,

W. ASAPH.

About

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About three Years after the writing of this *Letter*, he had a true Sense of the great Blessing this Nation enjoyed, by having both its Civil and Religious Rights fixed on such a sure and lasting Foundation as that of the *Protestant Succession*, by the Arrival of King George I. For, *though neither You nor I, said this good Bishop to an intimate Friend, are to look for any Amendment of our Fortunes; yet, we have now the Satisfaction, that we shall enjoy our little Properties in Quiet and Security, and transmit them safe to our Children.*— Such was the great Tranquillity of his Mind! He never aspired after, or was solicitous for a Change; but yet his Deserts were justly, and soon, considered by his Majesty; for, on the Demise of Bishop *Moore*, he was translated to the See of *Ely*. This Promotion he had enjoyed almost Nine Years when he died, *Anno 1723*.



Bishop



Bishop *Atterbury* to Mr. *Dennis*.

SIR,



Hear *one* of my *Adversaries* * has not considered duly your *Merit*; but, continues firm to the present Fashion of distinguishing every kind of it, by *Ill-treatment*.

I am informed, by the *News-papers*, that there is a *voluntary Subscription* † going forwards for your Advantage. I send you my Mite, ‡ which I have really borrowed, in order thereto; for, it so happens, that some Enemies of mine enjoy an Affluence I am deprived of; but I have made this little Effort as *one* Instance that it is People, not Denominations, I consider; and to the best of my small Power of shewing, I always shall be proud of doing it.

Your, &c.

Paris, 1730.

FRA. ROFFEN.

* A certain Minister of State:

† For printing some *Select Pieces* of Mr. Dennis's in *Prose and Verse*. In Two Volumes Octavo.

‡ The Bishop and Mr. Dennis had been very intimate at their first setting out in the World, (especially when his Lordship was Preacher at the Rolls) what he here calls his *Mite*, was the genteel Present of 100*l*. Mr. Dennis died 1734, and was buried at the Parish-Church of St. Martin in the Fields.

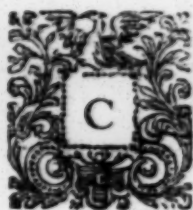
A Mon-



A Monsieur,

Monsieur **ROLLIN.**

Reverende atque Eruditissime Vir,



U M, monente amico, quodam, qui juxta Ædes tuas habitat, scirem te Parisios revertisse; statui salutatum te ire, ut primùm per valetudinem liceret. Id officii, ex pedum infirmitate aliquandiu dilatum, cùm tandem me impleturum sperarem, frustra fui, domi non eras Restat, ut quod coram exequi non potui, scriptis saltem literis præstem; tibi que ob ea omnia, quibus à te auctus sum, beneficia, grates agam, quas habeo certe, & semper habiturus sum, maximas.

Reverà munera illa librorum nuperis à te annis editorum egregia ac perhonorifica mihi visa sunt. Multi enim facio, & te, vir præstantissime: & tua omnia quæcunque in isto literarum genere perpolitata sunt; in quo quidem Te cæteris omnibus ejusmodi scriptoribus facilè antecellere, atque esse eundem & dicendi & sentiendi magistrum optimum, prorsus existimo: cùmque in excolendis his studiis aliquantulum ipse & operis & temporis posuerim, liberè

liberè tamen profiteor me, tua cum legam ac relegam, ea edoctum esse a te, non solum quæ nesciebam prorsus, sed etiam quæ antea didicisse mihi visus sum. Modestè itaque nimium de opere tuo sentis, cùm juventuti tantum instituendæ elaboratum id esse contendis. Ea certe scribis, quæ à viris istiusmodi rerum haud imperitis, cum voluptate & fructu legi possunt. Vetera quidem & satis cognita revocas in memoriam; sed ita revocas, ut illustres, ut ornes; ut aliquid vetustis adjicias quod novum sit, alienis quod omnino tuum: bonasque dicturas bonâ in lucem collocando efficis, ut etiam iis, a quibus sæpissimè conspectæ sunt, elegantiores tamen solito appareant, & placeant magis.

Certè, dum Xenophontem sæpius versas, ab illo, & ea quæ à te plurimis in locis narrantur, & ipsum ubique narrandi modum videris traxisse, stylique Xenophontei nitorem ac venustam simplicitatem non imitari tantum, sed planè assequi: ita ut si Gallicè scisset Xenophon, non aliis illum, in eo argumento quo tractas, verbis usurum, non alio prorsus more scripturum judicem.

Hæc ego, haud assentandi causâ (quod vitium procul a me abest) sed verè ex animi sententiâ dico. Cùm enim pulchris a te donis ditatus sim, quibus, in eodem, aut in alio quopiam doctrinæ genere referendis imparem me sentio, volui tamen propensi erga te animi gratique testimonium proferre, & te aliquo saltem munusculo, etsi perquam dissimili, remunerari.

Perge, vir docte admodum & venerande, de bonis literis, quæ nunc neglectæ passim & spretæ jacent, benè mereri: perge juventutem Gallicam (quando illi solummodo te utilem esse vis) optimis & præceptis & exemplis informare.

Quod

LETTERS of *Bishop* ATTERBURY. 89

Quod ut facias, annis ætatis tuæ elapsis multos
adjiceat Deus! iisque decurrentibus sanum te præ-
stat atque incolumem. Hoc ex animo optat ac
vovet.

Tui observantissimus,

FRANCISCUS ROFFENSIS.

P. S. Pransurum te mecum post Festa dixit
mihi amicus ille noster qui tibi vicinus est. Cùm
statueris tecum quo die adfuturus es, id illi signifi-
cabis. Me certè annis malisque debilitatum, quan-
docunque veneris, domi invenies.

6. Kal. Jan. 1731.

T O

Monsieur ROLLIN.

Reverend and most Learned Sir,

WHEN a Friend, who is your near Neigh-
bour, informed me of your Return to *Paris*,
I resolved to see you, as soon as I found myself
able to stir abroad. The Gout obliged me to de-
fer that Happiness for some Time; and when at
length I hoped to enjoy it, it was my Misfortune
that you was not at home. It remains therefore,
E that

that I perform by Letter, what I could not do by Word of Mouth; and that I give you hearty Thanks for the many Favours you have conferred on me, of which I shall always retain a grateful Remembrance.

Those Presents of the Books which you have published of late Years, are to me very valuable, and do me abundance of Honour; for, most worthy Sir, I greatly esteem you, and every Thing of yours. Every Thing you write in that Kind of Learning, is finely finished; and I not only prefer you before all other Writers in that Way, but esteem you as the most perfect Master both of Style and Sentiment: And tho' I have spent some little Time and Pains myself in Pursuit of this very Study, yet I freely own, that when I read your Works over and over, I learn not only those Things from you which I did not know, but also many Things which I thought I had been Master of before. Therefore you speak too modestly of your Performance, when you say it is only calculated for the Instruction of Youth. Men who are well acquainted with this Branch of Learning, may certainly read your Writings with Pleasure, and with Profit. You revive indeed to our Memories Facts that are ancient and well known, but in reviving them, you illustrate and adorn them; to the Old you add something New; to the Works of Others, something that is intirely your Own; and by placing good Pictures in a good Light, you bring it to pass, that they give greater Pleasure, and appear more beautiful than ever, even to those who have often seen them before.

As you frequently turn over *Xenophon*, you clearly seem to have borrowed from him both the
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Matter which you relate in many Places, and the Manner of relating it, and you have not only imitated, but have manifestly acquired the Perspicuity and neat Simplicity of his Style: So that, if *Xenophon* had understood *French*, I am of Opinion he would have written in no other Words or Manner than you have done upon the same Subject.

I say not these Things to flatter (a Vice I am not at all liable to) but from my real Sentiments; and as you have enriched me with the choicest Gifts, to which I know myself unable to make a suitable Return, in the same, or any other, Kind of Learning. I was at least desirous to shew a willing and grateful Mind to you, and to make you some small Present,* tho' very unlike what I had received. Go on, most Learned and Reverend Sir, to deserve well of the Republick of Letters, in these Days too much neglected and despised: Go on to form the Youth of *France* (since you will acknowledge yourself useful only to them) by the best Precepts and Examples.

Which that you may accomplish, may God add many Years to your Life; and may they be attended with Health and Tranquillity. These, Sir, are the hearty Wishes of

Your most Obedient Servant,

FRANCIS ROCHESTER.

* The Bishop sent Him his Sermons.

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P. S. Our Friend, your Neighbour, told me you would dine with me after the Holy-Days. When you have fixed your Day, be pleased to give him Notice of it. Whenever you come, you will certainly find me at home, disabled, as I am, by Old Age and other Evils.

December 27. 1731.



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O R A T I O.

M. DCC. X.

ID Officii, quod à te, PATER REVERENDIS-
SIME, sibi demandatum habuit Clerus, ut vi-
rum aliquem doctum et disertum, suscipiendo PRO-
LOCUTORIS muneri idoneum, sustinendo parem,
è gremio suo eligeret, pro solenni mori fideliter
explevit; vobisque hodie, PATRES admodum VE-
NERANDI, meâ voce commendat eximium hunc
Virum, nostræ, vestræ, & bonorum omnium exi-
stimationi suis in Ecclesiam meritis jampridem
commendatum: *Virum* iis ingenii dotibus prædi-
tum, ut omni præconio sit dignus, eâ nominis fa-
mâ celebrem, ut nullo indigeat: *Virum* ad descri-
ptam à majoribus designandi PROLOCUTORIS
formulam adeò compositum, ut non tam nostris
suffragiis quàm antiquis Synodorum legibus ad in-
signe hoc munus evocari videatur. Si quid enim
adjumenti afferat ad obeundam hanc provinciam
exquisita doctrina. Quis eam majori aut suâ laude
aut nostro fructu est obiturus, quàm *Vir* in nullo
literarum genere hospes, in plerisque artibus & stu-
diis diù & feliciter exercitatus, in maximè per-
fectis literarum disciplinis perfectissimus? Si ad
consummati PROLOCUTORIS tandem id præci-
pue pertinet, ut complurium disertissimorum vi-

rorum sententiam sui unius linguâ eleganter exprimat, habemus Oratorem eâ facundia perpolitum, ut à vobis, PATRES, minime metuendum sit ne responforum vestrorum dignitati sua dicendi inscitiâ detrahet; à nobis maximè sperandum, quòd nostris desideriis multum ponderis ac momenti suâ eloquentiâ sit additurus. Si in conciliandis hominum animis plurimùm valet gratia, in concionibus moderandis permagnam vim habet autoritas, quem potius optemus rerum inter nos disquirendarum arbitrum, quàm *Virum* placidissimis moribus ita popularem, ut omnes bonos atque humanos indolis suæ suavitate ad pacis & concordiae studium facile speret allicere; ita sine arrogantia gravem, ut procellarum si quæ fortè ingruerint motus, ipsius præsentiæ dignitate statim represserit? Vestrae igitur expectationi, PATRES SANCTISSIMI, parum satisfecerat Clerus, si gravissimum hoc onus in humeros minores valentes collocaverat, pariterque ingratum sese & maximorum beneficiorum immemorem arguerat, si quæ honoris præmia penes ipsos posita *Viro* optime de se merito non libenter obtulerat. Primam certe sedem in synodali nostrâ domo jure vendicat, qui suscitante Deo, id vehementer conatus est, favente Deo, id feliciter effecit, ut non omnino demortuæ, non penitus elingues apud nos fuerint Synodi.

Favete mihi, PATRES, hanc rem paulò altius repetenti; nihil ad dignitatem vestram, quam ex animo submissè veneror, minuendam, nihil ad inimicitias, à quibus totus abhorreo, resuscitandas sum dicturus. Multis jam annis interrupta fuerant Prelatorum & Cleri concilia: ad tractanda Reipublicæ negotia frequens fuit senatûs populique congressio, ad promovendam Ecclesiæ utilitatem nulli interim Episcoporum cum Presbyteris conventus.

Iniquo

Iniquo id consilio factum non dico, non existimo: imò ex propensâ in Ecclesiam voluntate, ex pio diffidii metu, ex ardentissimo pacis conservandæ studio profectum faciliè credo; verùm enimvero diuturnam illam Synodorum intermissionem in maximum Ecclesiæ detrimentum aliquando cessuram multi autumabant homines nec improbi nec imprudentes. Quod ab optimo PRINCIPÈ optimis consiliis inchoatum norant, id à peiori PRINCIPÈ pejora meditantem in Ecclesiæ perniciem trahi posse valdè metuebant. Multa interea novorum dogmatum portenta indies evulgantur, multæ ubique hæreses virus suum ac venena impunè spargunt: in Sacerdotes, in res sacras, in sanctissimum ipsius Dei nomen, dictu turpia, auditu horrenda evomuntur convitia. Adversus teterrimas hæc pestes salubre olim ac præsens remedium adhibuerat Synodorum autoritas: hanc opem boni omnes implorârant, hæc ope destituti, de tuendâ apud nos Religione prorsus desperandum putant. Fæta fuit rerum nostrarum conditio, cùm Synodi *Anglicanæ* jura, potestates, ac privilegia in apertâ luce collocanda & firmissimis legum ac consuetudinum præfidiis munienda censuit *Vir* doctissimus. Ad hanc metam collimans, antiqua Ecclesiæ monumenta situ & squalore obsita sedulus vestigat; cogendorum Synodorum viam ac rationem, habendarum normam & regulam, non ex sermone hominum recenti, non ex nostrâ aut PATRUM nostrorum memoriâ, sed ex priscorum commentatis, ex Regum edictis, ex Pontificum fastis eruendas ducit: Chartas ipsâ vetustate pene oblitteratas, locis multùm diffitas, magno labore ac pretio conquisitas, in sua scrinia compilat, legit, relegitque. Hisce adminiculis adjutus, viam multis spinis obfessam, spissis tenebris obvolutam, variis ambagi-

bus perplexam, primus infistit: Nullus erat quem tutò sequeretur itineris dux, nulla quæ gressus dirigerent præeuntium vestigia; quin *ille* suis ingenii luminibus fretus, & flagrandi veritatis indagandæ studio accensus, eam tandem utcunque abditam & reclusam integumentis suis evolvit; rebus obscuris lucem, ambiguis fidem, inornatis nitorem attulit: Antiquam *Ecclesiæ* faciem, reducto quasi velo, omnibus contemplandam pariter ac suspiciendam ante ora atque oculos posuit; expressam ejus imaginem iusta lineamentorum figuratione conformatam, aptis coloribus depictam, in hujusce *Viri* scriptis læti conspiciamus; quanto majori lætitiâ simul & veneratione matronam ipsam, quasi à mortuis reviviscentem, spirantem demum & loquentem coram intuebimur. Nullo *Hunc* rerum novandarum studio, nullâ privatim læsum injuriâ, nullâ præmii spe aductum, nullâ re aliâ commotum nisi communi? *Ecclesiæ* utilitate, arduum hoc opus suscepisse, si non ipsi sæpe id & solenniter asseveranti fidem adhiberem, *Virum* mihi ob officiorum conjunctionem valdè dilectum, ob spectatam integritatem perquam honoratum gravi injuriâ afficerem: si eam opinionem quæ animo meo penitus insedit, quamque non ex inani conjecturâ temerè arripui, sed ex intimiori consuetudine experiundo suscepi aliorum animis inferere non stude-rem, nec benevoli, nec fidi, nec honesti viri officio defungerer. Nunquam illum in tam longo opere lapsum esse, unquam errasse, nullum fervente calamo verbum emisisse, quod non restinctis animi incendiis revocare vellet, si dicerem, plena invidiâ foret oratio, & nulli magis quàm ipsi molesta: Si non sæpe lapsum, non graviter deceptum, non sponte alios in errorem traxisse dixerò; si plurima in isti, paginis enitere, quæ summam laudem merentur,

merentur, perpauca esse quæ excusatione indigeant, plane nulla quibus homines benevoli haud facile ignoscant, fidenter asseram, dicam quod & ego sentio, & nisi præ nimiam amicitiam invitatus fallar, mecum sentiunt omnes æqui rerum æstimatores. Sit igitur veniæ, sit laudi, sit gratitudini locus; si quid fortè asperius, si quid ardentius, si quid liberius effuderit, lector paulò humanior id non odio, non livori, non arrogantiae tribuet; sed aut ingenio suapte naturam aliquantulum præservido, aut fortasse iracundiæ in milite pro aris focusque acriter dimicante, in filio ab injuria & vi matrem suam eripiente facile ignoscendæ. Quod si plures in illius scriptis effulgent virtutes, si res tractaverit cognitu difficiles, utiles, jucundas; si eas validissimis argumentis firmaverit, si puro ac dilucido sermone in ipsis Legentium animis inscripserit, eruditioni apud eruditos, eloquentiæ apud disertos suus constet honos. Si Synodorum privilegia ac libertates haud sine aliquo fortunæ suæ discrimine constanter asseruit, si publicæ utilitati rem privatam posthabuit, jurium Ecclesiasticorum vindici aliqua saltem ab Ecclesiasticis rependatur gratia: Hanc aptissimam laborum suorum mercedem reportet *Vir* in agendis rebus acer & industrius, ut spatiosior ei aperiatur campus, ubi in instaurandâ, in promovendâ, in stabilienda Ecclesiæ pace ingenium suum ac vires exerat. Quo audientium plausu apud Populum, apud Magistratum, apud Clerum, apud Senatores, apud Aulicos è rostris frequentem concionatus est: quâ facundiâ & *MARIÆ* in cælum jam receptæ aures sæpe demulsit, & *Sororis* divinâ gratiâ adhuc superstitis & diu (ita faxit Deus) superfuturæ animum gravi ac recenti dolore ferè oppressum recreavit: quâ dignitate Concionatoris, Canonici, Archidiaconi, Decani munia Officiis & locis dis-

juncta, diu sustinuit! eadem circumstantium approbatione, eadem eloquentiâ, iisdem virtutibus Prolocutoriam hanc Cathedram aliquanter peror-net, aliam atque altiori honoris gradu positam (nisi vana auguror) aliquando ornaturus. Quicquid certè Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ utile aut gloriosum fue-rit, id omne nobis spondet hodiernus rerum status: Populi studium, Principum virorum fervor, Opti-mæ Reginae pietas, arctissima inter Ordines Civi-les atque Ecclesiasticos concordia. Fuit semper in-ter inferiora Regni & Ecclesiæ Concilia affinitatis conjunctio, et qualis inter sorores esse solet, cum diversitate aliquâ non parva similitudo: at propior iis jam abhinc intercedit cognatio, dum duobus hisce cætibus duo præerunt viri in eadem Æde; fecundâ optimarum artium parente pariter innutri-ti, sub eodem beatæ memoriæ Antestiti simul educti, iisdem principiis penitus imbuti, uterque fide in Principem, in Patriam, in Ecclesiam ex-ploratâ, stabili, inconcussâ: uterque magna de se pollicitus, majora præstiturus: alter Reipublicæ, alter Ecclesiæ optimè apud nos constitutæ & felici-ter attemperatæ propugnator strenuus: Dignus fa-nè ille, quem *Senatus Reginae* addictissimus sibi præficeret, quem *Regina* civium amantissima auctoritate suâ confirmaret: nec indignus hic, quem Clerus Episcopali Ordini firmiter obstrictus dedi-tusque, Vobis, PATRES, commendet, quem Vos, Patres maximè colendi, pro tenerrima in Clerum affectu calculis vestris comproberis.



Dr. *SMALRIDGE*'s
S P E E C H
T O T H E

*Upper-House of Convocation.**

THE CLERGY, *Most Reverend Father*, † have in the usual Manner, with all Fidelity, discharged the Duty You enjoined them, the Choice of a Man of Learning and Eloquence out of their own Body, fit to undertake, and equal to execute the Office of their PROLOCUTOR, and they do this Day recommend to you, *Venerable Fathers*, by my Mouth, this excellent Person, ‡ already by his great Merits to the Church sufficiently recommended to Our, to Your, and the general Esteem of all good Men; a Person endowed with such Talents, that he deserves all Manner of Praise; so high in Fame and Reputation, that he stands in need of none; a Person so exactly suiting the Plan and Character which our Ancestors laid down for a PROLOCUTOR, that

* This Version was made by Dr. *Sewell*, and approv'd by Dr. *Smalridge*.

† Addressing Himself to Archbishop *Tennison*.

‡ Dr. *Francis Atterbury*.

he may well seem selected from among Us to this high Dignity, not so much by our VOTES, as by the Ancient Rules of CONVOCATIONS.

For if a Store of exquisite Learning can be of any Assistance in the Discharge of this Office, who can discharge it with greater Applause to himself, or more Advantage to Us, than One who is well acquainted with *all* Parts of Literature, long and successfully exercised in *most* Arts and Studies, most accomplished and perfect in those Sciences which admit of the greatest Perfection? If lastly, it is a peculiar Part of the Character of a Complete PROLOCUTOR, to express by his single Tongue the Sentiments of many Eloquent Men, we have an Orator of so finished an Elegance, that You, Fathers, need not fear that his Unskilfulness should diminish the Dignity of your Answers; and we may justly hope, that his Eloquence will add a considerable Weight and Advantage to Our Petitions. If Good-will has an Influence in reconciling Resentments, Authority a great Force in moderating Disputes, whom could we rather wish to be a Judge in our Debates, than one whose gentle Disposition renders him so popular, that he may justly hope by the Sweetness of his Temper to allure all who have any Share of Goodness or Humanity, to the Study of Peace and Unity; one, whose Gravity is so free from Arrogance, that should any Commotions happen to arise among us, the very Dignity of his Presence must immediately suppress them? Little therefore, most *Sacred Fathers*, had the Clergy answered your Expectations, had they placed this weighty Burden on any weaker Shoulders; and at the same Time they had proved themselves ungrateful, and forgetful of the greatest Benefits, had they not willingly offered

ferred any Honours, that they could confer, to one who had so highly deserved of them. He certainly may rightfully claim the first Place in our SYNOD, who by Divine Incitement strenuously endeavoured, by Divine Favour happily effected this, That SYNODS in this Nation are not altogether lost and dead, nor intirely Speechless.

Indulge me, *Fathers*, if I trace this Matter something higher; nothing shall I say to detract from your Dignity, to which I bear the deepest and sincerest Veneration; nothing to revive ancient Differences, to which I have the utmost Abhorrence.

The Convention of the Bishops and Clergy had been now for some Years interrupted. The Meetings of the States in Parliament for the Management of the Affairs of the *Common-Wealth* were frequent; all this Time there were no Meetings of the *Bishops* and *their Clergy*, for the Promotion of the Good of the Church. I don't say, I don't think, that this was done with an evil Intent; nay, I am apt to believe, that it proceeded from an Affection to the Church, from a pious Fear of Differences, and an ardent Desire for the Preservation of Peace: But however, many Persons, who neither wanted Honesty nor Foresight, thought that this Intermission of Convocations would one Time or other prove of the greatest Disadvantage to the Church. They were under great Apprehensions, that what they knew was begun by the best of Princes, and with the best Advice, might by a worse *Prince*, who had worse Designs, be turned to the Destruction of the *Church*. In the mean time many new monstrous Doctrines are daily published; many Heresies diffuse their poisonous Principles with Impunity; Reproaches and
Blas-

Blasphemies, shameful to utter, and horrible to hear, are freely vented against the Priesthood, against Things Sacred, and the most Holy Name of GOD himself. The Authority of a Convocation had formerly given a proper and present Antidote against these Plagues. All good Men implore this Assistance; without this they think we must utterly despair of preserving and defending Religion in these Nations.

Such was the State of Affairs, when this very Learned *Person* thought it proper to place *The Rights, Powers and Privileges of an English Convocation* † in an open and true Light, and to strengthen them with all the Force they could receive from Laws and Custom. With this View he searches carefully into the Ancient Monuments of the Church, then covered with Dust and Obscurity, rightly thinking that the Manner and Method of Convening, the Rules and Laws of holding *Convocations*, was not to be drawn from the modern Discourses of Men, nor from the Memory of us, or our Fathers; but from the Commentaries of the Ancients, the Edicts of Kings, and the Registers of Popes. For this Purpose he got into his Possession, with great Labour and Cost, many loose and scattered Manuscripts, almost obliterated by Time, which he carefully read again and again. By the Assistance of these he first ventured to tread a Way involved with Darkness, covered with Thorns, and perplexed with Intricacies, without any Guide to conduct him, without any Footsteps of former Travellers to direct him. But he, relying on the Strength and

* The Title of Dr. Atterbury's Book in Answer to Dr. Wake's State of the Church, and Clergy of England, fol. 1703.

Powers of his Genius, and inflamed with the Zeal for the Discovery of Truth, unwound all these Mazes, however difficult and perplexed; Things in themselves obscure he brighten'd, the doubtful reduc'd to Certainty, and polished the unornamented. He by drawing away the Veil, exhibited to publick View and Admiration the ancient Face of the *Church*. In his Writings we with Joy behold her very Picture drawn in proper Colours, and exactly agreeable to the true Features and Lineaments of the Original; and how will that Joy and Veneration be increased, when we shall view the Matron herself before us, reviv'd as it were from the Dead, breathing, speaking! Much should I injure one endeared to me by the strictest Rules of Friendship, much esteemed from frequent Trials of his Integrity, if I did not believe his frequent and solemn Asseverations, that he did not engage in this Great Work out of any Desire of Innovations, any private Resentments, or meaner Views of Interest, but merely for the Good and Advantage of the *Church*. Neither should I act the human, faithful or just Part, did I not endeavour to fix in the Minds of others that Character and Opinion of Him, which is intirely rooted in my own; and which I did not rashly take up from slight Conjectures, but from an intimate Acquaintance and long Experience. This Recommendation would be too invidious, and more uneasy to Him than any one besides, should I say that he never err'd, never was mistaken in so long a Work, never let some Words in the Heat of his Pen pass from him, which he would not willingly have recalled upon cooler Reflections. Should I say that he has not often nor grossly err'd, nor willingly drawn others into Mistakes; should I posi-

I positively assert that there are many Things in these Writings that merit the highest Praise, few that want any Allowances of Excuse, none but what Men of Humanity might easily pardon; I should in that utter my own Opinion, and, if I am not deceived by too great a Fondness of Friendship, the Opinion of all impartial Judges too. Be there then room left for Pardon, for Praise, for Gratitude. If some sharp, warm or free Expressions have escaped him, a Reader of any Humanity will not attribute them to Envy, Resentment, or Arrogance, but to a Temper of itself too warm, or perhaps to Passion easily pardonable in a Soldier who contended for all that is dear to Us, in a Son endeavouring to rescue his Mother from Injury and Violence. But if there is an Overbalance of Beauties in his Writings, if he has treated of Things in themselves difficult, useful, pleasing; if he has confirmed them by the strongest Arguments, if he has imprinted them in the Minds of the Readers by a Purity and Perspicuity of Style, it is fit that he receive the Applause due to Learning from Men of Letters, from the Eloquent the Honour due to Eloquence. If he has bravely asserted the Privileges and Liberties of CONVOCATIONS at the Hazard of his own Fortune, if he has prefer'd the publick Advantage to his private Interest, let the CLERGY make some Returns at least, to the Assertor of *The Rights of the Clergy*. May this Man, of equal Penetration and Diligence in the Management of Business, receive this most proper Reward of his Services, the Opportunity of acting in a larger Sphere, where he may exert all his Powers of Arts and Genius, in contriving, promoting, and confirming *the Peace of the Church*.

With

With what Applause has he often preached before the People, the Magistrates, the Clergy, the Senate, and the Court! How often has the late Queen MARY (now gathered to the Saints above) been charmed with his Eloquence! And what Address did he use in tempering the Soul of her *Sister*, who still survives (and by the Blessing of Heaven may she long do so!) when she was almost oppressed and overcome by her late Affliction.* As he has long supported with Dignity the different and distinct Offices of a Preacher, Canon, Arch-Deacon, and Dean, so may he with the same Virtues, the same Eloquence, the same universal Approbation, adorn this Chair as PROLOCUTOR, who will (if I prophecy right) some Time or other adorn one in a greater and more honourable Station.

The present State of Affairs certainly promises Us every Thing that is likely to redound to the Advantage and Glory of *The Church of England*, from the Inclination of the People, the Zeal of the Ministry, the Piety of the best of QUEENS, and the closest Agreement between the Civil and Ecclesiastical Powers. There ever was a near Affinity between the *House of Commons*, and the *Lower House of Convocation*, a Resemblance such as is usual between Sisters, with some Diversity: But from this Time there will be a nearer Relation between them, while † two Persons educated together in the same College (ever fruitful of the best Sciences) under the same ‡ Prelate of blessed Memory, happily instructed in the same Princi-

* The Death of Prince GEORGE.

† Mr. Bromley and Dr. Atterbury both of *Christ-Church, Oxon.*

‡ Bishop Fell.

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ples, preside over these different Assemblies; both of them, of tried, fixed, unshaken Fidelity, to their *Prince*, their *Country*, and their *Church*; who both make us hope Great Things, and who will still perform Greater. The One a strenuous Assertor of the best constituted and happily tempered *Government*, the Other of its *Church*. He certainly was a proper Person for a SENATE to make Choice of to preside over them, that bore the deepest Veneration for their QUEEN; and one fit to be confirmed by the Authority of a QUEEN, who had the tenderest Affection for her People: Neither is This Person unworthy to be recommended to you, FATHERS, by a *Clergy* most Dutiful and Respectful to the *Episcopal Order*, nor undeserving that Approbation, which you, *Venerable Fathers*, out of your tender Affection to that CLERGY, shall vouchsafe to their Election.



O R A-



ORATIO.

*Nova PHILOSOPHIA Veteri præferenda est.**

QUOUSQUE Veterum Vestigiis serviliter insistemus. Academici, nec ultra Patres sapere audebimus? Quousque Antiquitatis ineptias, ut Senum Deliria nonnulli solent, religiose venerabimur? Pudeat sane, dum tam præclarum Ætatis hujusce Specimen coram Oculis præsens intuemur, ad Antiquos Encomia nostra transferre, & inter priora sæcula quos celebremus sedulo investigare.

Satis superque veteri Philosophiæ concessum est, quod STAGYRITÆ Laudibus Theatrum toties sonuit *Sheldonianum*, quod ille vel Alexandro suo major in Scholarum Rostris tam diu impune triumphavit, & totum Mundum habuit Discipulum. Fæliciori tandem ingenio succedit CARTESIUS, qui contra omnes omnium oppugnantium vires Veritatem pertinaciter asseruit, & novum hoc introduxit philosophandi Genus; si vero Philosophiæ isti Novitatis Nomentribuendum sit, quæ, quamquam jam primum innotuerit, vel Peripateticam Antiquitate superat, & ipsi Materiæ a quâ derivatur, existit cœtanea. Illustris ille Vir, quem unum *Galliæ* invidemus, proinde omnia explicuit, ac si

* Vid. *Theatri Oxoniensis Encenia*, sive *Comitia Philologica*, Julii 7. 1693, celebrata. N. B. Of this Piece one *Lockman*, who pretended to write Mr. *Addison's* Life, was wholly ignorant.

ipse totius Mundi olim fuisset Architectus. Diffregit ille Vitreos istos Cœlorum Orbes, quos Veterum insomnia compegere, ex Materiæ Catibulis ignotam eruit Formarum Turbam, & elementum Ignis penitus extinxit, imo totam tam dilucide depinxit Rerum universitatem, ut nulla jam Qualitas relicta sit occulta. Inter Mundi *Aristotelici* Angustias & Mœnia ChrySTALLINA diutius coarctari dedignatur Philosophus, juvat undique Superiores Cœlorum Tractus explorare, novosque soles, & Mundos inter Sydera latentes detegere; juvat immensas hæc Ætheris plagas Orbibus erraticis passim interspersas, Terrasque per Viam Lacteam undequaque disjacentes intueri, & Machinæ totius Molem rectius metiri, Machinæ jam tandem dignæ, ubi Philosophorum Animi expatiantur, Deo dignæ Opifice.

Nec solum in Cœlis Orbes novos, sed si in Tellurem despiciatur, diversa Animantium Genera hodierna patefacit Philosophia, dum Perspicilli Ope Oculorum Acies intenditur, & obvios se produnt minutissimarum Rerum partus, dum curioso intuitu animatas conspiciamus Materiæ Particulas, & Reptiles miramur Atomorum viventium acervos: Usque adeo vel Oculi acriores fiunt Neotericorum Artibus, & Opus, quod unum ex omnibus optimum voluit Natura, emendatur & perficiatur. Non jam barbaras Peripateticorum voces & obscuriores Scholarum Terminos tanquam Oraculi Ambages inepte veneramur, sed ipsa Sensuum Dictamina consulimus, & Machinis nuper inventis Tormentum quoddam Naturæ admovemus quibus cogitur Arcana sua abditissimasque Vires Palam confiteri.

His adjuti Instrumentis etiam Ætherem, quem omnibus indulgit Naturæ Benignitas, nos potentiori Arte quoties libet Animalibus negamus. Pneumatico que

ticoque carceri inclusis commune Auræ Ætheriæ Consortium interdicimus: Ut juvat irritos pulmonum conatus intueri, Vitam exhaurire, & Spiritum ipsum ingenioso quodam Furto surripere! Ubi nihil adeo tutum est, adeo Animæ suæ tenax, quod non paulatim effrigescat, & nullo accepto Vulnere concidat Cadaver. Divinum hoc quidem artis opus, & Autore suo non indignum, qui Vitæ, Moribus, & Argumentorum Pondere Gentem nostram & novam tam eximie cohonestavit Philosophiam, qui hinc certe meruit ut Aeris sui Beneficio nunquam destitueretur, & qui cætera Animalia toties Vita spoliavit, suam nunquam exhalaret.

Non hisce quidem Auxiliis innixus, suam contextuit Philosophiam ARISTOTELES, qui omnes ex seipso eruit Artium & Scientiarum Regulas, & nihil intactum nihil illibatum reliquit præter ipsam Veritatem: Si ideo in *Euripum*, quoniam illius naturam non satis habuit exploratam, sese præcipitem immerferit eadem, quidem Ratione adduci potuit, ut in ipso Philosophiæ suæ Limine Mortem sibi conscisceret, & optimo quidem jure dubitare liciat in quo Elemento præter cætera potius debuerit periisse.

Quin ubi inter *Euripi* Fluctus actum est de ARISTOTELE, nova tandem succrevit Peripate peior, quæ Philosophiam tanta Verborum caligine involutam posteris reliquit, ut hoc solum obstet, quo minus omnium Rifu & Diæteriis excipiat, quoniam a paucissimis intelligitur. Inveniuntur autem qui inter has Commentariorum farcinas, quibus hæc Blæteronum Soboles Mundum oneravit, Operæ Pretium ducunt Ætatem terere, qui divinos hos Literarum Thesauros volvunt denuo, revolvuntque, nec unquam prodeunt, nec Studiis se unquam abripiunt, nisi ut ostendant quanto Labore

bore opus est ut erudiamur desipere: Num quod enim potest Spectaculum pulchrius exhiberi, quam ut pugiles hujusmodi sagaces inter se digladiantes intueamur? Hic Propositionibus & Syllogismis armatus illum similiter armatum aggreditur: Uterque Vervex indignatur, pendet, Avidus Victoriæ, quæ non tantilli est, utri accenseatur, uterque (quod unum potest) in alterum Barbarismos pro virili ejaculatur, irretiunt sese tandem ineptiis, & cum neuter videt quomodo se expediat, Receptui canitur, & consumptis utrinque Armis, utrinque visum est demum conticescere.

Huc usque *Academici*, nec ultra progreditur Antiquorum Philosophia. Ineptam ideo hanc Commentatorum Turbam si Bibliothecis & Catenis in Æternum damnemus alligandum, ubi Vermium & Tinearum fiant Pabula, & ab omni Lectorum inspectu liberi placide exoleant.

Joseph Addison.





A N
O R A T I O N,
I N
D E F E N C E
O F T H E
N E W P H I L O S O P H Y.*

GENTLEMEN of the *University*, how long, shall we slavishly tread in the Steps of the Ancients, and be afraid of being wiser than our Ancestors? How long shall we religiously worship the Triflings of Antiquity, as some do Old Wives Stories? It is indeed shameful, when we survey the great Ornament of the present Age †, to transfer our Applauses to the Ancients, and to take Pains to search into Ages past for Persons deserving of Panegyric.

The ancient Philosophy has had more allowed, than it could reasonably pretend to. How often has SHELDON'S Theatre rung with Encomia on

* Translated by *Richard Rawlinson*, LL. D. and F. R. S. of St. John's Coll. Oxon.

† *Sir Isaac Newton*.

the *Stagyrite*, Who, greater than his own *Alexander*, has long, un-opposed, triumphed in our School-Desks, and had the whole World for his Pupils. At length arose CARTESIUS, a happier Genius, who has bravely asserted the Truth against the united Force of all Opposers, and has brought on the Stage a new Method of Philosophizing. But shall we stigmatize with the Name of Novelty that Philosophy, which, tho' but lately revived, is more ancient than the *Paripatetic*, and as old as the Matter from whence it is derived. A great Man indeed He was, and the only one we envy FRANCE. He solved the Difficulties of the Universe almost as well as if he had been its Architect. He destroyed those Orbs of Glass, which the Whims of Antiquity had fixed above, brought to Light that Troop of Forms till then unknown, and has almost extinguished the Element of Fire; nay, he with so much Clearness traced out the whole Mass of Matter, as to leave no occult Quality untouched. This Philosopher scorned to be any longer bounded within the Streights and Crystalline Walls of an *Aristotelic* World; No, his Delight is to search the Regions above, to discover new Suns, and new Worlds, which lay hid amongst the Stars; his Satisfaction is to view that large Kingdom of Air amidst the unfixed Stars, and Lands that pass the Milky-Way, and more accurately measure this vast Machine, a Machine fit for Mankind to philosophize on, and worthy of the Deity, who first framed it.

Here we have not only new Heavens opened to us, but we look down on our Earth; this Philosophy affords us several Kinds of Animals, where, by the Help of the Microscope, our Eyes are so far assisted, that we may discern the Productions of
the

the smallest Creatures, while we consider with a curious Eye the animated Particles of Matter, and behold with Astonishment the reptile Mountains of living Atoms. Thus are our Eyes become more penetrating by modern Helps; and even that Work, which Nature boasts for her Master-piece, is rendered more correct and finished. We no longer pay a blind Veneration to that barbarous *Peripatetic* Jingle, those obscure Scholastic Terms of Art, once held as Oracles, but consult the Dictates of our own Senses, and by late invented Engines, force Nature herself to discover plainly her most valued Secrets, her most hidden Recesses.

By the Help of Instruments like these, that Air, which a bountiful Nature has indulged us, we, as often as we please, by the Force of Art, abridge other Animals of, and keep them in our Pneumatic Pumps, from its common Benefit: What a Pleasure is it to see the fruitless Heavings of the Lights, to exhaust their Lives, and by a most artful Sort of Theft rob them of their Breath? From this nothing is safe, nothing so long lived, which gradually does not languish, and fall dead without a Wound. A divine Piece of Art this, and worthy its Author*, who, in the Conduct of his Life, and the Force of his Arguments, has so nobly honoured our Nation, and the new Philosophy, one who for this Reason too deserves never to want the Benefit of his own Air, or that he, who has so often deprived other Animals of their Life, should ever breathe out his own.

On no such Grounds as these has ARISTOTLE built his Philosophy, who from his own Brain furnished out all his Rules of Arts and Sciences, and left nothing untouched on, nothing unregarded

* The Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq;

but *Truth*. If therefore he precipitated himself into the River *Euripus*, because he could not understand its Ebb and Flow, by the same Logick he might at his first Entrance on Philosophy have destroyed himself, and we may fairly doubt, in which of the Elements he ought to have perished.

After ARISTOTLE's Fate amidst the Waves of *Euripus*, a new Race of *Peripatetics* started up, even worse than their Founder, who handed their Philosophy to After-ages in so thick an Obscurity, that it has preserved it from the Satire and Ridicule of all Mankind, as understood by very few. Some there are to be found, who spend their Time amidst the Rubbish which these Commentators have filled the World with, and pore more than once on these God-like Treasures of Learning, and stick to them to no other Purpose, unless to shew the World the vast Pains they take to be deceived. Can there be a more pleasant Sight than to see these wise Champions wrangling with each other? The one, armed with Propositions and Syllogysms, attacks his Antagonist in the same Armour: Both Bell-weathers grow angry, and storm, fond of a Victory, which is worth but a Trifle, when obtained: Each, with all his Might darts out his Barbarisms at the other, they entangle themselves in their Follies, and as neither knows how to extricate himself, they sound to a Retreat, and when all the Ammunition is spent on both Sides, they think fit to keep Silence.

Thus far, *Gentlemen*, and no farther, launches out the ancient Philosophy: Let us therefore sentence for ever this Troop of Commentators, to be tied up in Chains and Libraries, Food only for Moths and Worms, and there let them quietly grow Old, free from the Sight of any Reader.

Joseph Addison.



A
C H A R A C T E R

O F

Mr. *Edmund Curll*, Bookseller.

By Mr. P O P E.

Before the Lords, Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless CURLL (*and spoke to ev'ry Peer.*)
He triumph'd, Victor of the high wrought Day!

D U N C I A D.

WE come now to a Character of much
*Respect**, that of Mr. EDMUND
CURLL. As a plain Repetition of
great Actions is the best Praise of
them, we shall only say of this
eminent Man, that he carried his Trade many
Lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at†,

* Equal in Family, Birth, Education, and *Respect* to Mr.
Alexander Pope.

† This Truth is agreed to, by all who know Mr. *Curll*; and
if he has carried the *Art of Bookselling* beyond all his Con-
temporaries, has not Mr. *Pope* done the same by the *Art of Poetry*?
Mr. *Dryden* had neither *Chariot* nor *Barge* (of which Mr. *Pope*
makes his Boast) but tells us, he was

*Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's Expence,
And liv'd a Rent-Charge on its Providence.*

and that he was the Envy and Admiration of all his Profession *. He possessed himself of a Command over all Authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased †; they could not call their *very Names* their own ‡. He was not only famous among these; He was taken Notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular Marks of Distinction from each ||.

It will be owned, that he is here (*i. e.* in the *Dunciad*) introduced with all possible *Dignity* **: He speaks like the intrepid *Diomed*; he runs like the swift-footed *Achilles*; if he falls, it is like the beloved *Nisus*; and (what *Homer* makes to be the Chief of all Praises) he is favoured of the Gods: He says but three Words, and his Prayer is heard ††; a Goddess conveys it to the Seat of *Jupiter*; tho' he loses the Prize, he gains the Victory; the great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with Expedients, she honours him with an immortal Present (such as *Achilles* receives from *Thetis*, and *Aeneas* from *Venus*) at once instructive and prophetic: After this, he is unrivaled and triumphant ‡‡.

* In this Instance also do the *Characters* of Mr. Curll and Mr. Pope exactly Tally.

† So will every Body, who pays for what he bespeaks.

‡ Mr. Pope has often denied his own *very Name*, and wrote under those of *Barnvelt*, *Dr. Norris*, &c.

|| These Favours Mr. Curll has enjoyed, and Mr. Pope can only expect them in *Reversion*.

** And in Return, Mr. Curll, in his Dedication of the *Second Volume of Literary Correspondence*, has introduced Mr. Pope with all possible *Ignominy*.

†† *Homer* — *Thersites* sings: and *Pope* a *Curll*.

‡‡ As to the Classical Mimicries herein alluded to, I refer the Reader to that Colluvy: or, Sink of Scandal, the *Dunciad*, to encounter which, would be like a Gentleman's boxing with a Chimney-Sweeper in the Habit of his Vocation.

The Tribute our Author here pays him, was a grateful Return for several unmerited Obligations: Many weighty Animadversions on the Public Affairs, and many excellent and diverting Pieces of Private Persons, had he given to his Name *. If ever he owed *two* Verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curll some thousands †. He was every Day extending his Fame, and enlarging his Writings: Witness innumerable Instances! but it shall suffice only to mention the *Court Poems*, which he ‡ meant to publish as the Work of the true Writer, a *Lady of Quality*; but being first || threatned, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from *Her* to *Him*, and has now printed it above *Eighteen* Years in his Name **. The single Time that ever he spoke to Curll was on that Affair, and to that happy Incident he owed all the Favours since received from him. So true

* This is false. Mr. Pope is desir'd to produce any one Instance of his Assertion.

† This Debt (of Mr. Pope's to Mr. Curll) acknowledged by Scriblerus, will be discharged like those promised by Mr. Pope in Advertisements, by adding one *Falshood* to another. Crying came our Bard into the World, but *Lying*, it is greatly to be feared, will he go out of it. One Monument will suffice for the Remains of him and his Relatives; *Ananias, Saphyra, Scriblerus, and Will, Cleland.*

‡ How can Mr. Pope tell what Mr. Curll meant? The Preface to the *Court Poems* only mentions the Public Voice; that they were attributed to a *Lady*, Mr. Gay, and Mr. Pope, but here, *utrum horum*, is left to every one's Choice. Why does not Mr. Pope name the true Writer?

|| As to Mr. Pope's first threatning, and afterwards punishing Mr. Curll, it is our Opinion he has met with a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*.

Fas est vel ab hoste doceri.

** And will continue so to do, till Mr. Pope thinks fit to tell the Truth. Mr. Gay has inserted one of them (the *Toilette*) among his Poems, which is a full Detection of Mr. Pope's Falshood in affirming, that they were, All of them, the Performance of a *Lady of Quality*.

118 *A. Pope's Character of E. Curll.*

is the Saying of Dr. Sydenham *, “ That any
“ One shall be, at some Time or other, the *better*
“ or the *worse*, for having but seen or spoken to a
“ *good*, or a *bad Man*.”

* We allow the Verity of Dr. Sydenham's Saying : For Mr. Curll has certainly been the better for Mr. Pope's *Bad Qualifications*, but not his *Good Ones*.

Probatum est.

Court Poems to this Work are join'd,
That All the World may see ;
Pope's Falshoods manifested here,
Hinc illæ Lacrymæ.





LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

King *HENRY VIII.*

TO

ANNE BOLEYN, 1528.





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T O

Mr. P O P E.

S I R,

THE ORIGINALS, of the following LETTERS, are in the *Vatican* Library at *Rome*, where they are shewn as one of their greatest Curiosities.

In the Year 1683, Dr. FALL, then Precentor of *York*, took a Copy of Them, from whence they are here exactly printed.

The Cause, and Occasion, of the KING's Amour with *Anne Boleyn*, may be fully seen in Bishop BURNET's *History* of the *Reformation*.

These *Letters* must, in all Probability, have been written immediately after the Lady's Dismission from Court; which was done in so abrupt a Manner, that she determined

never more to return. This made the King soon repent of his Severity towards her, and most earnestly press her to come back. But his Majesty could not for a considerable Time, nor without great Difficulty, bring this about, as appears by several Passages herein.

The Time of her *Dismission* was in May, 1528.

In the *First* LETTER, the King makes Excuses for the Necessity of their being asunder. And in the *Second* complains of her Unwillingness to return to Court. There is not, in either of them, the least Mention of the *Sweating Sicknes*, which raged violently in June; and of which he speaks in his *Third Letter*, adding, that he had made many Observations from Experience. Between this Letter, which seems to have been written in July, and the *Sixth*, which mentions the Legate's Arrival at Paris, and must have been written in the Close of September; there are *Two*, which by the Earnestness of the Business, were plainly written within few Days one of another. In the *Last*, the King expresses, *How much He is pleased with Her Answer to his earnest Request made in the First*. In the *Heat* of his Royal Gratitude, he pays a Visit to his *Mistress*, and They, jointly, wrote a Letter to Cardinal *Wolsey*, wherein the King greatly admires, at his not hearing of *Campegio's* Arrival. He did not stay long with her after this; for when she had received

ceived *Wolsey's* Answer, *She* wrote the Cardinal a *Second Letter*, without any Mention of the *King*, expressing her *own* Impatience to hear of the Legate's coming ; of which his *Majesty* sent her the News soon after. But to return to the *Fourth LETTER*, which must, in all Probability, have been written in *August* ; it is the most important in all the Collection ; for, it fixeth the exact Time of the Rise of his *Majesty's* Affection to this *Lady*. He pathetically complaineth therein, that, *He had been above a whole Year struck with the Dart of Love, and was not yet sure, whether He should fail, or find a Place in her Heart and Affection*. He farther addeth, that, *long before She suspected it, from his first seeing Her, he felt a Passion for Her*.

It cannot be doubted by any, who read these *Letters*, that King *HENRY's* Affection to *Anne Boleyn*, was altogether upon honourable Terms. There appears not the least Pretension to the *Last Favour*, nor Aim towards it, till the *Holy Legate* and *Mother Church*, had paved the Way to Consummation, (and then *He! Monsieur Pope! Entendez vous bien.*)

The *Last* of these *Letters*, mentions the *Legate's* Illness, as a Reason why he had not performed the Duties of his Function ; which makes it apparent that this *Royal Love Correspondence* ended in *May, 1529*, when the Process began, making up just one Year.

You see, Sir, how readily I lay hold of every Opportunity to oblige you. The *New-Year's Gift* I sent you was from *Paris*; * and this immaculate Intercourse of *Royal Affection* comes from *Rome*. So that, not in the least doubting, but you will give an equal Reception to both Presents, I now do, and ever shall, with the like Sincerity, remain

Your Humble Servant,

8 March 1735-6.

E. CURLL.

* The *New-Year's-Gift*, I sent by a Special Messenger, to Mr. Pope at *Twickenham*, was a little Book, (neatly bound in Red Turkey Leather, Ruled, and the Capital Letters illuminated with Gold, and various Colours) intitled, "*Heures des Prières : Dédiée à Madame la Duchesse de Chartres. Avec les Sept Pseaumes Penitentieux. à Paris, 1696.*" This Manual was likewise illustrated with Four beautiful Prints, One, in particular, representing *David* prostrate; in which Part of the Book, upon a Label, was wrote the following Lines :

*As Friends who of a Criminal take Leave,
Pray the Almighty may his Soul receive ;
So, I these Penitential Psalms have sent,
Hoping, like David, you'll at length repent.*

One good Effect I find they have produced, for you have recanted, and razed out, this *Distich* against the *Dutch* :

*Then first the Belgian Morals were extoll'd ;
We their Religion had, and they our Gold.*

Ess. on Crit.

You now say, as these Lines contain a *National Reflection*, in your *stricter Judgment*, it is what you cannot but disapprove, on any People whatever. Were you not as sensible, that this was a *National Reflection*, when you wrote it, as it is now ?

LET-



LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

King *HENRY VIII.*

TO

ANNE BOLEYN.

LETTER I.*



Y Mistres and Friend, I and my Heart put ourselves in your Hands, begging you to recommend us to your Favour, and not to let Absence lessen your Affection to us. For it were great Pity to encrease our Pain, which Absence alone does sufficiently, and

* N. B. *The 1st, 2d 3d, 4th and 5th of these LETTERS, are Translated, literally, from the French Originals.*

more

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more than I could ever have thought; bringing to my Mind a Point of Astronomy, which is, That the farther the *Moors* are from us, the farther too is the Sun, and yet his Heat is the more scorching; so it is with our Love, we are at a Distance from one another, and yet it keeps its Fer- vency, at least on my Side. I hope the like on your Part, assuring you that the Uneasiness of Absence is already too severe for me, and when I think of the Continuance of that which I must of Necessity suffer, it would seem intolerable to me, were it not for the firm Hope I have of your unchangeable Affection for me; and now to put you sometimes in Mind of it, and seeing I cannot be present in Person with you, I send you the nearest Thing to that possible, that is, my Picture set in Bracelets, with the whole Device, which you know already, wishing myself in their Place, when it shall please you. This from the Hand of,

Your Servant and Friend,

H. Rex.

LETTER II.

To my MISTRESS.

BEcause the Time seems to me very long, since I have heard from you, or concerning your Health; the great Affection I have for you, has obliged me to send this Bearer to be better informed

ed both of your Health and Pleasure, particularly because since my last parting with you, I have been told, that you have intirely changed the Opinion in which I left you, and that you will neither come to Court with your Mother, nor any other Way ; which Report, if true, I cannot enough wonder at, being perswaded in my own Mind, that I have never committed any Offence against you ; and it seems a very small Return for the great Love I bear to you, to be kept at a Distance from the Person and Presence of the Woman in the World that I value the most ; and if you love me with as much Affection as I hope you do, I am sure the Distance of our two Persons would be a little uneasy to you. Tho' this does not belong so much to the Mistress as to the Servant. Consider well, my Mistress, how greatly your Absence grieves me ; I hope it is not your Will that it should be so ; but if I heard for certain, that you yourself desired it, I could do no other than complain of my ill Fortune, and by Degrees abate my great Folly : And so for want of Time, I make an End of my rude Letter, desiring you to give Credit to this Bearer in all he will tell you from me. Written by the Hand of your entire Servant.

LETTER III.

THE Uneasiness my Doubts about your Health gave me, disturbed, and frighten'd me extremely, and I should not have had any Quiet without hearing a certain Account. But now
since

128 LETTERS *from King Henry VIII.*

since you have yet felt nothing, I hope it is with you as with us ; for when we were at *Walton*, two Ushers, two *Valets de Chambre*, and your Brother, Master Treasurer, fell ill, and are now quite well ; and since we are returned to your House at *Hundsdon*, we have been perfectly well, God be praised, and have not at present one sick Person in the Family ; and I think if you would retire from the *Surrey* Side, as we did, you would escape all Danger. There is another Thing that may comfort you, which is, that in Truth, in this Distemper,* few or no Women have been taken ill ; and besides, no Person of our Court, and few elsewhere, have died of it. For which Reasons I beg you, my entirely Beloved, not to frighten yourself, nor to be too uneasy at our Absence. For where-ever I am, I am yours, and yet we must sometimes submit to our Misfortunes ; for whoever will struggle against Fate, is generally but so much the farther from gaining his End : Wherefore comfort yourself, and take Courage, and make this Misfortune as easy to you as you can, and I hope shortly to make you sing for Joy of your Recal. No more at present for lack of Time, but that I wish you in my Arms, that I might a little dispel your unreasonable Thoughts. Written by the Hand of him who is, and always will be yours.

My H. Rex, Lovely.

* The Sweating-Sickness.

L E T.

LETTER IV.

BY turning over in my Thoughts the Contents of your last Letters, I have put myself into a great Agony, not knowing how to understand them, whether to my Disadvantage, as I understood some others, or not; I beseech you now, with the greatest Earnestness, to let me know your whole Intention as to the Love between us two. For I must of Necessity obtain this Answer of you, having been above a whole Year struck with the Dart of Love, and not yet sure whether I shall fail, or find a Place in your Heart and Affection. This Uncertainty has hindered me of late from naming you my Mistress, since you only love me with an ordinary Affection; but if you please to do the Duty of a True and Loyal Mistress, and to give up yourself, Body and Heart to me, who will be, as I have been, your most Loyal Servant, (if your Rigour does not forbid me) I promise you, that not only the Name shall be given you, but also that I will take you for my Mistress, casting off all others that are in Competition with you, out of my Thoughts and Affection, and serving you only. I beg you to give an entire Answer to this my rude Letter, that I may know on what, and how far, I may depend. But if it does not please you to answer in Writing, let me know some Place, where I may have it by Word of Mouth, and I will go thither with all my Heart. No more for fear of tiring you. Written by the Hand of him who would willingly remain yours,

H. Rex.

LET-

L E T T E R V.

FOR a Present so valuable that nothing could be more (considering the whole of it) I return you my most hearty Thanks, not only on Account of the costly Diamond, and the Ship in which the solitary Damsel is tossed about; but chiefly for the fine Interpretation, and too humble Submission which your Goodness hath made to me. For I think it would be very difficult for me to find an Occasion to deserve it, if I was not assisted by your great Humanity and Favour, which I have sought, do seek, and will always seek to preserve by all the Services in my Power; and this is my firm Intention and Hope, according to the Motto, *Aut illic, aut nullibi*.* The Demonstrations of your Affection are such, the fine Thoughts of your Letter so cordially expressed, that they oblige me for ever to honour, love, and serve you sincerely; beseeching you to continue in the same firm and constant Purpose; and assuring you, that on my Part, I will not only make you a suitable Return, but out-do you in Loyalty of Heart, if it be possible. I desire you also, that if at any Time before this I have in any Sort offended you, you will give me the same Absolution which you ask, assuring you, That hereafter my Heart shall be dedicated to you alone, I wish my Body were so too. God can do it if he pleases; to whom I pray once a Day for that End; hoping, that at length my Prayers will be heard. I wish the Time may be short, but I shall think it long, till we shall see

* *Either Here, or Nowhere.*

To ANNE BOLEYN.

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one another. Written by the Hand of the Secretary, who in Heart, Body and Will, is,

Your Loyal and most

Affured Servant,

H. no other Heart, A. B. seeks Rex.

LETTER VI. *Original*

THE Reasonable Requests of your last Letter, with the Pleasure I also take to know them, causes me to send you now this Newes. The Legat,* which we most desire, arrived at *Paris* on *Sunday* or *Monday* last past; so that I trust, by the next *Monday*, to hear of his Arrival at *Calais*: And then I trust, within a While after, to enjoy that which I have so long longed for, to God's Pleasure, and both our Comforts. No more to you at this present, mine awne Darling, for lake of Time; but that I would you were in myne Arms, or I in yours: for I think it long since I kyft you. Writen after the killing of an Hart, at xi of the Clock: Minding with God's Grace tomorrow, mightily tymely to kill another, by the Hand of him, which I trust shortly shall be yours.

Henry Rex.

* *Campegio.*

LET.

LETTER VII. *Original.*

DArling, tho' I have skant Leasure, yet remembering my Promise, I thought it convenient to certifie you breevly, in what Case our Affaires stand. As touching a Lodging for you, we have gotten wone by my Lord Cardinal's Means, the like whereof could not have been fond hereabouts for all Causes, as this Bearer shall more shew yow. As touching our other Affairs, I ensure you there can be no more done, nor more Diligence used, nor all manner of Dangers better both foreseen and provided for, so that I trust it shall be hereafter to both our Comforts, the Specialities whereof were both too long to be writen, and hardly by Messenger to be declared. Wherefor till you repaire hydder, I keep something in Store, trusting it shall not be long too. For I have caused my Lord your Father, to make his Provisions with Speed. And thus for lake of Tyme, Darling, I make an end of my Letter, writen with the Hand of him which I would were yours.

H. Rex.

LETTER VIII. *Out of French.*

ALTHO' it doth not belong to a Gentleman to take his Lady in the Place of a Servant, however in following your Desires I willingly grant it, that so you may be more agreeably in the Place that you yourself have chosen, than you have

To ANNE BOLEYN. 133

have been in that which I gave you. I shall be heartily obliged to you, if you please to have some Remembrance of me. 6 N. R. 1. de R. O. M. V. E. Z.

Henry Rex.

LETTER IX. *Original.*

THE Cause of my Writeing at this Time (good Sweatheart) is wonly to understand off your good Health and Prosperity, whereof to know, I would be as glad as in manner myne awne, praying God (that and it be his Pleasure) to send us shortly togyder, for I promise you I long for it, howbeit, trust it shall not be long too, and seeing my Darling is absent, I can no less do, than to send her some Fleshe representing my Name, which is Hart's-Fleshe, for *Henry*, prognosticating, that hereafter God willing you must enjoy some of mine, which if he pleased I wolde were now. As touching your Sister's Matter, I have caused *Walter Welche* to write to my Lord mine Minde therein, whereby I trust that *Eve* shall not have Power to deceive *Adam*. For surely whatsoever is said, it cannot so stand with his Honour, but that he must needs take her his natural Daughter now in her extreame Necessity. No more to you at this tyme mine awne Darling, but that with a Wishe I wolde we were togyder one Evening with the Hand of your

H. Rex.

L E T.

LETTER X. *Out of French.*

ALthough, my Mistrefs, you have not been pleased to remember the Promise which you made me when I was last with you, which was, That I should hear News of you, and have an Answer to my last Letter; yet I think it belongs to a true Servant (since otherwise he can know nothing) to send to enquire of his Mistrefs's Health; and to acquit myself of the Office of a True Servant, I send you this Letter, begging you to give me an Account of the State you are in, which I pray God may continue as long in Prosperity, as I wish my own; and that you may the oftner remember me, I send you, by this Bearer, a Buck killed late last Night by my Hand, hoping when you eat of it, you will think on the Hunter; and thus for want of more Room, I will make an End of my Letter. Written by the Hand of your Servant, who often wishes you in your Brother's Room.

H. Rex.

LETTER XI. *Out of French.*

THE Approach of the Time which I have so long expected, rejoices me so much, that it seems almost already come. However, the intire Accomplishment cannot be till the two Persons meet, which Meeting is more desired by me than any Thing

Thing in this World; for what Joy can be greater upon Earth, than to have the Company of her who is my dearest Friend? Knowing likewise that she does the same on her Part, the Thinking of which gives great Pleasure. You may judge what an Effect the Presence of that Person must have on me, whose Absence has made a greater Wound in my Heart, than either Words or Writing can express, and which nothing can cure but her Return: I beg you, dear Mistress, to tell your Father from me, That I desire him to hasten the Appointment by two Days, that he may be in Court before the Old Term, or at farthest on the Day prefixed; for otherwise I shall think, he will not do the Lover's Turn, as he said he would, not answer my Expectation. No more at present for want of Time; hoping shortly that by Word of Mouth I shall tell you the rest of my Sufferings from your Absence. Written by the Hand of the Secretary, who wishes himself at present privately with you, and who is, and always will be,

Your Loyal, and most

Assured Servant,

H. no other Heart, A. B. seeks Rex.

LETTER XII. *Out of French.*

THERE came to me in the Night the most afflicting News possible. For I have Reason to grieve upon three Accounts. *First*, Because I heard of the Sicknes of my Mistress, whom I esteem

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esteem more than all the World, whose Health I desire as much as my own, and the Half of whose Sicknes I would willingly bear to have her cured. *Secondly*, Because I fear I shall suffer yet longer that tedious Absence which has hitherto given me all possible Uneasiness, and as far as I can judge, is like to give me more. I pray God he would deliver me from so troublesome a Tormentor. *The Third Reason is*, because the Physician, in whom I trust most, is absent at present, when he could do me the greatest Pleasure. For I should hope by him, and his Means, to obtain one of my principal Joys in this World, that is my Mistress cured; however, in Default of him, I send you the second, and the only one left, praying God that he may soon make you well, and then I shall love him more than ever. I beseech you to be governed by his Advice, with relation to your Illness; by your doing which, I hope shortly to see you again, which will be to me a greater Cordial than all the precious Stones in the World. Written by the Secretary, who is, and always will be,

Your Loyal, and most

Assured Servant,

H's Heart, A. B. Rex.

L E T-

LETTER XIII. *Original.*

SINCE your last Letters, myne awn Darling, *Walter Welche*, Master *Brown*, *John Care*, *Yrian* of *Brearton*, *John Cocke* the Potheary, be fallen of the Swett in this House, and thankyd be God all well recovered, so that as yet the Pleague is not fully ceased here; but I trust shortly it shall by the Mercy of God; the rest of us yet be well, and I trust shall passe it, either not to have it, or at the least as easily as the rest have don. As touching the Matter of *Wylton*, My Lord Cardinal * hath had the Nunys before him, and examined them, Master *Bell* being present, which hath certified me, that for a Truth, that she hath confessed herself (which we would have had *Abbesse*) to have had Two Children by Two sundry Priests; and further, since hath been keeped by a Servant of the Lord *Broke*, that was, and that not long ago. Wherefor I would not for all the Gold in the World clog your Conscience nor mine, to make her Ruler of a House which is of so ungodly Demeanour; nor I trust you would not, that neither for Brother nor Sister I should so destain mine Honour or Conscience: And as touching the Pryoresse, or Dame *Ellenor's* Eldest Sister, tho' there is not any evident Case proved against them, and that the Pryoresse is so Old, that of many Years she could not be as she was named; yet notwithstanding to do you Pleasure, I have don that neither of them shall have it, but that

* *Wolsey.*

G

some

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some other good and well-disposed Woman shall have it: Whereby the House shall be the better reformed (whereof I ensure you it had much need) and God much the better served: As touching abode at *Hever*, do therein as best shall like you, for you know best what Aire doth best with you; but I wold it were come thereto (if it pleased God) that neither of us need care for that, for I ensure you I think it long. *Suche* is fallen sick of the Swett, and therefor I send you this Bearer, because I think you long to hear Tydings from us, as we do in likewise from you. Written with the Hand,

*De votre seul **

H. Rex.

LETTER XIV. *Original.*

DARLING, these shall be only to advertise you, that this Bearer, and his Fellow, be dispatched with as many Things to compasse our Matter, and to bring it to passe, as our Wits could imagine or devise; which brought to passe, as I trust by their Diligence it shall be, shortly you and I shall have our desired End, which should be more to my Hearts Ease, and more Quietnesse to my Minde, than any other Thing in this World, as with God's Grace shortly I trust shall be proved, but not so soon as I wold it were, yet I will en-

* i. e. *Of yours only.*

sure you there shall be no Tyme lost, that may be wone, and further cannot be done, for *ultra posse non est esse*: Keep him not too long with you, but desire him for your Sake to make the more Speed, for the sooner we shall have Word from him, the sooner shall our Matter come to passe; and thus upon Trust of your short Repair to *London*, I make an End of my Letter Mine awne Sweet-heart. Writen with the Hand of him which desyreth as much to be yours as you do to have him.

H. Rex.

LETTER XV. *Original.*

DARLING, I heartily recommend me to you, ascertaining you, that I am not a little perplexed with such Things as your Brother shall on my Part declare unto you, to whom I pray you give full Credence, for it were too long to write. In my last Letters I writ to you, that I trusted shortly to see you, which is better known at *London*, than with any that is about me, whereof I not a little mervelle, but lake of descreet handling must needs be the Cause thereof. No more to you at this tyme, but that I trust shortly, our Meeting shall not depend upon other Men's light Handlings, but upon your awne. Writen with the Hand of him that longeth to be Yours.

H. Rex.

LETTER XVI. *Original.*

MYNE awne Sweetheart, this shall be to advertise you of the great ellingness that I find here since your departing, for I ensure you, me thinketh the Tyme longer since your departing now last then I was wont to do a whole Fortnight; I think your Kindness and my Fervence of Love causeth it, for otherwise I wolde not thought it possible, that for so little a while it should have grived me, but now that I am comeing toward you, me thinketh my Pains been half released, and also I am right well comforted, insomuch that my * Book maketh substantially for my Matter, in writing whereof I have spent above 1111 Hours this Day, which caused me now write the shorter Letter to you at this tyme, because of some Payne in my Head, wishing myself (specially an Evening) in my Sweethearts Armes, whose pritty Duckys I trust shortly to kyss. Writen with the Hand of him that was, is, and shall be yours by his Will,

H. Rex.

LETTER XVII. *Original.*

TO informe you what Joye it is to me to understand of your Conformableness with Reason, and of the suppressing of your inutile and vain

* The King wrote a Treatise against the Pope's Supremacy.

Thoughts

Thoughts and Fantasies with the Bridle of Reason, I ensure you all the Good of this World could not counterpoise for my Satisfaction, the Knowledge and Certainty thereof; wherefore good Sweetheart, continue the same not only in this, but in all your Doings hereafter, for thereby shall come both to you and me the greatest Quietnesse that may be in this World. The Cause why this Bearer stayed so long, is the Business that I have had to dresse up Geer for you, which I trust ere long to see you occupye, and then I trust to occupy yours, which shall be Recompence enough to me for all my Pains and Labours. The unfayned Sicknes of this well-willing Legate, doth somewhat retard his Access to your Person, but I trust verily, when God shall send him Health, he will with Diligence recompence his Demurre, for I know well where he hath said (lamenting the Saying, and brute, that he shall be thought Imperial) that shall be well known in this Matter, that he is not Imperial. And this for lake of Tyme farewell. Written with the Hand which faine would be yours, and so is the Heart.

H. Rex.





LETTERS

FROM

ANNE BOLEYN

TO

Cardinal W O L S E Y.

LETTER I.*



Y Lord, in my most humblest wise that my Heart can think, I desire you to pardon me that I am so bold to trouble you with my simple and rude Writing, esteeming it to proceed from her, that is much desirous to know that your Grace does well, as I perceive by this Bearer that you do. The which I pray God long to continue, as I am most bound to pray; for I do know the great Pains and Troubles that

* This Letter is remarked on by Dr. Burnet, in his Hist. of the Reformat. p. 55. Vol. I.

you have taken for me both Day and Night, is never like to be recompenced on my Part, but alonely in loving you next unto the King's Grace, above all Creatures living. And I do not doubt but the daily Proofs of my Deeds shall manifestly declare and affirm my Writing to be true, and I do trust you do think the same. My Lord, I do assure you I do long to hear from you News of the Legate; for I do hope an they come from you they shall be very good, and I am sure you desire it as much as I, and more, an it were possible, as I know it is not: And thus remaining in a stedfast Hope, I make an End of my Letter, written with the Hand of her that is most bound to be,

Your Humble Servant,

ANNE BOLEYN.

* **T**HE Writer of this Letter would not cease till she had caused me likewise to set to my Hand; desiring you, though it be short, to take it in good Part. I ensure you there is neither of us but that greatly desireth to see you, and much more joyous to hear that you have scaped this Plague so well, trusting the Fury thereof to be passed, specially with them that keepeth good Diet, as I trust you do. The not hearing of the Legate's Arrival in *France*, causeth us somewhat to muse; notwithstanding we trust by your Diligence and Vigilancy (with the Assistance of Almighty God) shortly to be eased out of that Trouble. No more to you at this Time; but that I pray

* Postscript by the KING.

God send you as good Health and Prosperity as the
Writer would.

By Your,

Loving Sovereigne and Friend,

Henry K.

LETTER II.

MY Lord, in my most humble wise that my
poor Heart can think, I do thank your Grace
for your kind Letter, and for your rich and good-
ly Present, the which I shall never be able to de-
serve without your Help, of the which I have hi-
therto had so great Plenty, that all the Days of my
Life I am most bound of all Creatures, next the
King's Grace, to love and serve your Grace; of
the which I beseech you never to doubt that ever I
shall vary from this Thought as long as any
Breath is in my Body. And as touching your
Grace's Trouble with the Sweat, I thank our
Lord, that them that I desired and prayed for are
scaped, and that is the King and You; not doubt-
ing but that God has preserved you both for great
Causes known alonely of his high Wisdom. And
as for the coming of the Legate, I desire that much;
and if it be God's Pleasure, I pray him to send
this Matter shortly to a good End, and then I trust
my Lord, to recompence Part of your great Pains.
In the which I must require of you in the mean
Time to accept my Good-Will in the Stead of the
Power,

Queen Anne Boleyn's last Letter, 145

Power, the which must proceed partly from you, as our Lord knoweth; to whom I beseech to send you long Life, with Continuance in Honour. Written with the Hand of her that is most bound to be,

Your Humble and

Obedient Servant,

Anne Boleyn.

Anne Boleyn's Last L E T T E R *to*
King H E N R Y. *

S I R,

YOUR Grace's Displeasure, and my Imprisonment, are Things so strange unto me, as what to Write, or to what to Excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a Truth, and so obtain your Favour) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed Enemy; I no sooner received this Message by him, than I rightly conceived your Meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a Truth indeed may procure my Safety, I shall with all Willingness and Duty perform your Command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor Wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a Fault, where not so much as a Thought thereof preceded. And to speak a Truth, never Prince had Wife more Loyal in all Duty, and in

* See Hist. of Reform. p. 154. Vol. I. This Letter was written after her Marriage with the King.

all true Affection, than you have ever found in *Anne Boleyn*, with which Name and Place I could willingly have contented myself, if God, and your Grace's Pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any Time so far forget myself in my Exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an Alteration as now I find; for the Ground of my Preferment being on no surer Foundation than your Grace's Fancy, the least Alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that Fancy to some other Subject. You have chosen me, from a low Estate, to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond my Desert or Desire. If then you found me worthy of such Honour, Good your Grace let not any light Fancy, or bad Counsel of mine Enemies, withdraw your Princely Favour from me; neither let that Stain, that unworthy Stain of a Disloyal Heart towards your Good Grace, ever cast so foul a Blot on your most Dutiful Wife, and the Infant Princess your Daughter: Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful Trial, and let not my sworn Enemies sit as my Accusers and Judges; yea, let me receive an open Trial, for my Truth shall fear no open Shame; then shall you see, either mine Innocency cleared, your Suspicion and Conscience satisfied, the Ignominy and Slander of the World stopped, or my Guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or You may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open Censure; and mine Offences being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at Liberty, both before God and Man, not only to execute worthy Punishment on me as an unlawful Wife, but to follow your Affection already settled on that Party, for whose Sake I am now as I am, whose Name I could some good While since have

have pointed unto: Your Grace being not ignorant of my Suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my Death, but an infamous Slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired Happiness; then I desired of God, that he will pardon your great Sin therein, and likewise mine Enemies, the Instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict Account for your unprincipally and cruel Usage of me, at his General Judgment-Seat, where both You and Myself must shortly appear, and in whose Judgment, I doubt not, (whatsoever the World may think of me) mine Innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only Request shall be, That myself may only bear the Burthen of your Grace's Displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent Souls of those poor Gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait Imprisonment for my Sake. If ever I have found Favour in your Sight; if ever the Name of *Anne Boleyn* hath been pleasing in your Ears, then let me obtain this Request: and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any longer, with mine earnest Prayers to the Trinity, to have your Grace in his good Keeping, and to direct you in all your Actions. From my doleful Prison in the *Tower*, this 6th of *May*.

Your most Loyal and ever

Faithful Wife,

Anne Boleyn.



T O

Sir BERKELEY LUCY *Bart.*

SIR,

I N farther Justice to the Memory of Mr. *Collins*, as well as to obviate some Misrepresentations which have been made, concerning it, I here send you a true Copy of his Last Will and Testament, *viz.*

I ANTHONY COLLINS of *Great-Baddow*, in the County of *Essex*, do, this 24th of *August* 1728, make this my Last Will and Testament, in Manner and Form following, writing it all with my own Hand. I constitute and appoint my dearest Wife, *Elizabeth Collins*, for whom I have the utmost Affection, and to whom I cannot be sufficiently grateful, for the Pleasure and Happiness I have constantly enjoyed with her, my sole Executrix. I give to my Wife for the Augmentation of her Jointure, for the Term of her Life, all my Manor of *Hatfield-Peverel*, alias *Hatfield-Bury*, in the County of *Essex*, and all Courts, Fines, Herriots, Profits, Perquisites, and Quit-Rents thereof, as also all that Wood, called *South-Wood*, lying in *Hatfield-Peverel*, aforesaid, and all the Wood, and Underwood, from Time to Time, growing thereon, with full Power, for my said
Wife

Wife and her Assigns, at all Times during her Life, to sell, and take sufficient Timber within the said Wood-Land, for the necessary Repairs of my Farms in *Hatfield-Peverel*, and the Bridges there, and also all my Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments, and Estate, in the Occupation of, and Let unto Mrs. *Doekes*, at the yearly Rent of Thirty two Pounds, and lying, and being in the Parish of *Utlng*, in the County of *Essex*. To have and to hold the said Manor, Lands, Tenements, Wood-Lands, and all, and singular the Premisses in *Hatfield-Peverel*, and *Utlng* aforesaid, with their Appurtenances, unto the said *Elizabeth Collins*, my Wife and her Assigns, for, and during the Term of her Life. And my Will is, that my said Wife shall have, and I give unto her, full Power, from Time to Time, to Let the said Lands and Tenements in *Utlng*, to any Person or Persons, by Lease in Writing, for any Term or Terms of Years, not exceeding One and Twenty Years in Possession, and not in Reversion, and so as the present Rent, or the best and most improved yearly Rent that can be got for the same, be reserved and made payable yearly, by half yearly Payments, and so as such Lease or Leases be not made dispunishable of, or for Waste. Also I give to my Wife, *Elizabeth Collins*, all my Dwelling-House in *Cavendish* or *Oxford-Square*, within the Parish of *St. Mary-le-Bone*, alias *Mary Bone*, in the County of *Middlesex*, with all the Buildings, Backside, and Appurtenances thereto belonging, and all Estate, Use, Trust, Term, and Terms of Years, to come, Claim and Demand in Law, and in Equity of, in, and to the same last mentioned Premises, with all the Leases, Evidences, and Writings concerning the same. To have,
and

and to hold the said Dwelling House and Premises, with the Appurtenances unto the said *Elizabeth Collins* my Wife, her Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, for, and during all the Residue and Remainder of the Term of Years, in the Premises which I purchased, and now remain unexpired, to her and their own sole and proper Use and Benefit for ever. I give and bequeath all my Messuages and Tenements, and Lease and Leasehold Estate and Estates, lying in *St. Clement's-Lane*, within the Parish of *St. Clement's Danes*, in the County of *Middlesex*; And all my Estate, Right, Title, Interest, Use, Trust, Term, and Terms of Years therein, to come, Claim and Demand in Law and in Equity, of, in, and to, the last mentioned Premises, unto my two Daughters, *Elizabeth* and *Martha Collins*, equally between them and their Executors, Administrators, and Assigns respectively, Share and Share alike, nevertheless charged with, and subject to, as well with the Payment of Eleven Hundred Pounds unto the said *Elizabeth Collins* my Wife, as also with the yearly Payment of five and fifty Pounds unto my said Wife, *Elizabeth Collins*, during the Term of her Life, in such Manner and Form, as the same are already duly settled in Writing. And for all the Residue of my Manors, Messuages, Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments, and real Estate and Estates whatsoever, and wheresoever within the Kingdom of *Great Britain*, not hereby, or otherwise, by me disposed of; I do will, and leave to descend to my two Children *Elizabeth* and *Martha Collins*, and their several and respective Heirs equally in Copartners as Tenants in common. I give to my two Daughters, *Elizabeth* and *Martha*

To Sir BERKELEY LUCY. 151

the aforefaid, one Hundred Pounds each for Mourning.

I give to Doctor *Arthur Ashley Sykes*, Fifty Pounds.

I give to Mr. *William Henry Thomlinson*, Two hundred Pounds.

I give to Mr. *Peter Des Maizeaux*, One hundred Pounds, and all my Manuscripts in my Study, or elsewhere, except such as relate to the Affairs of my Family, and Estate.

I give to *Sarah Kirby*, if in my Service at the Time of my Death, Five Pounds a Year for Life.

I give to her Daughter Ten Pounds.

I give to my Servant *Richard Dighton* Twenty Pounds.

I give to the Poor of the Parish of *Great Bad-dow* and *Sundu*, Twenty Pounds, to be disposed of according to the Discretion of my Wife.

I give all my Servants who shall live with me at the Time of my Decease, (except *Sarah Kirby* and *Richard Dighton*, above-mentioned) Five Pounds each.

And of this my last Will and Testament, I do appoint *Elizabeth Collins* my sole Executrix, to whom I Will and Bequeath all my Jewels, Plate, ready Monies, and Monies owing to me by Bill, Bond, Mortgage, or otherwise; with all my Household Goods and Furniture, Coach and Horses, my Library, with all other my Rights, Credits, and Personal Estate whatsoever, and wheresoever, not hereby or otherwise by me disposed of; my said Wife paying all my just Debts, Legacies, within a Twelve-month's Time hereby given, and my Funeral Charges.

I de-

152 *To Sir BERKELEY LUCY.*

I desire to be buried privately in the Church-yard where I dye.

In Witness whereof, I, the said *Anthony Collins*, have set my Hand and Seal to this my last Will and Testament, this 24th of *August*, 1728.

Anthony Collins.

Signed, Sealed, and Published, by the above named *Anthony Collins*, the Testator, as, and for his last Will and Testament, in the Presence of us, who immediately afterwards, and in his Presence, subscribed our Names as Witnesses thereunto,

*Mary Fowler,
Hatham Duffield,
George Andrews.*

PROBATUM fuit hujusmodi Testamentum apud London. vicesimo nono Die Mensis Decembris, Anno Domini 1729. Coram Venerabili Viro Gulielmo Strahan, Legum Doctore Surrogato, &c. Juramento Elizabethæ Collins, Viduæ Relictæ & Executricis in Dicto Testamento nominate cui, &c. de bene, &c.

Jurat'

William Legard,
Peter St. Eloy,
Henry Stevens, } Deputy-Registers.

It will now be seen, *Sir*, that the *last* Behaviour of *Mr. Collins*, was conformable to the whole
Tenour

Tenour of his *Life*. Herein is also detected a most notorious *Falshood* propagated, with great Diligence, throughout the Town, by some of the *Sucking Priesthood*, That Mr. *Collins* had given all his *Manuscripts* to Mr. *Des Maizeaux*, and That this Gentleman had been *corrupted* to destroy them.

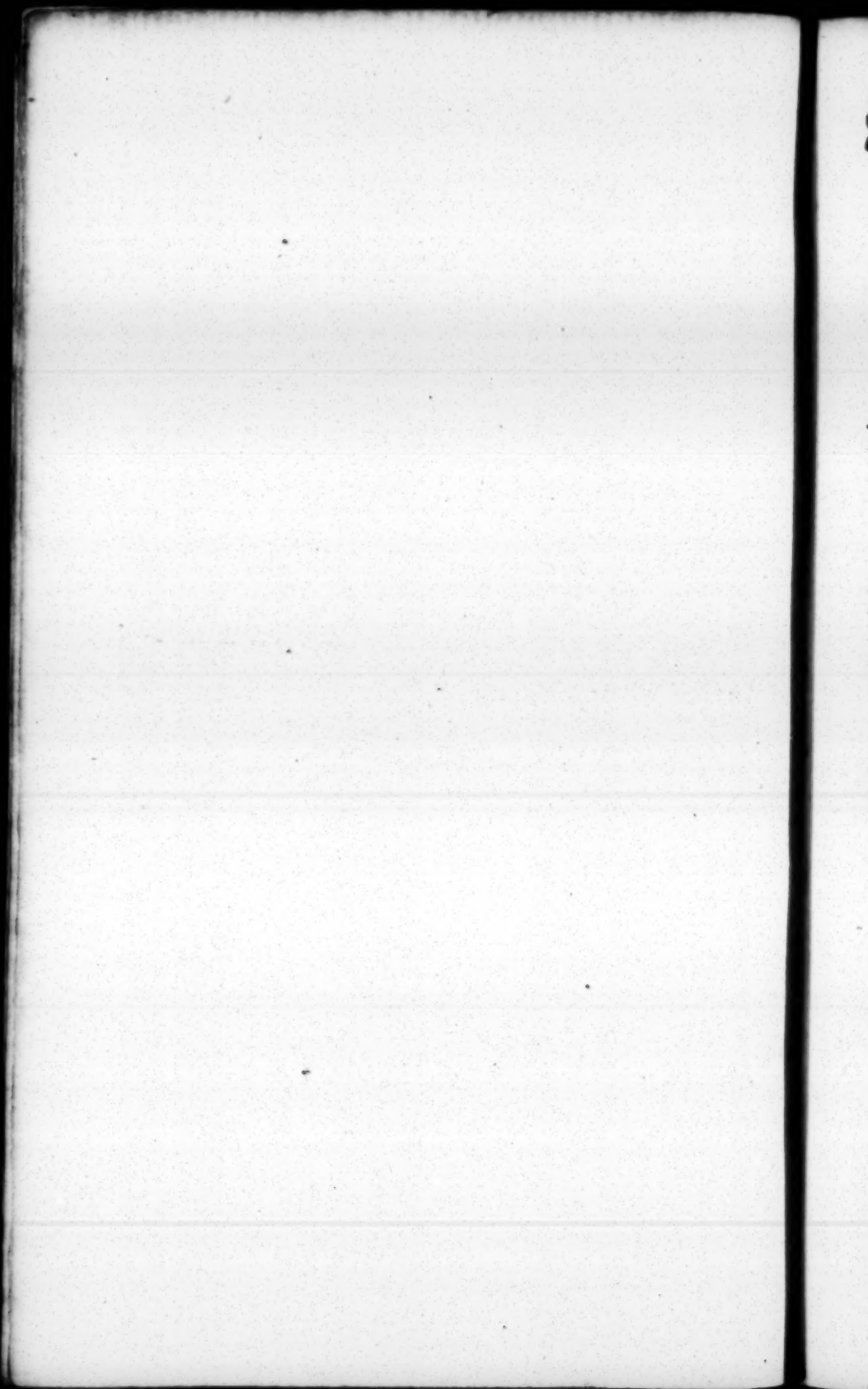
The *Article* relating to our dear Friend, in *The Gen. Hist. and Crit. Dict.* contains a tolerable Account of his *Writings*; but the silly *Sarcasms*, splenetickly levelled against his Character, That he lent several *Persons Books*, and directed them how to confute *Himself*, are to the last Degree contemptible.

For ever will His *Light shine among Men*, whilst, to the latest Posterity, the *Understandings* of his petulant *Antagonists* will be looked upon as involved in *Ægyptian Darkness*.

I am Sir, Your, &c.

E. C.





SOBER ADVICE

FROM

HORACE,

TO THE

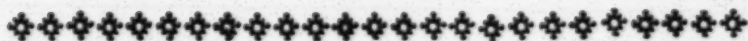
Young GENTLEMEN about Town.

As delivered in his SECOND SERMON.

IMITATED * in the Manner of Mr. POPE.

Together with the *Original Text*, as restored by the Reverend RICHARD BENTLEY, Doctor of Divinity. And some Remarks on the *Version*.

Printed for T. Boreman, at the Cock on Ludgate-Hill, 1735; who having taken the Liberty, lately, to Print some Poems which are my Property, I here return him the Compliment, in Part, as I always will, whoever attacks me, by way of *Lex Talionis*, i. e. the just *Law* of *Retaliation*. E. C.



* [NOTÆ BENTLEIANÆ.] *Imitated.* Why Imitated? Why not translated? *Odi Imitatores!* A Metaphrast had not turned *Tigellius*, and *Fufidius*, *Malchinus* and *Gargonius* (for I say *Malchinus*, not *Maltbinus*, and *Gargonius* not *Gorgonius*) into so many LADIES. *Benignus*, *hic*, *hunc*, &c. all of the Masculine Gender: Every School-boy knows more than our Imitator.

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T O

*Alexander Pope, Esq; **

S I R,



H A V E so great a Trust in your Indulgence towards me, as to believe you cannot but patronize this *Imitation*, so much in your *own Manner*, and whose *Birth* I may truly say is owing to you. † In that Confidence, I would not suppress the Criticisms made upon it by the *Reverend Doctor*; the rather, since he has promised to *mend the Faults* in the next Edition, with the same Goodness he has practised to *Milton*. I hope you will believe that while I express my Regard for you, it is only out of Modesty I conceal my Name; since, tho' perhaps I may not profess myself your Admirer so much as some others, I cannot but be, with as much inward Respect, Good-Will, and Zeal as any Man,

Dear Sir,

Your most Affectionate,

A N D

Faithful Servant.

* i. e. *Alexander Pope, Esq; to Himself.*

† This Assertion proves most True. *There farther runs a Rumour, that Mr. Pope challenged Dr. Bentley's Son, to a Pistol Combat on this Occasion, but how true this is I know not.*

1771



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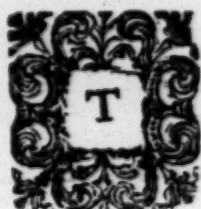
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SOBER ADVICE

FROM

HORACE.



THE Tribe of Templars, Play'rs,
Apothecaries,
Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord *Fanny's*,
Lady *Mary's*,
And all the Court in Tears, and half
the Town,
Lament dear charming *Oldfield*, dead and gone !
Engaging *Oldfield* ! who, with Grace and Ease,
Could join the Arts, to ruin and to please.

Not

HORATII FLACCI. S. II. L. I.

Textum recensuit V. R. RICARDUS BENT-
LEIUS, S. T. P.

A Mbubajarum collegia, pharmacopolae,
Mendici, mimae, balatrones ; hoc genus omne
Maestum ac sollicitum est cantoris morte Tigelli :
Quippe *Benignus* erat —————

—————Contra

160 *Sober Advice from HORACE.*

Not so, who of Ten Thousand gull'd her Knight,
Then ask'd Ten Thousand for a second Night;
The Gallant too, to whom she pay'd it down,
Liv'd to refuse that Mistress half a Crown. *

Con. Philip cries, *A sneaking Dog I hate,*
That's all *three* Lovers have for their Estate!
Treat on, treat on, is her eternal Note,
And Lands and Tenements go down her Throat,
Some damn the Jade, and some the Cullies blame,
But not Sir *H——t*, for he does the same.

With all a Woman's Virtues but the Pox,
Fusidia thrives in Money, Land, and Stocks:
For Int'rest, Ten *per Cent.* her constant Rate is;
Her Body! hopeful Heirs may have it *gratis*.

She

* This is a Piece of Travelling Scandal, related of the late
Duchess of *C——d*, and the late Duke of *M——b*. E. C.

————— *Contra hic, ne prodigus esse*
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit.

Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Praeclaram ingrata stringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coemens obsonia nummis:
Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,
Respondet. Laudater ab his, culpatur ab illis.

Fusidius vappae famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives positus in fenore nummis.
Quinas hac capiti mercedes exsecat; atque
Quanto predictior quisque est, tanto acrius urguet.
Nomina sectatur, modo sumpta veste virili
Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
Jup-

She turns her very Sister to a Job,
And, in the Happy Minute, picks your Fob :
Yet starves herself, so little her own Friend,
And thirsts and hungers only at one End :
A Self-Tormentor, worse than (in the † Play)
The Wretch, whose Av'rice drove his Son away.

But why all this ? Beloved, 'tis my Theme :
Women and Fools are always in Extreme.
Rufa's at either End a Common-Shoar,
Sweet Moll and Jack are Civet-Cat and Boar :
Nothing in Nature is so lewd as Peg,
Yet, for the World, she would not shew her Leg !
While bashful Jenny, ev'n at Morning-Prayer,
* Spreads her Fore-Buttocks to the Navel bare.
But diff'rent Taste in diff'rent Men prevails,
And one is fired by Heads, and one by Tails ;
Some

† See my Terence, *Heautontimorumenos* : There is nothing in Dr. Hare's. BENT.

* A Verse taken from Mr. Pope : Of which, Mr. Pope is so fond, that he has made use of it no less than three Times. E. C.

Juppiter, exclamat, simul atque audivit ? *At in se
Pro quaestu sumtum facit hic. Vix credere possis
Quam sibi non sit amicus : ita ut Pater ille, Terenti
Fabula quem miserum gnato vixisse fugato
Inducit, non se pejus cruciaverit atque hic.*

Si quis nunc quaerat, Quo res haec pertinet ? Illuc :
Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt,
Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat : est qui
Inguen ad obfcaenum sub ductis usque facetus :
Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
Nil medium est. Sunt qui nolint tetigisse, nisi illas,
Quarum subsuta talos tegat instita veste :

Some feel no Flames but at the *Court* or *Ball*,
And others hunt *white Aprons* in the *Mall*.

My Lord of L——n, chancing to remark
A noted *Dean* much busy'd in the *Park*,
“ Proceed (he cry'd) proceed, my Reverend
“ Brother,
“ 'Tis *Fornicatio simplex*, and no other
“ Better than Lust for Boys, with *Pope* and *Turk*,
“ Or others Spoufes, like * my Lord of——

May no such Praise (cries *J——s*) e'er be mine,
J——s, who bows at *Hi—sb—w's hoary Shrine*.

All you, who think the *City* ne'er can thrive,
Till ev'ry Cuckold-maker's flead alive ;

Attend,

* Others read *Lord-Mayor*. |
this Hole.

| *Cork* would have stop'd
E. C.

Contra alius nullam, nisi olente in *fornice stantem*.

Quidam notus homo cum exiret fornice ; “ Maſte
“ Virtute eſto, inquit, ſententia dia Catonis,
“ Nam ſimul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,
“ Huc juvenes aequum eſt deſcendere, non alienas
“ Permolere uxores.——

——Nolim laudari, inquit,
Sic me, mirator CUNNI CUIPENNUS ALBI*

Audire eſt operae pretium, procedere recte

Qui

* CUNNI CUIPENNUS ALBI, Hoary Shrine. Here the
Imitator grievouſly errs. Cunnus albus by no means ſignifying a
white or grey Thing, but a Thing under a white or grey Garment,
which Thing may be either black, brown, red, or party-colour'd.
BENT.

Attend, while I their Miseries explain,
And pity Men of Pleasure still in Pain !
Survey the Pangs they bear, the Risques they run,
Where the most lucky are but last undone.
See wretched *Monsieur* flies to save his Throat,
And quits his Mistress, Money, Ring, and Note !
K—— of his Footman's borrow'd Livery stript,
By worthier Footmen pist upon and whipt !
Plunder'd by Thieves, or Lawyers, which is worse,
One bleeds in Person, and one bleeds in Purse ;
This meets a Blanket, and that meets a Cudgel—
And all applaud the Justice—All, but * *Budgell*.
How

* A Gentleman as celebrated for his Gallantries as his Politics ; an entertaining History of which may be published, without the least *Scandal* on the *Ladies*. E. CURLL. j

† This Opinion I agree to as True, but that this Note was Mine, is False. E. C.

Qui moechos non voltis, ut omni parte laborent ;
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
Atque haec rara, cadat dura inter saepe pericla.
Hic se praecipitem tecto dedit : ille flagellis
Ad mortem caesus : fugiens hic decidet acrem
Praeonum in turbam : dedit hic pro corpore nummos :
Hunc perminxerunt calones ; quin etiam illud
Accidit, ut † cuidam TESTIS, CAUDAM-
QUE SALACEM
Demeterent ferro. Jure omnes. Galba negabat.
H 2 Tutior

† TESTIS CAUDAMQUE SALACEM Demeterent ferro (for so I say, and not Demeteret ferrum) Bleeds in Person. Silly! Was he let Blood by a Surgeon? How short is this of the Amputation of the Testes and Cauda salax? What Ignorance also of Ancient Learning appears in his shallow Translation of Perminxerunt, totally missing the Mark, and not entering into the deep Meaning of the Author.

164 *Sober Advice from HORACE.*

How much more safe, dear Countrymen ! his
 State,
 Who trades in Frigates of the second Rate ?
 And yet some Care of *S——* should be had,
 Nothing so mean for which he can't run mad ;
 His Wit confirms him but a Slave the more,
 And makes a Princess whom he found a Whore.
 The Youth might save much Trouble and Expence,
 Were he a Dupe of only common Sense.
 But here's his Point ; a Wench (he cries) for me !
I never touch a Dame of Quality.

To *P—l—r*'s Bed no Actress comes amiss,
 He courts the whole *Personæ Dramatis* :
 He too can say, *With Wives I never sin.*
 But Singing-Girls and Mimicks draw him in.
 Sure,

Tutior at quanto merx est in classe secunda !
 Libertinarum dico : Sallustius in qua
 Non minus insanit, quam qui moechatur. At hic si,
 Qua res, qua ratio suaderet, quaque modeste
 Munifico esse licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
 Esse ; daret quantum satis esset, nec sibi damno
 Dedecorique foret. Verum hoc se amplectitur uno,
 Hoc amat & laudat : Matronam nullam ego tango.

Ut quondam Marſæus amator Originis, ille
 Qui patrium mimæ donat fundumque laremque,
 Nil fuerit mi, inquit, cum uxoribus unquam alienis.
 Verum est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus unde:
 Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit. An tibi
 abunde

Per-

Sober Advice from HORACE. 165

Sure, worthy Sir, the Diff'rence is not great,
With *whom* you lose your Credit and Estate ?
This, or that Person, what avails to shun ?
What's wrong is wrong, where-ever it be done :
The Ease, Support, and Lustre of your Life,
Destroy'd alike with Strumpet, Maid, or Wife.

What push'd poor *E—s* on th' Imperial Whore ?
'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
The fatal Steel unjustly was apply'd,
When not his Lust offended, but his Pride :
Too hard a Penance for defeated Sin,
Himself shut out, and *Jacob Hall* * let in.

Suppose that honest Part that rules us all,
Should rise, and say—"Sir *Robert* ! or Sir *Paul* !
" Did I demand, in my most vig'rous Hour,
" A Thing descended from the Conqueror ?
" Or when my Pulse beat highest, ask for any
" Such Nicety as Lady or Lord *Fanny* ?——
What

* A famous Rope-Dancer.

Personam satis est, non illud, quicquid ubique
Officit, evitare ? bonam deperdere famam,
Rem patris oblimare, malum est ubicumque.
Quid inter
Est in matrona, ancilla, peccesne togata ?

Villius in Fausta Sullae gener, hoc miser uno
Nomine deceptus, poenas dedit usque, superque
Quam satis est ; pugnis caesus, ferroque petitus,
Exclusus fore, cum Longarenus foret intus.

Huic si, mutonis verbis, mala tanta videnti

166 *Sober Advice from HORACE.*

What would you answer? could you have the Face,
When the poor Suff'rer humbly mourn'd his Case,
To cry, *You weep the Favours of her* † GRACE? }

Hath not indulgent Nature spread a Feast,
† And giv'n enough for Man, enough for Beast?
But Man corrupt, perverse in all his Ways,
In search of Vanities from Nature strays:
Yea, tho' the Blessing's more than he can use,
Shuns the permitted, the forbid pursues!
Weigh well the Cause from whence these Evils spring,
'Tis in thyself, and not in God's good Thing:
Then,

† Spoken not of one particular Dutcheſs, but of divers Dutcheſſes.

‡ The original Manuscript has it,

— *Spread a Feast*

Of — *enough for Man, enough for Beast:*

but we prefer the present, as the purer Diction.

Diceret haec animus: Quid vis tibi? numquid
ego a te

Magno prognatum deponco consule || CUNNUM,
Velatumque stola, mea cum conferbuit ira?
Quid responderet? Magno patre nata puella est.

At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiaque istis
Dives opis natura suae! ut si modo recte
Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis
Inmiscere.

— Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil referre putas? quare, ne poeniteat te,

Define

|| Magno prognatum deponco consule CUNNUM.

A Thing descended from the Conqueror.

A Thing descended — why Thing? the Poet has it Cunnum;
which, therefore, boldly place here. BENT.

Then, lest Repentance punish such a Life,
Never, ah ! never ! kiss thy Neighbour's Wife.

First, Silks and Diamonds veil no finer Shape,
Or plumper Thigh, than lurk in humble Crape :
And *secondly*, how innocent a *Belle*
Is she who shows what Ware she has to sell ;
Not Lady-like, displays a Milk-white Breast,
And hides in sacred Sluttishness the rest.

Our ancient Kings (and sure those Kings were
wise,
Who judg'd themselves, and saw with their own
Eyes)
A War-Horse never for the Service chose,
But ey'd him round, and stript of all the Cloaths ;
For well they knew, proud Trappings serve to hide
A heavy Chest, thick Neck, or heavy Side.
But Fools are ready Chaps, agog to buy,
Let but a comely Fore-hand strike the Eye :
No Eagle sharper, every Charm to find,
To all Defects, Ty——y not so blind :
Goose-rump'd, Hawk-nos'd, Swan-footed, is my
Dear :
They'll praise her *Elbow*, *Heel*, or *Tip o'th' Ear*. .
A Lady's

Define matronas sectarier : unde laboris
Plus haurire, mali est, quam ex re decerpere fructus.

Nec magis huic, inter niveos viridisque lapillos
Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo tenerum est femur, aut
crus
Rectius : atque etiam melius persaepe togatae est.
Adde huc, quod mercem sine fucis gestat ; aperte
Quod venale habet, ostendit ; neque si quid honesti est
Jaetat habetque palam, quaerit quo turpia celet.
Regibus

A Lady's Face is all you see undress'd ;
 (For none but Lady *M* ——— show'd the Rest)
 But if to Charms more latent you pretend,
 What Lines encompass, and what Works defend !
 Dangers on Dangers ! Obstacles by Dozens !
 Spies, Guardians, Guests, old Women, Aunts, and
*Cozens ! **

Could you directly to her Person go,
 Stays will obstruct above, and Hoops below, }
 And if the Dame says yes, the Dress says no.
 Not thus at *Needham's* ; † your judicious Eye
 May measure there the Breast, the Hip, the Thigh !
 And

* There is a famous *Staye-Maker* of this Name, which stiffens
 the *Double Entendre* here meant. E. C.

† A *Quondam* Bawd of high Renown,
 In whose Apartments *P* ——— has oft been seen,
 Patting Fore-Buttocks, to divert the Spleen.

Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur ; opertos
 Inspiciunt : ne si facies, ut saepe, decora
 Molli sulca pede est ; emtorem ducat hiantem,
 Quod pulchrae clunes, breve quod caput, ardua corvix,
 Hoc illi recte. Tu corporis optima Lyncei
 Contemplare oculis ; Hypsaea caecior, illa
 Quae mala sunt, spectas. O crus, O brachia ! verum
 Depugis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo est.

Matronae, praeter faciem, nil cernere possis ;
 Caetera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.
 Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
 Hoc facit infanum) multae tibi tum officient res ;
 Custodes, lectica, cinislonas, parasitae ;
 Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata palla :
 Plurima, quae invideant pure adparere tili rem.
 Altera nil obstat : Cois tibi pene videre est

Ut

And will you run to Perils, Sword, and Law,
All for a Thing you ne're so much as *saw*?

"The Hare once seiz'd, the Hunter heeds no
more

"The little Scut he so pursu'd before,

"Love follows flying Game (as *Sucklyn* sings)

"And 'tis for that the wanton Boy has Wings."

Why let him sing---but when you're in the Wrong,

Think you to cure the Mischief with a Song?

Has Nature set no Bounds to wild Desire?

No Sense to guide, no Reason to enquire,

What solid Happiness, what empty Pride?

And what is best indulg'd, or best deny'd?

If neither Gems adorn, nor Silver tip

The flowing Bowl, will you not wet your Lip?

When sharp with Hunger, scorn you to be fed,

Except one *Pea-Chicks*, at the *Bedford-Head*? *

Or

* A noted Tavern for Eating, Drinking and Gaming, in
Southampton-Street, Covent-Garden. E. C.

Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:

Metiri possis oculo latus, an tibi mavis

Insidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante

Quam mercedem ostendi?

—LEPOREM venator ut alta

In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit:

Cantat, & adponit MEUSE est amor huic similis: nam

Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat.

Hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,

Atque aestus, curasque gravis e pectore tolli?

Nonne, cupidinibus statuatur natura modum quem,

Quid latura, sibi quid sit dolitura negatum,

Quaerere plus prodest; & inane abscindere soldo?

Num, tibi cum faucis urit fitis aurea quaeris

Pocula? num esuriens fastidis omnia praeter

* Pavo-

Or when a tight, neat Girl, will serve the Turn,
 In errant Pride continue stiff, and burn?
 I'm a plain Man, whose Maxim is profess,
 "The Thing at hand is of all Things the *best*.
 But Her who will, and then will not comply,
 Whose Word is *If*, *Perhaps*, and *By-and-by*,
 Z—ds! let some Eunuch or Platonic take —
 So B——t cries, Philosopher and Rake!
 Who asks no more (right reasonable Peer)
 Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear,
 Give me a willing Nymph! 'tis all I care,
 Extreemly clean, and tolerably fair,
 Her Shape her own, whatever Shape she have,
 And just that White and Red which Nature gave.
 Her I transported touch, transported view,
 And call her *Angel*! *Goddeſs*! *M——ue*!
 No furious Husband thunders at the Door;
 No barking Dog, no Household in a Roar;

From

* Pavonem rhombumque? tument tibi cum inguina, num, si

Ancilla aut verna est præsto puer, impetus in quem Continuo fiat, malis centigine rumpi?

Non ego: namque *parabilem amo venerem, facilemque*.

ILLAM, Post paulo, Sed pluris, Si exierit vir,
 Gallis: Hanc, Philodemus ait sibi, quæ neque magno
 Stet pretio; nec cunctetur, cum est iussa venire.

Candida

* PAVONEM, Pea-Chicks] Not ill render'd, meaning a young or soft Piece, *Anglice* a Tid-Bit: such as that Delicate Youth Cerinthus, whose Flesh, our Horace expressly says, was as tender as a Lady's, and our Imitator turn'd

Such Nicety, as Lady or Lord F ———
 not amiss truly; it agrees with my own Reading of tuo femore, instead of tuum femur, and savours of the true Taste of Antiquity.
 BENT.

From gleaming Swords no shrieking Women run;
No wretched Wife cries out, *Undone! Undone!*
Seiz'd in the Fact, and in her Cuckold's Pow'r,
She kneels, she weeps, and worse! resigns her
Dow'r.

Me, naked me, to Posts, to Pumps they draw,
To Shame eternal, or eternal Law.
Oh Love! be deep Tranquillity my Luck! *
No Mistress *H-yb--m* near, no Lady *B---ck!*
For, to be taken, is the Dev'l in Hell;
This Truth, let *L---l*, *f---ys*, *O---w* tell.

* Here the Imitator errs. The *Latin* has it *dum futuo*, a most necessary Circumstance! which ought to be *restored*; and may, by the change of a *single Word*, be the *same* with that of the Author, and one which wou'd marvelously agree with the Ladies in the second Line. BENT.

(longa,
Candida rectaque sit; munda haecenus, ut neque
Nec magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.
Haec, ubi supposuit dextro corpus mihi laevum,
Ilia & Egeria est: do nomen quodlibet illi.
Nec vereor, ne, *dum futuo*, vir rure recurat;
Janua frangatur; latret canis; undique magno
Pulsa domus strepitu resonet: ne pallida lecto
Defiliat mulier; miseram se conscia clamet;
Cruribus haec metuat, doti haec deprensa, ego-
met mi.

Disincta tunica fugienda est, ac pede nudo;
Ne nummi pereant, aut puga, aut denique fama.
Deprendi miserum est: Fabio vel iudice vincam.

F I N I S.



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POEMS, All that I have to add, is,
only a Word or two concerning their *Author*.

Upon Reading them over at *St. James's Coffee-House*, they were attributed by the General Voice, to be the Productions of a Lady of Quality.

When I produced them at *Button's*, the *Poetical Fury* there, brought in a different Verdict; and the *Foreman* strenuously insisted upon it, that *Mr. Gay* was the *Man*, and declared, that in Comparing the *Basset-Table*, with that Gentleman's *Pasterals*, he found the *Stile*, and *Turn of Thought*, to be evidently the same; which confirmed him, and his

B

Bre-

Advertisement by the Bookseller.

Brethren, in the Sentence they had pronounced.

Not content with these Two Decisions, I was resolved to call in an Umpire; and accordingly chose a Gentleman of distinguished Merit, who lives not far from *Chelsea*. I sent him the Papers; which he returned me the next Day, with this Answer:

SIR, *Depend upon it, these Lines could come from no other Hand, than the Laudable Translator of HOMER.*

Thus having impartially given the Sentiments of the *Town*; I hope I may deserve Thanks for the Pains I have taken, in endeavouring to find out the *Author* of these Valuable Performances; and every Body is at Liberty to bestow the Laurel as they please.

London,
1717.

COURT



COURT POEMS.



The BASSET-TABLE, an ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA.

THE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;
Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing Room?
Rise, Pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you

SMILINDA.

Ah *Madam*, since my *SHARPER* is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpen*.
I saw him stand behind *OMBRELIA*'s Chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding Air,
And those feign'd Sighs which cheat the list'ning *Fair*.

CARDELIA.

Is this the Cause of your Romantick Strains?
A mightier Grief my heavy Heart sustains.
See here, a fit Companion of your Pain!
(Yet heavier is the Grief which I sustain ;)
As You by Love, so I by Fortune crost ;
In One bad deal, Three *Septleva's* have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the Grief, which you compare with mine?
With Ease, the Smiles of Fortune I resign:
Would all my Gold in One bad deal were gone ;
Were Lovely SHARPER Mine, and Mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover lost, is but a common Care ;
And Prudent Nymphs against that Change prepare :
The *Knave of Clubs* thrice lost : Oh ! who could guess
This fatal Stroke, this unforeseen Distress ?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET ! — Very *à propos*,
She all the Cares of *Love* and *Play* does know,
Deeply experienc'd many Years ago.

Dear

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Dear BETTY shall th' Important Point decide;
 BETTY, who oft the Pain of each has try'd;
 Impartial She, shall say who suffers most,
 By *Cards Ill Usage*, or by *Lovers lost*.

Mrs. LOVET.

Tell, tell your Griefs; attentive will I stay,
 Tho' Time is precious, and I want some *Tea*.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, of *Mathers* bought,
 With *Fifty Guineas*; a great Pen'worth thought;
 See on the *Tooth-pick*, *Mars* and *Cupid* strive;
 And both the struggling Figures, seem alive.
 Upon the Bottom, shines the *Queen's* Bright Face;
 A Myrtle Foliage round the *Thimble-Case*.
Jove, *Jove* himself, does on the *Scissars* shine;
 The Metal, and the Workmanship, Divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-Box*, once the Pledge of SHARPER's Love;
 When Rival Beauties for the *Present* strove;
 At *Corticelli's* He the Raffle won,
 When first his Passion was in Publick shown:

B 3

HAZAR

HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her Head aside,
 A Rival's Envy (all in vain) to hide.
 This *Snuff-Box*, on the Hinge, see *Brilliant's* shine ;
 This *Snuff-Box*, will I stake, the Prize is mine.

CARDLIA.

Alas ! far lesser Losses than I bear,
 Have made a *Soldier* sigh, a *Lover* swear,
 And Oh ! what makes the Disappointment hard,
 'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card*.
 In Complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave :
 Tho' my own Secret-Wish was for the *Knave*.
 The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose ;
 And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah ! what aggravates the Killing Smart,
 The Cruel Thought, that stabs me to the Heart ;
 This Curs'd OMBRELIA, this Undoing Fair
 By whose vile Arts this heavy Grief I bear
 She, at whose Name I shed these *spiteful Tears*,
 She owes to me the very Charms She wears
 An *awkard Thing*, when first She came to Town ;
 Her *Shape* unfashion'd, and her *Face* unknown :
 She was my Friend, I taught her first to spread
 Upon her *Sallow Cheeks* th' Enliv'ning Red ;

I in-

I introduc'd her to the *Park* and *Plays* ;
 And by my Int'rest, *Cozens* made Her *Stays*.
 Ungrateful Wretch, with Mimick *Airs* grown pert
 She dares to steal my *Fav'rite Lover's* Heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
 When *WIN-ALL* tally'd, I wou'd *Punt* no more?
 I know the *Bite*, yet to my *Ruin* run ;
 And see the *Folly*, which I cannot *shun*.

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have *SHARPER's* *Vows* deceiv'd?
 How many curs'd the Moment they believ'd?
 Yet his *known Falshoods* could no Warning prove:
 Ah! what is Warning to a *Maid in Love*

CARDELIA.

But of what *Marble* must that *Breast* be form'd,
 To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd?
 When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are set in decent Rank
 Expos'd in Glorious Heaps the *Tempting Bank*,
Guineas, *Half-Guineas*, all the Shining Train;
 The *Winner's* Pleasure, and the *Loser's* Pain.

In bright Confusion open *Rouleaus* lye,
 They strike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
 Fir'd by the Sight, all Reason I disdain;
 My Passions rise, and will not bear the Rein.
 Look upon *Basset*, You who Reason boast;
 And see if Reason may not *There* be lost.

SMILINDA.

What *more* than Marble must that Heart compose
 Can hearken *coldly* to my SHARPER's Vows?
 Then, when he trembles! when his Blushes rise!
 When Awful Love seems melting in his Eyes!
 With eager Beats his *Mechlin* Cravat moves:
He Loves, — I whisper to my self, *He Loves*.
 Such unfeign'd Passion in his Looks appears,
 I lose all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
 My panting Heart confesses all his Charms,
 I yield at once, and sink into his Arms:
 Think of that Moment, You who Prudence boast;
 For such a Moment, Prudence *well* were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play;
 Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.
 But who the *Bowl*, or rattling *Dice* compares,
 To *Basset's* Heavenly Joys, and pleasing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a *Beau* :
PRUDINA likes a *Man*, and laughs at *Show*,
Their several *Graces* in my SHARPER meet ;
Strong as the *Footman*, as the *Master* Sweet.

Mrs. LOVET.

Cease your Contention, which has been too long ;
I grow Impatient, and the *Tea*'s too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide ;
The *Equipage* shall grace SMILINDA's Side ;
The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA, I Decree,
Now leave Complaining, and begin your *Tea*.



B 5

RON



R O X A N A,
OR THE
DRAWING-ROOM.

R OXANA from the Court returning late,
Sigh'd her soft Sorrow at St. JAMES's Gate:
Such heavy Thoughts lay brooding in her Breast;
Not her own *Chairmen* with more Weight oppress'd:
They curse the cruel Weight they're doom'd to bear;
She in more gentle Sounds express'd her Care.

Was it for this, that I these Roses wear?
For this, new set the Jewels for my Hair?
Ah PRINCESS? with what Zeal have I pursu'd?
Almost forgot the Duty of a *Prude*
This KING, I never could attend too soon;
I miss'd my Pray'rs, to get me dress'd by Noon.
For Thee, Ah! what for Thee did I resign;
My Passions, Pleasures, all that e'er was mine?

I've

I've sacrific'd both Modesty, and Ease;
 Left *Operas*, and went to filthy *Plays*.
 Double *Entendres* shock'd my Tender Ear;
 Yet even this, for Thee, I chuse to bear.
 In glowing Youth, when Nature bids be Gay.
 And ev'ry Joy of Life before me lay;
 By Honour prompted, and by Pride restrain'd,
 The Pleasures of the Young my Soul disdain'd.
 Sermons I sought, and with a Mien severe;
 Censur'd my Neighbours, and said Daily Pray'r.
 Alas, how chang'd! With this same Sermon-Mien,
 The filthy *What d'ye Call it* — — I have seen.
 Ah Royal PRINCESS! for whose Sake I lost
 The Reputation, which so dear had cost:
 I, who avoided ev'ry Publick Place,
 When Bloom and Beauty bid me show my Face
 Now near Thee, constant, I each Night abide,
 With never failing Duty, by thy Side;
 My Self and Daughters standing in a Row,
 To all the *Foreigners* a Goodly Show.
 Oft had your *Drawing-Room* been sadly thin,
 And *Merchants Wives* close by your Side had been;
 Had I not amply fill'd the Empty Place,
 And sav'd Your HIGHNESS from the Dire Disgrace,
 Yet COCKATILLA's Artifice prevails,
 When all my Duty and my Merit fails:
 That COCKATILLA, whose deluding Airs
 Corrupts our Virgins, and our Youth in snares;
 So sunk her Character, and lost her Fame,
 Scarce Visited, before Your HIGHNESS came;

Yet for the *Bed-Chamber* 'tis She You chuse,
 Whilst Zeal, and Fame, and Virtue You refuse.
 Ah worthy Choice! Not One of all your Train
 Which Censures blast not, or Dishonours stain.
 I know the *Court*, with all its Treach'rous Wiles,
 The *False Caresses*, and *Undoing Smiles*.
 Ah PRINCESS! learn'd in all the Courtly Arts,
 To *Cheat* our Hopes, and yet to *Gain* our Hearts.



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THE TOILET.

(Green;
NOW Twenty Springs has cloath'd the Park with
 Since *LYDIA* knew the Blossoms of Fifteen:
 No Lovers now, her Morning Hours molest,
 And catch her at her Toilet half undrest.
 The thund'ring Knocker wakes the Street no more;
 Ner Chairs, nor Coaches crowd the Silent Door.
 Now at the Window all the Mornings pass,
 Or at the dumb Devotion of the Glass;
 Reclin'd upon her Arm she pensive sat,
 And curst th'Inconstancy of Man too late.

Oh Youth! Oh Spring of Life for ever lost!
 No more my Name shall ring the fav'rite Toast;
 On Glass no more shall Diamonds grave my Name,
 And Rhimes mispelt record my Lover's Flame.

Nor

Nor shall Side-Boxes watch my wand'ring Eyes;
 And as they catch the Glance in Rows arise
 With humble Bows; nor White-Glove Beaus inroach
 In Crowds behind to guard me to my Coach.

What shall I do to spend the hateful Day?
 At Chapel shall I wear the Morn away?
 Who there appears at those unmodish Hours;
 But Ancient Marrons with their Frizled Tow'rs,
 And Grey Religious Maids? My Presence there,
 Amidst that Sober Train, would cause Despair.
 Nor am I yet so old, nor is my Glance
 As yet fix'd wholly to Devotion's Trance.

Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted Range,
 To *India* Shops, *Mottoux's*, or the *Change*;
 Where the Tall Jar erects his Costly Pride,
 With Antick Shapes, in *China's* Azure dy'd:
 There, careless lies the Rich *Brocade*, unroll'd;
 Here, shines a Cabinet of Burnish'd Gold:
 But then, alas! I must be forc'd to Pay,
 Or bring no Penny-worths, or Fan away.

How am I curs'd, unhappy, and forlorn;
 My Lover's Triumph, and my Sex's Scorn?
 False is the Pompous Grief of Youthful Heirs:
 False are the loose *Coquet's* Inveig'ling Airs:
 False is the Crafty Courtier's Plighted Word;
 False are the Dice, when Camesters stamp the Board:

False is the Sprightly Widow's Publick Tear:
 Yet these, to *DAMON*'s Oaths, are all Sincere.
 For what Young Flirt, Base Man, am I abus'd?
 To please your Wife, am I unkindly us'd?
 'Tis true, her Face may boast the Peach's Bloom;
 But does her nearer whisp'ring Breath perfume?
 I own, her Taper-Shape is made to please;
 Yet when you see her unconfin'd by Stays,
 She doubly to Fifteen may claim Pretence;
 Alike we read it in her Wit and Sense.
 Insipid, Servile Thing, that I disdain,
 Whose Phlegm can best support the Marriage-Chain:
DAMON is practis'd in the Modish Life,
 Can hate, and yet be civil to his Wife.
 He Games, he Swears, he Drinks, he Fights, he Roves;
 Yet *CLOE* can believe he fondly loves.
 Mistress and Wife by turns supply his Need;
 A Miss for Pleasure, and a Wife for Breed:
 Tower'd with Diamonds, free from Thought or Care,
 She can a fullen Husband's Humour bear.
 Her cred'ulous Friendship, and her stupid Ease,
 Has often been my Jest in happier Days.
 Now *CLOE* Boasts and Triumphs in my Pains;
 To Her he's Faithful, 'tis to Me he Feigns.
 Am I that senseless Thing to bear Neglect,
 And force a Smile not daring to suspect.
 No, — Perjur'd Man! A Wife may be Content;
 But you shall find a Mistress can Resent.

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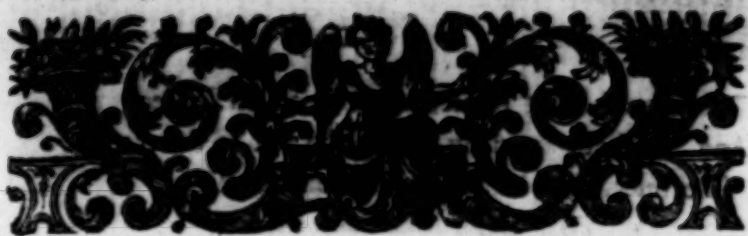
False

Thus

Thus Love-sick *LYDIA* rav'd ; her Maid appears ;
 With steady Hand the Band-Box-Charge She bears.
 How well those Ribbands-Gloss becomes your Face
 She cries in Raptures, — Then so sweet a Grace ;
 How charmingly you look, so strait, so Fair,
 'Tis to your Eyes your Head-Dress owes its Air.
 Strait *LYDIA* smil'd, the Comb adjusts her Locks
 And at the *Play-House*, *HARRY* keeps the Box.



THE



VERSES

Occasioned by

Mr. *TICKELL*'s

Translation of the First Iliad of
HOMER.



*I*F *Dennis* writes and rails in furious Pet,
I'll answer *Dennis* when I am in Debt;
If meagre *Gildon* draws his meaner Quill,
I wish the Man a Dinner, and sit still:
But shou'd there *One*, whose better Stars conspire
To form a Bard, and raise a Genius higher:
Bless'd with each Talent, and each Art to please,
And born to Live, Converse, and Write with Ease;
Shou'd such a *One*, resolv'd to reign alone,
Bear, like the *Turk*, no Brother near the Throne,
View him with Jealous, yet with Scornful Eyes,
Hate him for Arts, that caus'd Himself to rise;

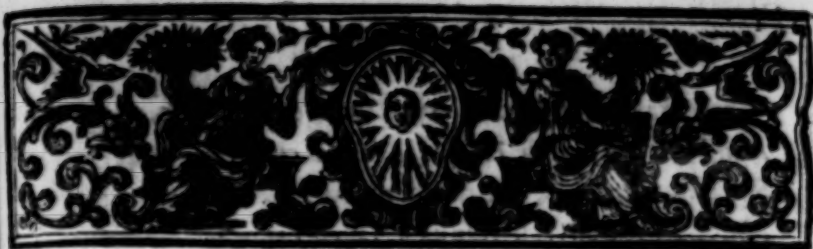
Damn

Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer,
 And, without Sneering, teach the rest to Sneer;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend:
 Fearing ev'n Fools; by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hit the Fault, and hesitate Dislike:
 Who, when * *Two Wits* on rival *Themes* contest,
 Approves of *Both*, but likes the *Worst* the *Best*.
 Like CATO, give *his little Senate Laws*,
 And sits attentive to his *own Applause*:
 While *Wits* and *Templers* ev'ry Sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise:
 Who would not laugh, if such a Man there be?
 Who would not weep, if ADDISON were He?

* Pope and Tickell.



ANSWER



ANSWER

To the Foregoing

VERSES.

Presented to the

Countess of WARWICK.



HEN soft Expressions Covert-Malice hide,
And pitying Satire cloaks o'er-weening Pride;
When Ironies revers'd right Virtue show,
And point which Way true Merit we may know:

When Self-Conceit just hints indignant Rage,
Shewing its wary Caution to engage;
In mazy Wonder we astonish'd stand,
Perceive the Stroke, but miss th' emittent Hand.
Thus, if Old HOMER's Credit may avail,
(And when was HOMER's Credit known to fail?)

When

When stipulative Terms were form'd for Peace,
 And Foes agreed all Hostile Acts to cease,
 Sly *Pandarus*, the Battle to renew,
 Amongst the adverse Ranks a Javelin threw:
 The *Greeks* saw *Sparta's* injur'd MONARCH bleed,
 But saw not who perform'd the perjurd Deed.
 So the skill'd Snarler pens his angry Lines,
 Grins lowly fawning, biting as he whines;
 Traducing with false Friendship's formal Face,
 And Scandalizing with the Mouth of Praise:
 Shews his Intention, but his Weakness too,
 And what he would, yet what he dare not do;
 While launching forth into a Depth of Praise,
 Whose kind Attempts the Mind attentive raise,
 When suddenly the *Pirate Colours* show,
 Beneath the Friend's Disguise, the lurking Foe.

O POPE! forbear, henceforth, to vex the Muse,
 Whilst fore'd, a Task so hateful, she pursues;
 No more let empty Words to Rhimes be brought,
 And fluent Sounds atone for want of Thought:
 Still ADDISON shall live, and pregnant Fame
 Teem with eternal Triumphs of his Name;
 Still shall his Country hold him more endear'd,
 Lov'd by this Age. and by the next Rever'd.
 Or, if from good Advice you turn your Ear,
 Nor friendly Words, imparted timely, hear;
 Exert your utmost Energy of Spite,
 And as each envious Hint arises, write:
 So shall his deathless Glory never cease,
 And you, by *less'ning*, will his Fame increase.

VERSES



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VERSES occasion'd by a young Lady's
Fall, as She was running down Rich-
mond-Hill in Company, 1725.

Miss MOLLY's Tumble.



LET other Charmers boast of Air,
Of Eyes, of Teeth, of Neck, of Hair.
Let This, be proud of pretty Waist,
And That, display a heaving Breast.

Miss MOLLY scoras the vulgar Ways
Of winning Hearts, and gaining Praise.
She runs away ----but, in the Flight,
Artfully falls, and shews a Sight,
A BUM! from whence, as from a Tow'r,
She shoots her Charms, and proves her Pow'r.
So *Parthian* Archers, as they fly,
Are surest of the Victory.

Encore Miss MOLLY.

Miss MOLLY owns it was our Lot
To see her Under Petticoat;
Which, blushing, she protests is all
That we discover'd by her Fall.
O! MOLLY, if, behind the Screen,
Such glorious Rays of Light are seen,
Those, with thy other Beauties charm'd,
Must find their very Souls alarm'd.

Encore

Encore *Miss MOLLY.*

I.

As *MOLLY*, the Fair,
Was taking the Air.
With *STREPHON*, and others too by,
She, running a Race,
Fell flat on her Face,
Her Bum bolt upright to the Sky.

II.

The Girls, who came after,
Broke out in a Laughter,
To see so uncommon a Sight,
But *MOLLY* cry'd out,
And said, without doubt,
They only Laugh't at her thro' Spite.

III.

Because her hid Parts
Cou'd conquer more Hearts
Than cou'd all their visible Charms.
At which *STREPHON* reply'd,
That he lov'd her Backside,
Then gave her a Hug in his Arms.

IV.

And swore by Great *JOVE*
Dear *MOLLY* he'd Love,
The more for the Sight he had seen.
Then, Lasses, ne'er fear,
If your Gallants are near,
To turn up your Tails on the Green.

F I N I S.



E P I S T L E I.

*CLIO's** Picture.

T O

ANTHONY HAMMOND, *Esq;*

O H gentle HAMMOND, whilst a Brother shines,
Immortal in thy Friendship and thy Lines;
Place me a Neighbour to that Dear-lov'd Name
Nature has pair'd us; let me share his Fame:
I ask not Lawrels, those are ne'er resign'd,
My Chaplet must be of a softer kind,
Let the sweet Bays my longing Temples bind:
If all the Graces in his Person shine,
Oh! think the Muses have befriended mine,

}

* The Lady so justly celebrated, for her poetical Talents, under this Name, is Mrs. *Martha Fowke*, Sister to Major *Fowke*.

4 EPISTLES and POEMS,

And whilst their Lustre's o'er my Olive spread,
 I envy not the Shine of White or Red ;
 Here let the Muse perform the Painter's Art,
 And strike the Picture of my Face and Heart.
Poesie is call'd the Image of the Mind,
 In mine my Soul and Body both are join'd ;
 Large is my Forehead made, not wond'rous Fair,
 But Room enough for all the Muses there.
 Full are my Eyes, and of a harmless Blue,
 As if no Wound they made, no Dart they knew ;
 My Eye-brows circling o'er, a shade bestow,
 Veiling the Dulness of the Eye below :
 Nature so niggard to the upper Part,
 Fell to my Lips, and gave a dash of Art.
 Oft have I heard her faithful Lover swear,
 That *Poetry* and *Love* were shining there ;
 Even and white my Teeth but rarely shown,
 In Life I've little Cause for Smiling known ;
 The loss of Friends fell on my tender Years,*
 Dash'd ev'ry Hope, and turn'd my Smiles to Tears :
 A gloomy Sweetness on my Features hung,
 Sorrows my Pen, and trembles on my Tongue ;
 Slow is its Speech, and with no Music fraught
 Wronging the Richness of my Soul's best Thought.

But whither is the mournful Pencil stray'd,
 My Hair dark-brown wants not *Bucelia's* Aid,
 Flows in the Wind, nor of the Comb afraid.
 Beneath my Waist in natural Rings descends,
 Or pliant to the artful Finger bends,
 When it betides that Dress, and I are Friends.

* Her Father was basely murdered by his Servant.

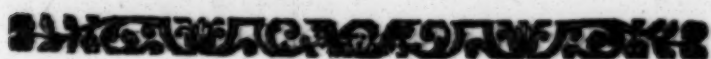
By CLIO and STREPHON. 5

Easy my Neck, but of no darling White,
Veil'd by the Lawn from the enquiring Sight;
My Shoulders full, as Nature's self informs,
Small are my Fingers, nor too plump my Arms.
To the nice Eye no transport they afford,
But to the Ear, pressing the speaking Chord;
Then my Cares murmur with a lower Breath,
Drop from my Eyes, and weep themselves to Death.
Again they press to wrong this artless Draught,
Brib'd by my Fate to ruin every Thought;
My Feet with no ungraceful Motion tread,
Tho' *Isaac's* Steps are from my Mem'ry Fled;
To decent Height my Stature is inclin'd,
Worthy the Muses, and a generous Mind.

To thy kind Eyes *Clio* submits her Form,
Thy Verse can give it ev'ry absent Charm:
Thou in whom Art, and Love, and Nature shines,
Immortalize my Picture in thy Lines.

CLIO.





EPISTLE II.

To *Cleon's* EYES.

THE Love You dare but Look, I find,
 The Eyes speak best the Lover's Mind;
 'The God of Love reveals the News,
 Whose Dart has stamp'd the *Billet-doux*;
 No Paper could such sweetness boast,
 For half the Spirit would be lost
 E'er I could read that duller way,
 What in a Moment these convey.
 Oh! let thy Eyes with Truth be fraught,
 Mine shall repay each modest Thought.
 Thus Souls employ their Hours Above,
 Exchanging Looks of deathless Love;
 In Looking, wond'rous Magic lies,
 Oh! there is Poetry in Eyes;
 Methinks I see a *Waller* shine,
 In ev'ry sparkling Beam of Thine;
 Or when in nobler Language drest,
 With *Milton's* Spirit they are blest:
 Thus *Adam* tenderly survey'd,
 With guiltless Looks the blushing Maid;

Who

By CLIO and STREPHON. 7

Who met his Eyes unskill'd in Art,
They were no Prudes but spoke her Heart;
I want not Thanks, confine your Tongue,
Lest Words should do thy Passion wrong.
Sure Speaking, only was design'd,
For the dull Wretches of my kind;
For Scandal, or for rude Disputes,
But tender Lovers should be Mutes:
Grief is by Silence well exprest,
And Silence speaks the Lover best;
Or if kind Souls must Sound at all,
Slow be the Words and gently fall;
As Winds that whisper, and with Tremblings move,
The new born Blossoms of the Infant Grove.

CLIO.



EPISTLE III.

*On Cleon's LETTERS, Darlings of my EYES:
Where Clio's LIFE, and DEATH infolded lies.*

THE shining Murderers who stab my Breast,
Like *Cleopatra's* Asps in Sweetness drest;
Fearless I claspt these Letters in my Arms,
And in my Dreams repeated all their Charms.
My eager Lips, pressing each tender Line,
By that fond Art methoughts they stole to thine;
I Pray'd, I Wept, I Lov'd, and was undone,
My Sleep, my Mirth, my Heart, my Life was gone;
Or that I breath'd, it scarcely was perceiv'd,
But when deep Groans reveal'd I sadly liv'd;
My Faithful Dog the soft complaining hears,
Mourns at my Feet, and wonders at my Tears;
Far more unsocial is thy hard'ned Mind,
Nor Verse tho' wrote in Tears can make it kind;
On some bleak Mountain from thy Eyes remov'd,
I could have liv'd, had I but heard, you Lov'd;
For Thee, the World I chearfully despis'd,
Only by Tenderness, and Thee advis'd,

Content

By CLIO and STREPHON. 9

Content with Innocence without the Fame,
Oh! can the tender Folly nothing claim.
Thy Converse to all Charmers I resign'd,
And only ask'd the Empire of Thy Mind;
That was too much the Niggard *Cleon* says,
For all thy weeping Nights, and absent Days;
You call upon his much lov'd Name in vain,
It will not raise your Dying Head again,
Ah, what does it avail, that others Praise,
Thy bounding Fingers, and thy tender Lays;
If he is careless whom they wish to move,
Praise will not cheer the Heart that breaks with Love.

CLIO.





EPISTLE IV.

*To these soft Lines what Name shall I impart,
But the last Message of a breaking Heart.*

HOW shall I Paint the Pangs with which I part,
How long the way is to a cheerless Heart ;
With Sighs replete, with Tenderness oppress'd,
Scarce has it Life to beat within my Breast ;
Faint are its trembling Wings like dying Birds,
Sorrow and Love have broke its tender Cords ;
No parting Tear did from thy Eyelids press,
When I was sinking down with Tenderness ;
No Sigh accompany'd thy last Embrace,
Tho' Death and Love, were painted on my Face ;
Dissembling then had sure a Virtue prov'd,
And sav'd a Life, you once so dearly lov'd ;
If you repent, Oh ! hasten to my Aid,
If I mistook, ah ! Fond Indulgent Maid ;
Perchance some real Pity may arise,
(Sweet Thought,) when you behold my dying Eyes,
While their sad Looks in strong Convulsions move,
And pleading as they burst the Cause of Love ;

But

By CLIO and STREPHON. II

But thou art tedious, Death's not us'd to wait,
Quick is his Mark, and thou wilt come too late,
How chang'd my Fortune, since each happy Hour,
Was witness to thy Passion and my Power;
Since every Moment from thy Fondness brought,
Some soft Account, some new endearing Thought;
Whene'er we parted, mutual Grief appear'd,
Claspt to my Bosom I thy Groans have heard;
The melting Words, my thoughtful Heart regal'd,
Shorten'd the Stream, and chear'd me as we sail'd;
And gentle Love so happily contriv'd,
That unawares I to the Shores arriv'd;
Now when half Dead and Cold, I trembling Land,
No Lover's Breast I find, no ready Hand,
At least, not thine; what are the rest to me,
The Savage Herd of Men who die for Thee;
Insensible of Friendship or of Praise,
My Head I scarcely from my Bosom raise;
No friendly Ear I with my Sorrows trust,
My Love it falls — Oh! can a Friend be just;
I hope it not — for ev'ry Hope is gone,
But when thou read'st how much I am undone;
Haste to the Earth, where *Clio* Dying lies,
And with a Kiss seal down her fading Eyes.

CLIO.



EPISTLE V.

To a FRIEND on the Masquerades.

DISGUISE is what I little understand,
 And fear the Theme will suffer by my Hand;
 Nor can I Paint with Pleasure or with Wit,
 Amusements I've so lightly tasted yet;
 All dull and *Englisb* I shall now appear,
 And lose my Int'rest with your *Foreign Ear*:
 You will repent your Gallantry last Night,
 And see your *Quaker* in another Light.
 I know you'll Chide my Out-of-Fashion Muse,
 Which feels no Passion for this Rendezvous;
 I wish to spare this Pleasure for your sake,
 But 'tis too great a Compliment to make;
 Beneath a Mask and cover'd with a Veil,
 E'en Virtue listens to the Serpent's Tale.
 I am for hopeless Innocence afraid,
 Oh! how unguarded, and how soon betray'd;
 Hoping to leave the Tenderness behind,
 But artful Sighings overtake the Mind;
 The fatal Billet in the Morning Flies,
 Beneath whose Softness Death and Ruin lies.

By CLIO and STREPHON. 13

On the unknown, her waking Thoughts are fixt,
And even Dreams with kindling Love are mixt ;
Her fancy with remaining Sounds betray'd,
Returns Enchanted to the *Masquerade* ;
Again she hears the artful *Prelate* plead,
Another tender Hour in Thought agreed ;
The careless *Husband* with indiff'rence blest,
Marks not the Triumphs of his midnight Guest ;
These are the Ills which thy Amusement wait,
Say, are they not too certain and too great ?
If for Diversion they were only meant,
Who would not Frolic be ——— and Innocent ?
The Wise might therefore with more safety go,
Who all the Cunning of the Triflers know ;
Thro' every Form the Cloven Foot is seen,
Or drest like *Presbyter*, or *Harlequin*.
If *Cloe* is acquainted with your Breast,
In Love it is unfaithful as the rest,
But this Plain-dealing's for your private Ear ;
I have no *Domine* to shade me Here.

CLIO.





EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. *Duncan Campbell*,

A Gentleman who, tho' born Deaf and Dumb,
writes down any Stranger's Name at first Sight,
with their future Contingencies of Fortune.

I Court no Muse amidst the tuneful Throng,
Thy *Genij*, CAMPBELL, shall inspire my Song;
The gentle Summons every Thought obeys,
Wakens my Soul, and tunes it all to Lays.
Among the Thousand Wonders, thou hast shown
I, in a Moment, am a Poet grown;
The rising Images each other meet,
Fall into Verse, and Dance away with Feet;
Now with thy *Cupid* and thy *Lamb* I rove *,
'Thro' ev'ry Bloomy-Mead, and fragrant Grove.

A

* See, Mr. *Campbell's* LIFE, p. 71. A new Edition of which is lately published, with Sir *Richard Steele's* Recommendation, under the following Title, viz. THE SUPERNATURAL PHILOSOPHER, or the *Mysteries of Magic*, in all its Branches, clearly unfolded. Containing, 1. An Argument proving the Perception which Mankind have, by all the Senses, of Demons, Genij, or Familiar Spirits, and of the several Species of them, both Good and Bad. 2. A Philosophical Discourse concerning the Second Sight, demonstrating it to be Hereditary to some Families. 3. A full Answer to all Objections that can be brought against the Existence of Spirits, Witches, &c. 4. Of Divination by Dreams, Spectres, Omens, Apparitions after Death, Predictions, &c. 5. Of Inchantment, Necromancy, Geomancy, Hydromancy, Aeromancy, Pyromancy, Chiromancy,

By CLIO and STREPHON. 15

A thousand Things, I can, my self, Divine,
Thy little *Genij* whisper 'em to Mine;
Beyond the Grave I see thy deathless Fame,
The Fair and Young all Singing CAMPBELL's Name;
And *Love* himself, — for *Love* and *Thou* art Friends,
He joins the Chorus, and his Dart defends.
What noisy-Talker can thy Magic Boast?
Let those dull Wretches try who scorn Thee most.
O sacred *Silence!* let me ever dwell,
With the sweet *Muses* in thy lonely Cell;
Or else bind up, in thy Eternal Chain,
Scandal and *Noise*, and all that *Talk* in vain.

CLIO.

romancy, Augury, and Aruspicy. Collected and compiled from the most approved Authorities. By W. BOND, of Bury St. Edmund's, Suffol.

I must confess, I think this remarkable Treatise, is a Work of immense Erudition; full of curious Disquisitions into speculative Philosophy, comprehending a large Fund of Philosophical Learning, and furnished with some Remarks that have escaped the Pens of former Authors, who have wrote in any Faculty whatsoever.

R. STEELE.



EPISTLE VII.

To CLIO.

Occasioned by the foregoing Verses.

SWEET *Nightingale*! whose artful Numbers show,
 Expressive Eloquence to Silent Woe,
 Sing on, and in thy Sex's Power presume,
 By Praising CAMPBELL, to strike Nations Dumb.

Whene'er you Sing, silent, as he, they'll stand,
 Speak by their *Eyes*, grow Eloquent by *Hand*:
Tongues are *Confusion*, but as learnt by You,
 All but *Pythagoras's* Doctrine's true;
 CAMPBELL and He taught *Silence* — had He heard,
 How much thy *Lays* to *Silence* were preferr'd,
 He had recanted from Thy powerful Song,
 And justly wish'd each *Organ* had a *Tongue*.

But could He *See*, what You, in ev'ry Line,
 Prophetic tell of CAMPBELL's *Sight-Divine*;
 Like *Cræsus's* Son's *his loosened Nerves must break*,
 And ask the Cause — or make his CAMPBELL *Speak*.

STREPHON.



BUCKINGHAM - HOUSE:

By STREPHON*.

OF that fam'd *British* Structure fain I'd write,
In which the HOUSHOLD - GODS take prime
Delight †:

Ye Muses all, pray, all Inspire my Tongue,
Lest *They* and *Sheffield* disapprove the Song.
First, how 'tis sweetly Situated, tell;
Then how the Building does in Charms excel,
Fit for the *Gods* and *Prince* that in it dwell.

Plac'd like the Eye of its Great Master's Mind,
Which penetrates the Ways of all Mankind;
Its Prospects yield a Scene of ev'ry Sort,
The Modes of Town and Country, Camp and Court.

Between the Fabric, Royal Bounty made,
For Soldiers grown decrepid by their Trade;

* WILLIAM BOND, Esq; of *Bury St. Edmunds* in *Suffolk*.

† SIC SITI LÆTANTUR LARES.

18 EPISTLES and POEMS,

By Use made Useless; who, dismember'd, cease
To go to War, and walk on Stilts in Peace:
Between this Fabric, and the Bright Parade,
Where Fops bear Sun, to set off their Brocade;
Where strut along the Military Beaus,
Dreadful in Plume, arm'd with Embroider'd Clothes,
To whom, as Guards, *wise* Ladies pay Respect,
While those maim'd Slaves, as useless, they neglect;
Which shews how Merit's valu'd as it shou'd,
And how this Age discerns the Bad from Good:
Between these Camps the Lofty Palace stands,
But Prospects far more diff'rent still commands.

On *Chelsea-side* a Length of Verdant Plains
To various Use is turn'd by various Swains:
Here, Gardiners vers'd in the *Quintinyan* Art,*
To Nature's wild Indulgence, Rules impart:
Fine Flowers of distant Climes asunder bred,
Marry'd by them, adorn one Beauteous Bed.
Here, unlike Men, in perfect Harmony,
Roses of *York* with *Lancaster's* agree;
Those angry Pale, these blushing Red do lie,
To shew they hate our Animosity.
To *British* Elms these *Priests* of *Tellus* join
The Wedded Branches of th' *Italian* Vine;
Emblem of Luckless Wedlock! Our harsh Clime,
Tho' so supported, nips it in its Prime:
JAMES was an *ELM*—Ah, luckless Royal Stem!
MARY a *VINE*—Unhappy Royal Dame;
We'll not with Tears these Tracks too far pursue,
And blight the Fruits with Nature's saddest Dew.

* Alluding to M. QUINTINY, Royal Gardiner of France.

Turn

By CLIO and STREPHON. 19

Turn to those Prospects, Muse, where Towns are
seen,

And lose in Crouds the melancholy Scene:
Here, Haughty *London's* Lofty Turrets rise,
There *Westminster's* with Pride salute my Eyes;
That's rich with Cringing grown, and This with Awe;
That does by Cheats, what This undoes by Law;
For Law and Trade, like Statesmen and the Court,
Are each the other's Downfal and Support:
There at *Guild-Hall* the Lorded Mayors appear,
Proud of gilt Pageants waving in the Air:
But here at *Westminster's* more pow'rful Hall,
Their Twelve-Months Honours in one Moment fall;
Cheats are laid open, and the cheated Heir
Regains his Fortune from the ruin'd Mayor.
Thus *P—rs* to an Estate in *London* run,
But will in *Westminster* be soon undone;
Fine like *P—rs* Pageants *Gallie* Standards were,
But Captives in this Hall mere Rags appear: }
O dreadful Consequence of Law and War!
Let me again to Country Scenes repair,
And breathe in innocent unperjur'd Air:
Ceres looks cheer'd at their less guilty Gain,
Who sell for honest Gold her Golden Grain;
See by yon lab'ring Hinds what Loads of Corn,
Plenty's and *Sheffield's* Arms! in Sheaves are borne
To those proud Towns, that boast they live so high,
Yet, wanting these, must splendid Beggars die.

There jolly Shepherds tend their Woolly Care,
And singing Time away, divert that Air;

Where

20 EPISTLES and POEMS,

Where *Angel-Shepherds* dwell, that singing keep
From Dangers Men as harmless as their Sheep.

Sweet Country! When shall I be one of these?
When shall I sing beneath thy Branching Trees;
When shall I see the Day so happy made,
To lie protected in their mighty Shade?

Then, *British* Swains, I'd VIRGIL's Genius crave,
Since we so near, a *British* POLLIO have;
Who was our *Shepherd* in a nobler kind,
And, by his prudent Counsels, serv'd Mankind.

Then would I teach, in most instructive Lines,
The Court which in a diff'rent Prospect shines;
That they should, like us honest Shepherds be,
And, POLLIO, draw the Golden Rule from Thee:
Then would ASTRÆA, who to Heaven is flown,
Wing down to Animate her figur'd Stone;
And standing pleas'd upon thy awful House,
(She, loth to scourge, Rewards with Joy bestows)
Would lay a while her brandish'd Falchion down,
And having weigh'd her Scales, the *Righteous* crown:
But Courts are Palaces less Happy far,
Whose Kings their Subjects Faults too often bear.
See yonder Abbey, where dead Monarchs lie,
To shew proud Crowns that Dust's their near Ally:
Fatal *Whiteball* is on the Fun'ral Road.
Whiteball had fronted, if *Whiteball* had stood,
Thy Palace, *Sheffield*; but to Earth it went,
Purg'd first by Flames, and seem'd as if it meant,
To fall Great CHARLES's sacred Monument.

That

By CLIO and STREPHON. 21

That Remnant where he suffer'd, stands to tell
The Reason why the rest to Ruins fell;
It fell by Flames, Flames raging fierce like those,
Which from Implacable Sedition rose:
In vain the *Thames* its watry Aid supply'd,
Flames redden fiercer, like the Blood that dy'd
(Crying for Vengeance) its devoted Walls,
Till down the Venerable Structure falls:
Three Kingdoms Emblem, Three, unless they mend,
May dread from Heaven such a flaming End.
Weep, *Britons*, weep, till Penitential Streams
Swell to a Torrent, like another *Thames*;
Try if those Tears can wash away the Guilt
Of such a MARTYR's Blood, so vilely spilt.
And Oh! ye *British* Monarchs, learn from hence
To Non-Resisting Men most Power dispense.
Oft when Great CHARLES in mighty Triumph
went,

With Love to see, a loving Parliament;
Just at *Whitehall* their Shouts the Rabble spread,
Yet there they shouted when he lost his Head;
While Parliaments shew'd Love to that degree,
They crown'd him with a Martyr's Destiny:
Yet still in prosp'rous Times we nothing fear,
Tho' Height to Precipice is always near.

Now, Muse, in Paths that run for half a Mile,
Sweet Vistoes fronting *Sheffield's* stately Pile,
With thoughtless Courtiers walk, and Woe beguile.
Beneath these Rows of Limes, whose friendly Shade
By Canopies of weaving Leaves is made,

When

That

22 EPISTLES and POEMS,

When flaming Beaus and Belles, that blaze at Court,
Both much to see, more to be seen, resort;
They a great Prospect to the Palace seem,
But that a greater Prospect yields to them;
Tells those disdainful envious *Lookers-on*,
They give but Trouble to themselves alone; *
Learns them that Use, with Ornament, should join,
And bids them be at once both plain and fine;
It like its Lord a great Example stands,
And Imitation from the Wise Commands;
To decent Greatness does Spectators move,
But bids them always place the Gods above.
Oh! could I copy in Harmonious Lays,
Great Monument! thy Pattern how to raise,
To Thee, to *Sheffield*, Monuments of Praise;
As thou'rt like *Cooper's Hill*, an equal Theme,
So would I rival *Denham* in his Fame,
And *Sheffield* should approve the gen'rous Flame.
Times, endless, that fine Structure should esteem,
Knowing how much its Form resembled him;
High like his Birth, and like his Judgment strong,
Sweet in Proportion, like his Syren Song;
His Song, where ev'ry Grace is sure to be;
His Song, the Life and Soul of Harmony.

Fir'd with the Thought of *Sheffield's* heavenly Muse,
My own grows bold, and loftier Tracks pursues;
Will pass the Portal, and when enter'd in,
Paint to Mens wond'ring Eyes each inward Scene;
* Prospects beyond these outward she'll expose,
And the World's BEAUTIES in one House disclose.

* SPECTATOR FASTIDIOSUS SIBI MOLESTUS.

As

By CLIO and STREPHON. 23

As in clear Nights the glitt'ring Stars surprize,
And more the Sun by Day delights our Eyes,
Yet both are outward Beauties of the Skies;
In Inside Heaven lies a nobler Scene,
By mortal Eyes ne'er heard, by mortal Eyes ne'er seen:
So does it with this noble Structure fare,
Where tho' external Charms excelling are,
Yet with its Inside can they not compare.
The Country, Camp, Town, Court *, without are seen:
The Country, Camp, Town, Court, are all within.

Gardens and Grottos, Green-Houses and Woods,
With Lab'rinth, verdant Meads and Silver Floods,
All round in regular Confusion lie,
And maze the rioting Spectator's Eye.
While this Great Man his rural Heaven enjoys,
Free from an envious World's invading Noise;
Virtues, like Guards encamp'd, surround the Prince,
Who lives secure, intrench'd with Innocence:
Against all Ill, his Conscience keeps the Field,
His Prudence makes unruly Passions yield;
Justice and Fortitude bear equal Sway,
And Temperance like SCIPIO, rules the Day.
Such is his Camp: There useful Houses round
His stately Palace rang'd, with Art abound,
And just resemble some well-order'd Town.

Now let us, Muse, now let us upwards move;
The Court, the Gods, and *Sheffield* are above.

* *RUS IN URBE.*

24 EPISTLES and POEMS,

Each Step thou mount'st, my Muse, is a Degree,
 That Elevates thee more in Poetry:
 Here, good *ÆNEAS* tells the *Trojan* Tale,
 Which did on *DIDO*'s pitying Heart prevail;
 There, to her Sister *ANNA* she reveals
 The secret Wounds a Queen and Lover feels:
 Here, on the bending Oaks a Tempest falls,
 And Lightnings flash along the painted Walls,
 These *DIDO* flies; yet Lightnings warm her Breast,
 When of her Lover in yon Cave posselt:
 Here, in his Ships th' inconstant *Hero* flies,
 There, on a blazing Pile the Constant Empress dies.
 Here, here, all *VIRGIL* at one View delights
 The wondring Eye; Loves, Sieges, Conquests, Fights, }
 'Tis his best Monument inscrib'd with all he writes.
 The Gods look pleas'd, and from their Heav'n recline,
 To read each *written* in each *painted* Line.

Who most is like this Poet next we'll name,
 And that's the *Prince* himself, 'tis *Buckingham*.
 In the first spacious Chamber, lo! I see
 A Token of his matchless Harmony:
 There, by fam'd *Kneller*'s Art Great *ANNA* shines, }
 But *Sheffield* her more Noble Form designs,
 And draws Her *Iliad* in but twice Two Lines*.

* Alluding to the Verses written by his Grace upon her Majesty's
 Picture, which she presented Him.

Mistaken Zeal was the first *Mary*'s Share,
Elizabeth was Form'd for *Regal* Care;
 In *ANNE* alone these happy Nations find
Prudence and *Piety* together Join'd.

By CLIO and STREPHON. 25

Muse, from this Pleasure to new Pleasures roam,
And view the Glories of yon painted Room.

Here, every Artist Draughts of Nature shows,
From *Thornhill's* Time to *Michael Angelo's*;
See with our Ladies, Antient Beauties stand,
Those, drawn by *Kneller's*, these, by *Raphael's* Hand;
Their Themes too various for a single Muse,
Let those Bards praise, who first those Themes did chuse:
Vandyke's fine Draughts to *Cowley* do belong,
And *Kneller's* Praises live in *Granville's* Song;
When *Pope* his tuneful Lyre to *Raphael* brings,
Then still while *Raphael* paints, a *Vida* sings;
Were by Soft *Waller*, Manly *Denham* seen,
The Pow'rs of Paint in every Living Scene;
Waller and *Denham* then no more would give
Advice to Painters, but from *Them* receive:
They that did just Poetic Rules impart,
Would learn the Tunes of Speech from the *dumb Sister's*
Art.

Well tir'd, if Pleasure may be said to tire,
Muse, from this gay Variety retire.

Behold that Room the Nuptial Bed contains,
With Joys, and Loves, and Smiles, here *Hymen* reigns;
Still on the Bride and Bridegroom may she tend,
And each new Day to both new Pleasures send.

* Alluding to this Line in *Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism*;
A *Raphael* painted and a *Vida* sung.

26 EPISTLES and POEMS.

Lo! there, by *Kneller* drawn, the Duke is seen,
 O had I Skill to sing the Glorious Scene,
 In such high Numbers as he sung the Queen;
 Who ow'd those Honours, that he prais'd in HER,
 To her wise Choice of such a Counsellor!
 His Noble Stature and his Princely Grace,
 All the Majestic Features of his Face,
 The Poet can't describe, nor *Kneller* trace;
 That must the Province of his Dutchess be,
 Him, She from Kings descended, only She
 Can paint to future Times in *Normanby*;
 Long may he Live, and Propagate the Name,
 He like his Father, and his Heirs the same.
 Muse, say what Man our future Peers shall see,
 If what the Father is, the Son should be.

Brave without Rashness, Wise without Deceit,
 Conscious of Worth, without Vain-Glory Great,
 Well-bred exactly, perfectly Sincere,
 To Virtue friendly, and to Vice Severe;
 Thrifty, not Sparing, full of Charity,
 Which never is profuse, but always free,
 ONE, that's *all this* and *More*, That *One* is *HE*:
 For when all Good our Fancies e'er can frame,
 In Compound meets, that Compound's *Buckingham*.

Muse, strike that Name from thy Profaning Page,
 Thou'lt praise his Merit with less Vig'rous Rage,
 Than Merit's stabb'd with, in this impious Age.
 Ages to come shall suffer for our Crimes,
 But few such Peers will grace succeeding Times.

By CLIO and STREPHON. 27

That lofty Flower, which in his Garden grows, *
 But once an Age in all its Glory blows ;
 And its Rare Beauties to few Eyes bestows :
 But many rolling Centuries must be,
 That must produce so great a Peer as *Thee*,
 Thou Flower of our Prime Nobility !

Muse, act not unawares again, this Part,
 Unless thy Tongue could answer to thy Heart ;
 Yet then thou could'st not equal Praise bestow,
 His Merit is too high above, thy Thoughts too far below :
 Think'st thou *his* Muse needs any Praise from *Thee*,
 That gave e'en DEATH an *Immortality* ? †

* *An Aloes-Tree which blows but once in an Hundred Years.*

† Alluding to his Grace's Incomparable Poem, call'd, The TEM-
 PLE of DEATH. Written originally in *French*, and translated by
 him when Marquis of *Normanby*. His Grace was pleas'd, when
 Mr. BOND presented him with this POEM, to pay him this Com-
 pliment, *That it would last much longer than the BUILDING.*





THE
PARSON'S DAUGHTER.
A
T A L E.

For the Use of pretty GIRLS with small
FORTUNES.

*—facilis discensus Averni
Sed revocare Gradus —
Hoc Opus hic Labor est. Virg.*

CLOE a Country Vicar's Daughter,
Had many useful Lessons taught her ;
She read the Chapters ev'ry Day,
And David's Psalms by Heart could say ;

Would

Would hurry when Bell rung to Pray'rs,
 Ready to break her Neck down Stairs;
 Nor would be absent from *Confession*,
 At any Mortal's Intercession:
 Was caution'd never to be idle,
 But either read or use her Needle.
 (Thus was she often told her Duty,
 The old Man knowing her a Beauty
 With little Money, which the more
 Expos'd her to become a Whore.)
 No Pains were spar'd to make her good:
 But, ah! how frail is Flesh and Blood,
 When to the wide World left alone,
 No Will to follow, but its own?
 For tho' she promis'd very fair,
 While underneath her Father's Care,
 Yet she, as soon as *Dad* was dead,
 Grew weary of her *Maidenhead*;
 Resolving strait to be a Bride,
 And taste of Pleasures yet untry'd;
 But still intends to guard her Honour,
 Whatever Longings are upon her;
 Having been taught, that Fornication
 Is a great Sin, tho' much in Fashion.
 With this Design, to Town she came,
 Where wicked *Nelly* heard her Fame;
Nelly! of all her Sex the worst;
Nelly! by Hundreds daily curst,
 Whom she by Artifice had won,
 To sell themselves, and be undone.
 (Before we any farther go,
 'Tis fit her Character we show.)

A Bawd she is of great Renown,
 Well known to ev'ry Rake in Town;
 All Batchelors that use her House,
 May have each Night a diff'rent Spouse.
 Without th' intolerable Fetter,
 Of being link'd for Worse or Better.
 No married Man, but there may find
 Variety, when so inclin'd.

She has a ruby shining Face,
 Which some may think th' Effect of Grace;
 As *Moses* when the most enlighten'd,
 So much the more his Visage brighten'd;
 For she can counterfeit Devotion,
 And of Religion has this Notion,
 That doubtless That must be the Best,
 Which with most Ease will make her Blest;
 That where Indulgences are given,
 Is sure the nearest Way to Heaven.

Oh! happy those, who in a Trice,
 Thus free themselves of ev'ry Vice;
 Can sin afresh, and run o'Score,
 And reckon for what's past no more.
 With *Origen* she hopes Salvation,
 Believing there is no Damnation;
 But Whores, and Rogues, and Bawds shall be
 Blessed to all Eternity.
 Small Need of any Pains and Care,
 Of Watching, Fasting, daily Pray'r,

A T A L E.

31

If ev'ry Sinner, spite of Fate,
Must enter at the narrow Gate.

And tho' because her Deeds are evil,
She chuses Darknes like a Devil,
Yet will she light her little * *Sodom*,
On † Tenth of *June*, from Top to Bottom;
Wishing to see the Dissolution
Of all our Laws and Constitution;
For if this Government should cease,
She might be sure to Bawd in Peace;
Knowing there would be ‡ Toleracion
For Whoring in a Popish Nation.

She loves *Sachew'rell* in her Heart,
And never fails to take his Part;
Blindly believes whate'er he said,
More than the *Testament* or *Creed*;
Thinks him the Church's best Support,
Tho' *Priest* and *Punk* care equal for't.

She could prove Pimping was no Shame,
For *S*——*b* pimp'd for *A*——*m*;
That Incest is a trivial Matter,
Since pious *L*——*t* carefs'd his Daughter;
That Whoring is a lawful Trade,
Since ev'ry Thing for Use is made;
And that it can be no Abuse,
To put Things to their proper Use.

* Her House so call'd for its Wickedness.

† *Pretender's* Birth-day.

‡ The reason why Women are for the *Pretender*.

32 *The* PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

With *Cloe* soon she got acquainted,
 And all her former Virtues tainted ;
 Taking Advantage of her Want,
 She often to her thus would cant ;
 What, tho' all such as cannot Tarry
 Rather than Burn are bid to Marry,
 Yet if none tasted Love's Delight,
 But those who lawfully come by't,
 Many a Girl might burn to Tinder,
 Before she'd meet a Man would mind her,
 If she'd be nothing but a Wife,
 To have, and hold, during her Life.
 It seems but Reason good, therefore ;
 Rather than Burn, to play the Whore :
 This Talent to our Sex, kind Heav'n,
 To be made Use of, sure has giv'n.
 Ought not those Ladies then to boast,
 That have improved it the most ;
 Not like a Nun shut up in Abby,
 Their Talents in a Napkin lay-by ;
 For doubtless, to conceal one's Light
 Under a Bushel, is not right.
 Then, as St. *Paul* says, (mind the Letter)
 Those who don't marry, *do what's better* ;
 Which plainly must some *Ad* imply,
 I see no Reason to deny.
 The Action you will guess with Ease,
 'Tis in your Pow'r whene'er you please.

Then prithee, *Cloe*, be advis'd ;
 Good Offers should not be despis'd ;

A present

A present Settlement accept,
And where's the Harm of being kept ?
That *Norwich* Crape and humble Pattin,
You'll change for Coach and Gown of Sattin,
Flounc'd Petticoats, with Heads of *Mechlin*,
Fine Fans, a Watch, and other Tackling.
Ah ! why should so divine a Creature
Neglect the choicest Gift of Nature ?

Too easy, *Cloe* quickly proves,
Persuaded to the Thing she loves ;
Thought all was Reason *Nelly* said,
And Folly still to live a Maid ;
When she might purchase Wealth and Pleasure
By parting with an useless Treasure ;
She soon forgets to say her Pray'rs,
And learns to practise Coquet Airs ;
Hates Sermons, which in former Days
She lov'd, as Prudes do bawdy Plays ;
Left off the Reading heavy Chapters,
And only relish'd melting Raptures,
Such as she met with in Romances,
Where dying Lovers fall in Trances :
And now upon her Toilet's seen
A *Rocheſter*, and *Aretine* ;
The Work of *Ovid*'s Am'rous Pen
She reads, admires, and reads again,
Thinking it would more useful prove,
To study his soft *Art of Love*,
Then what dull Patriarchs us'd to do
Three or four thousand Years ago.

34 *The* PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

The gilded Prospect gay appears,
 And seems to promise happy Years;
 A thousand Pleasures fill her Mind,
 Nor sees she Want and Shame behind;
 Considers not with how much Haste
 Her Youth and blooming Beauty waste;
 That when the Date of Charms are out,
 The Wheel of Fortune turns about,
 And those who were at first but poor,
 Leaves often lower than before;
 Which she at last experienc'd true,
 (Her happy Days, Alas! were few)
 Grown pale and thin, with hollow Eyes;
 No more her faded Charms entice;
 She in her Summer took no Care
 For Age and Wrinkles to prepare;
 Therefore when dropt by keeping Cullies,
 Became a Prey to needy Bullies;
 And now in Allies Centry stands,
 To get her living by her *Hands*;
 She lays on Paint as thick as Butter,
 To hide in either Cheek a Gutter,
 Which pinching Poverty and Care,
 Poxes and Time, have fixed there.

She that when Young would blush to hear
 A Word unfit for Maiden Ear,
 Will now talk Bawdy with the best,
 And fancy every Oath a Jest;
 She that was once as just as any,
 Now picks a Pocket for a Penny;
 And then, to silence sharp Remorse
 For what is past, or fear of worse,

And

She finds a Way that's most effectual,
And drowns her Senses intellectual.

M O R A L.

From hence let Females learn to shun
Those Wiles which *Cloe* have undone;
Not to be fool'd by promis'd Blifs,
Of fancy'd Joys, and Happiness.
Sin is but slightly varnish'd o'er;
Rather be virtuous, tho' poor;
For such a Wonder's rarely known,
As, a *lewd Woman honest grown*.

So, when a River's rapid course
O'erflows its Banks with mighty force,
Then all Endeavours are in vain,
To turn it to its Bounds again.

A T H O U G H T, on Reading Dr.
Burnet's Archæology.

HAD ADAM (form'd with ev'ry Grace
His *Female* to subdue)
Straight fall'n to *propagate his Race*;
Nor suffer'd EVE to view
The *Tempter*, and the *Tempting Tree*,
We had been *Free from Evil*;
From *Death* all *Mankind* had been *Free*,
And *We* had *Bit the DEVIL*.
For, as they *then* were, *such* the Race,
Begotten *then*, had been;
Begot! in *Innocence* and Grace,
They'd known no Shame or Sin.

In nat'ral Walks, unplanted Groves,
 In Parterres, rudely Gay,
 By Night, we'd play'd our *spotless Loves*,
 And toy'd the *live-long Day*.
 Spontaneous had the Earth produc'd
 Each Fruit, that Nature yields,
 Nor had poor mortal *Brows* been us'd
 To *Sweat* o'er *barren Fields*.
 But EVE was *Curious*; she wou'd Taste
 The *Fruit* that was deny'd;
 Nor, more than ADAM, was in Haste
 A *Wife* to make the *Bride*.
 And so they *Fell*; and *Curs'd* they were;
Curs'd was the Earth and Man,
 And where EVE felt most *Pleasure*, THERE,
 She felt the greatest *Pain*.
 Oh EVE! hadst thou but been at *Court*,
 Or but at *Churoch* hadst been,
 Thou hadst not thus *delay'd the Sport*,
 Nor had THAT SAME been *Sin*.
 But let not this weak Man dismay,
 Nor fill his Head with Fears;
 Of *Paradise* that *single Day*
 Begat *one thousand Years*.
 Then grieve no more, at our *First State*,
Millennium's hast'ning Doom,
 All Blessed, Splendid, Lasting, Great,
 Ere long with Joy will come.
 There, shall not EVE, again, Transgress,
 Thence banish'd shall be *Evit*;
 Eden shall the whole Earth possess;
 Eden! without a *DEVIL*!



T H E

Splendid Shilling.

A N

Imitation of MILTON.

————— *Sing, Heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet, in Prose or Rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.*

HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares and Strife;
In Silken, or in Leathern Purse retains
A *Splendid Shilling*: He nor hears with Pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor Sighs for chearful Ale;
But with his Friends when Nightly-Mists arise,
To *Juniper's Magpie*, or *Town-Hall* * repairs:
Where, mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye

* Two noted Alehouses in Oxford.

A

Transfix'd

Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled amorous Flames,
 CLOE, or PHILLIS; he each circling Glass
 Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
 Mean while, he smokes, and laughs at merry Tale,
 Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
 But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
 And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want
 With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
 (Wretched Repast!) my meagre Corps sustain:
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
 Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as black
 As Winter-Chimney, or well-polish'd Jet
 Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent:
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
 Smokes *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwaladar* and *Arthur*, Kings
 Full famous in Romantick Tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy Hill and barren Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing Rides, with a design
 To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the Ancient Town
 Yclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil!
 Whence flow nectareous Wines, that well may vie
 With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyless Minutes tedious flow,
 With Looks demure, and silent Pace a *Dun*

Horrible

The Splendid SHILLING.

3

Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,
To my Aerial Citadel ascends,
With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gate,
With hideous Accent Thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn Sound.
What shou'd I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
Of Woodhole; strait my bristling Hairs erect
Thro' sudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews
My shud'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
So horrible seems! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and Conic Beard,
And spreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saints,
Disastrous Acts forebode; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from Righteous Men;) Behind him stalks
Another Monster not unlike himself,
Sullen of Aspect, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whose polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
Erst have endu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, strait his Body, to the Touch
Obsequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains
In Durance strict detain him, till in form
Of Money, PALLAS sets the Captive free.

A 2

Beware.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken
 This Caitiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to inchant some inadvertent Wretch
 With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)
Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye
 Lies Nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
 Portending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure Ruin. So her disembowell'd Web
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies: She secret stands
 Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey,
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the Toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their Arts, or Arms, or Shapes of lovely Hue;
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless Resistance make: With eager Strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her unexpected Spoils;
 Then, with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
 Persuades Men to repel benumbing Frosts

With

With pleasant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of loving Friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendant on a Willow-Tree
Mean while I labour with eternal Drought,
And restless Wish, and rave, my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:
But if a Slumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a Dream,
Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled Thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Fantom curse.

Thus do I live, from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, *Fohn-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*.
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
Nor *Medlar*-Fruit, delicious in decay:
Afflictions Great! yet Greater still remain:
My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
The Winter's Fury, and incroaching Frosts,
By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue?
An horid Chasm disclose, with Orifice

Wide, discontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till cruising near
The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Crush
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks!)
She Strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
Resistless, Overwhelming; Horrors seize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears.
They Stare, they Lave, they Pump, they Swear, they Pray:
(Vain Efforts!) still the battering Waves rush in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyfs.





BLEINHEIM:

A

P O E M,

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

Robert Harley, Esq;

1705.

FROM low and abject Themes the grov'ling Muse
Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of Britain's Heroe; May the Verse not sink
Beneath His Merits, but detain a while
Thy Ear, O HARLEY, (tho' thy Country's Weal
Depends on thee, tho' Mighty ANNE requires

Thy

Thy hourly Counsels) since with ev'ry Art
 Thy self adorn'd, the mean Essays of Youth,
 Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
 The willing Genius to the Muses Seat :
 Therefore Thee first, and last, the Muse shall Sing.

LONG had the *Gallie* Monarch, uncontrol'd,
 Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Human Force
 Opponent slightly thought, in Heart elate,
 As erst *SESOSTRIS*, (proud *Ægyptian* King,
 That Monarchs harness'd to his Chariot yokr,
 Base Servitude!) and his dethron'd Compeers
 Last furious; they in fullest Majesty
 Drew the uneasy Load Nor less he aim'd
 At Universal Sway: For *WILLIAM's* Arm
 Could nought avail, however fam'd in War;
 Nor Armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd
 To curb his Pow'r enormous; like an Oak,
 That stands secure, tho' all the Winds employ
 Their ceaseless Roar, and only sheds its Leaves,
 Or Mast, which the revolving Spring restores:
 So stood He, and Alone; Alone defy'd
 The *European* Thrones combin'd, and still
 Had set at Nought their Machinations vain,
 But that Great *ANNE*, weighing th' Events of War
 Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee chose,
 Thee, *CHURCHILL*, to direct in nice Extreame
 Her banner'd Legions: Now their pristine Worth
 The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
 Sweet Native Home for unaccustom'd Air,

And

And other Climes, where different Food and Soil
 Portend Distempers; over dank, and dry,
 They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with Length
 Of March, unstruck with Horror at the sight
 Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high stretching Hills,
 All White with Summer Snows. They go beyond
 The Trace of *English* Steps, where scarce the Sound
 Of *Henry's* Arms arriv'd; such Strength of Heart
 Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor small
 Encouragement *GODOLPHIN*, Wise, and Just,
 Equal in Merit, Honour, and Success,
 To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve
 The Best of *Queens* :) He, of the Royal Store
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole Nights devoid
 Of sweet Repose, Industrious to procure
 The Soldier's Ease; to Regions far remote
 His Care extends: and to the *British* Host
 Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O *CHURCHILL*! at thy wisht Approach
 The *Germans* hopeless of Success, forlorn,
 With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer
 New animated rouse; Not more rejoice
 The miserable Race of Men, that live
 Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Frosts
 Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keenest Breath,
 Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky,
 When first the Sun with New-born Light removes
 The long incumbent Gloom; gladly to thee
 Heroic Laurel'd *EUGENE* yields the Prime,

Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt
 In Military Honour next, altho'
 His deadly Hand shook the *Turcheſtan* Throne
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
 Victorious; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* Coast relies,
 Won from th' encroaching Sea: That Sword Great *ANNE*
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puiffant Side,
 When Thee Sh'enroll'd her Garter'd Knights among,
 Illustrating the Noble Liſt her Hand
 Affures good Omens, and Saint *George's* Worth
 Enkindles like Deſire of high Exploits.
 Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War
 Roll in thy eager Mind; thy Plumy Creſt
 Nods horrible, with more terrific Port
 Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conqueſts then did *Albion* hope
 From thy Atchievements! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
 Her boldeſt Vows, exceed'd what thy Foes
 Could fear, or fancy; they, in Multitude
 Superior, fed their Thoughts with Proſpect vain
 Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what
 From ranſom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One
 Jovial his Mate beſpoke; O Friend, obſerve,
 How gay with all th' Accoutrements of War
 The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come
 Thus far, our Prey, and temp' us to ſubdue
 Their recreant Force; how will their Bodies ſtrip'd
 Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures ſate

Their

Their Maws with full Repast! Another warm'd,
 With high Ambition, and Conceit of Prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd ;
 What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
 Of base Antagonists, with griding Edge
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable Head
 Of CHURCHILL, met in Arms! or if This Hand,
 Soon as his Army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
 Should stay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,
 Confounded, and apal'd! no trivial Price
 Should set Him free, nor small should be My Praise
 To lead Him shackled, and expos'd to Scorn
 Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton's* boasted Chief.

Thus They, in sportive Mood, their empty Taunts
 And Menaces express; nor could their Prince
 In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech
 Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons*? Why
 Decline the War? Shall a Morass forbid
 Your easie March? Advance; we'll bridge a way,
 Safe of Access. Imprudent, thus t'invite
 A furious Lyon to his Folds! that Boast
 He ill abides, Captiv'd in other Plight
 He soon revisits *Britanny*, that once
 Resplendent came, with stretcht Retinue girt,
 And pompous Pageantry; O Hapless Fate,
 If any Arm, but CHURCHILL's had prevail'd!

No need such Boast, or Exprobrations false
 Of Cowardice; the Military Mound
 The *British* Files transcend, in evil Hour

For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate,
 And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,
 Signal of Onset, Resolution firm
 Inspiring, and Pernicious Love of War.
 The adverse Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,
 Collecting all their Might; for on th' Event
 Decisive of this bloody Day depends
 The Fate of Kingdoms: With less Vehemence
 The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cæsar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* Plains,
 Where stern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,
 'Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One,
 Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
 Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
 Bold Champion! brandishing his *Noric* Blade,
 Best temper'd Steel, successless prov'd in Field!
 Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry
 Presumptuous comes; Here *CHURCHILL*, not so prompt
 To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
 With *EUGENE's* *German* Force. Now from each Van
 The brazen Instruments of Death Discharge
 Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds
 Of Smoak Sulphureous, intermixt with these
 Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,
 Singing the Air, and from long Distance bring
 Surprising Slaughter; on each side they fly
 By Chains connex't, and with destructive Sweep
 Behead whole Troops at once; the hairy Scalps
 Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks bestrew
 Th'enfanguin'd Field; with latent Mischief stor'd
Show's

Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by sudden Burst
Disploding murd'rous Bowels, Fragments of Steel
And Stones, and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust.
A Thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs
Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout
With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep.
Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds,
Disdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,
Spurn their dismounted Riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each Army Death, in various Shapes,
Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
Lies clotted; lifeless Some: With Anguish These
Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder Din
Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and solemn Sound
Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were seen,
None of Retreat: As when two adverse Winds,
Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
Roars stormy, they together dash the Clouds,
Levying their equal Force with utmost Rage;
Long undecided lasts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd: 'Till CHURCHILL, viewing where
The Violence of *Tallard* most prevail'd,
Came to oppose His slaught'ring Arm; with speed
Precipitant He rode, urging His Way

O'er

O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds
 Rolling in Death : Destruction, grim with Blood
 Attends His furious Course. Him thus enrag'd
 Descrying from afar some Engineer,
 Dextrous to guide th' unerring Change, design'd
 By One nice Shot to terminate the War.
 With Aim direct the levell'd Bullet flew,
 But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood
 Th' approaching Wound) and guiltless plough'd her way
 Beneath his Courser; round his Sacred Head
 The glowing Balls play innocent, while He
 With dire impetuous Sway deals fatal Blows,
 Among the scatter'd *Gauls*. But O! Beware,
 Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
 Expose the *British* Safety : Hath not *Jove*
 Already warn'd Thee to withdraw? Reserve
 Thy self for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid
 EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,
 Awaits; This Day of all his Honours gain'd,
 Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
 Defends not the sad Hour : Permit not Thou
 So brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd
 To bite the Ground unnoted—Swift, and Fierce
 As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce
 The yielding Wing; in *Gallie* Blood again
 He dews His reeking Sword, and strews the Ground
 With headless Ranks; (so *Ajax* interpos'd
 His Sevenfold Shield, and screen'd *Laertes'* Son,
 For Valour much, and Warlike Wiles Renown'd,
 When the insulting *Trojans* urg'd Him sore

With

With tilted Spears:) Unmanly Dread invades
 The *French* astoni'd; strait Their useleſs Arms
 They quit, and in Their ſwift Retreat conſide,
 Unſeemly Yelling; diſtant Hills return
 The hideous Noiſe. What can they do? or, how
 Withſtand His wide-deſtroying Sword? or, where
 Find Shelter thus repulſ'd? Behind with Wrath
 Reſiſtleſs, th' Eager *Engliſh* Champions preſs
 Chaiſting tardy Flight; before them rolls
 His Current ſwift the *Danube*, Vaſt, and Deep,
 Supream of Rivers; to the frightful Brink,
 Urg'd by compulſive Arms, ſoon as they reacht,
 New Horror chill'd Their Veins; devote They ſaw
 Themſelves to wretched Doom; with Efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by Deſpair, or Obſtinate
 To Fall like Men in Arms, ſome dare renew
 Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate
 On the firm Land; the Reſt diſcomfited,
 And puſht by MARLBOROUGH's avengeful Hand,
 Leapt plunging in the wide extended Flood.
 Bands numerous as the *Memphian* Soldiery
 That ſwell'd the *Erythraean* Wave, when Wall'd
 The unfroze Waters marvelouſly flood,
 Obſervant of the Great Command. Upbore
 By frothy Billows Thouſands float the Stream
 In cumbrous Mail, with Love of farther Shore;
 Conſiding in their Hands, that ſed'lous ſtrive
 To cut th' outrageous Fluent: In this Diſtreſs,
 Ev'n in the ſight of Death, Some Tokens ſhew
 Of fearleſs Friendſhip, and their ſinking Mates

Suſtain;

Sustain ; vain Love, tho' laudable ! absorb'd
 By a fierce Eddy, They together found
 The vast Profundity ; their Horses paw
 The swelling Surge, fruitless Toil : Surcharg'd,
 And in his Course obstructed by large Spoil,
 The River, flows redundant, and attacks
 The lingring Remnant with unusual Tide ;
 Then Rolling back, in His Capacious Lap
 Ingulfs Their whole Militia, quick immerst.
 So when some swelt'ring Travellers retire
 To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunless Verge
 Of *Paraba*, *Brazilian* Stream ; Her Tail
 Of vast Extension, from Her watry Den,
 A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,
 Insidious, and with curl'd invenom'd Train
 Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
 Into the River whirls ; th' unweeeting Prey
 Entwisted roars, the parted Wave rebounds.

Nor did the *British* Squadrons now surcease
 To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd ; full many felt
 In the moist Element a scorching Death,
 Pierc'd sinking ; Shrouded in a dusky Cloud
 The Current flows, with livid missive Flames
 Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
 Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when the swift-footed Son
 Of *Peles* to his baleful Banks pursu'd
 The stragling *Trojans* : Nor less Eager drove
 Victorious CHURCHILL His desponding Foes
 Into the Deep Immense, that many a League
 Impurpled ran, with gushing Gore distain.

Thus

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
Mighty in Conflict, rescu'd harraßt Pow'rs
From Ruin impendent, and th' afflicted Throne
Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
Sustain'd. With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd
The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout
An Host disparted; when, in Union firm
Embody'd, they Advanc'd, collecting All
Their Strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd :
He the proud Boasters sent, with stern Assault,
Down to the Realms of Night. The *British* Souls,
(A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On *Landen*-Plains, this Heav'nly Gladsome Air,
Exult to see the crouding Ghosts descend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
Of Mortal Life, and drink th' Oblivious Lake.
Not so the New Inhabitants; They roam
Erroneous, and disconsolate, Themselves
Accusing, and their Chiefs, improvident
Of Military Chance; when lo! They see,
Thro' the Dun Mist, in Blooming Beauty fresh,
Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt
O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
ANNA's late Conquests; One, to Empire born,
Egregious Prince, whose Manly Childhood shew'd
His mingled Parents, and portended Joy
Unspeakable; Thou, His Associate Dear
Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,

Had

Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
 Should'st CHURCHILL be! But Heav'n severe cut short
 Their springing Years, nor would this Isle should boast
 Gifts so Important! Them the *Gallie* Shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant Look
 Marks of excessive Dignity and Grace,
 Delighted; 'till, in One, their Curious Eye
 Discerns their Great Subduer's Awful Mien,
 And Corresponding Features Fair; to Them
 Confusion! Straight the Airy Phantoms fleet,
 With Headlong Haste, and Dread a new Pursuit;
 The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muse; the sadly-pleasing Theme
 Leave, with these Dark Abodes and Re-ascend
 To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait
 The Conqu'ror, and sav'd the Nations joint Acclaim.
 Hark, how the Cannon, inoffensive Now,
 Gives Signs of Gratulation; struggling Crouds
 From ev'ry City flow; with ardent Gaze
 Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight
 Infatiate; whilst His Great Redeeming Hand
 Each Prince affects to touch respectful. See,
 How *Prussia's* King transported entertains
 His Mighty Guest; to Him the Royal Pledge,
 Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,
 Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
 Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew
 The Skill and Rudiments austere of War.

See

See, with what Joy, Him LEOPOLD declares
His Great Deliverer; and courts t'accept
Of Titles, with superior Modesty
Better refus'd. Mean while the Haughty King
Far humbler Thoughts now learns; Despair, and Fear
Now first he feels; his Laurels all at once
Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's extream,
Distract his Soul; nor can Great *Boileau's* Harp
Of various sounding Wire, best taught to calm
Whatever Passion, and exalt the Soul
With highest Strains, his languid Spirits cheer:
Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breast.

But who can tell what Pangs, what sharp Remorse
Torment the *Boian* Prince? From Native Soil
Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear Embrace
Of weeping Comfort, and depriv'd the Sight
Of his young guiltless Progeny, he seeks
Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land;
Deplorable! but that his Mind averse
To Right, and Insincere, would violate
His plighted Faith: Why did he not accept
Friendly Composure offer'd? or well weigh,
With Whom he must Contend? Encount'ring fierce
The *Solymean* Sultan, he o'erthrew
His Moony Troops, returning bravely smear'd
With *Painim* Blood effus'd; nor did the *Gaul*
Not find him once a baleful Foe: But when,
Of Counsel rash, new Measures he pursues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he sees

Too

Too late his Error, forc'd t' implore Relief
 Of Him, he once defy'd. O Destitute
 Of Hope, unpity'd! Thou should'st first have thought
 Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid
 Thy own inconstant Ill-aspiring Heart.
 Lo! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' Thy Default,
 Rise hilly, with large Piles of slaughter'd Knights,
 Best Men, that Warr'd still firmly for their Prince,
 Tho' Faithless, and unshaken Duty shew'd;
 Worthy of Better End. Where Cities stood,
 Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Desolation Reigns,
 And Emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
 The Widow, and the Orphan Strole around
 The Desert wide; with oft retorted Eye
 They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains
 Of Mansions, once their own (now loathsome Haunts
 Of Birds obscene), bewailing loud the Loss
 Of Spouse, or Sire, or Son, e'er Manly Prime
 Slain in sad Conflict, and complain of Fate
 As Partial, and too Rigorous; nor find
 Where to Retire themselves, or where Appease
 Th' afflictive keen Desire of Food, expos'd
 To Winds, and Storms and Jaws of Savage Beast.

Thrice Happy *Albion*! from the World disjoin'd
 By Heav'n Propitious, Blissful Seat of Peace!
 Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miseries to Prize
 Thy Welfare; Crown'd with Nature's Choicest Gifts,
 Remote Thou hear'st the Dire Effect of War,
 Depopulation, void alone of Fear,

And

And Peril, whilst the Dismal Symphony
Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife;
From different Climes the Flow'r of Youth descends
Down to the *Lusitanian* Vales, resolv'd
With utmost Hazard to Enthrone their Prince,
Gallic, or *Austrian*; Havoc dire ensues,
And wild Uproar: The Natives dubious whom
They must Obey, in Consternation wait,
'Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.
Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
On the mild *Latin* Shore; what Sighs and Tears
Hath EUGENE caus'd! How many Widows curse
His cleaving Faulchion! Fertile Soil in vain!
What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,
Best Boon of Heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
With Olives, when the Cruel Battle mows
The Planters, with their Harvest immature?
See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,
The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
In Batailous Array, while *Volga's* Stream
Sends Opposite, in shaggy Armor clad,
Her Borderers; on mutual Slaughter bent,
They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vext
With Civil Broils, while Two Elected Kings
Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left
Thus free of Choice! The *English*, undisturb'd
With such sad Privilege, submit Obey

Whom

Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rence due,
 Not Thralldom, in fit Liberty secure.
 From Scepter'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,
 Thou *ANNA* Rulest; Prudent to promote
 Thy People's Ease at home, nor Studious less
 Of *Europe's* Good; to Thee, of Kingly Rights
 Sole Arbitress, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
 Sue for Relief; Thou bid'st Thy *CHURCHILL* go,
 Succour the Injur'd Realms, Defeat the Hopes
 Of Haughty *LOUIS*, unconfin'd; he goes
 Obsequious, and the dread Command fulfils,
 In One Great Day. Again Thou giv'st in Charge
 To *ROOK*, that he should let that Monarch know,
 The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd
 Is Thine; behold! with winged Speed He rides
 Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main t'assert
 Thy liquid Kingdoms; at his near Approach
 The *Gallie* Navy impotent to bear
 His Volly'd Thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud
 And blest the friendly interposing Night.

Hail, Mighty *QUEEN*, reserv'd by Fate, to Grace
 The New-born Age; what Hopes may we conceive
 Of future Years, when to Thy Early Reign
Neptune submits his Trident, and Thy Arms
 Already have prevail'd to th' utmost Bound
Hesperian, *Calpe*, by *Alcides* fixt,
 Mountain Sublime, that a cast Shade of Length
 Immeasurable, and Rules the Inland Waves!
 Let Others, with Insatiate Thirst of Rule,

Invade

Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties
Of Leagues and Oaths; this Thy peculiar Praise
Be still, to Study Right, and Quell the Force
Of Kings Perfidious; let them learn from Thee
That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd,
Shall with Success be Crown'd, where Justice fails.
Thou, with Thy own Content, not for Thy Self,
Subduest Regions; Generous to Raise
The Suppliant Knee and Curb the Rebel Neck.
The *German* Boast Thy Conquests, and Enjoys
The Great Advantage; nought to Thee redounds
But Satisfaction from Thy Conscious Mind.

Auspicious QUEEN, since in Thy Realms secure
Of Peace, Thou Reign'st, and Victory attends
Thy distant Ensigns, with Compassion view
Europe Embroil'd; Still Thou (for Thou Alone
Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ice,
Reciprocally ruinous; Say Who
Shall wield th'*Hesperian*, Who the *Polish* Sword,
By Thy Decree; the trembling Land shall hear
Thy Voice, Obedient, lest Thy Scourge should bruise
Their Stubborn Necks, and CHURCHILL in his Wrath
Make Them Remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, Aw'd to Peace, Extol
Thy Pow'r, and Justice; Jealousies and Fears,
And Hate Infernal banisht shall retire
To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coasts,

Or

Or *Tartary*, Engend'ring Discords fell
 Amongst the Enemies of Truth; while Arts
 Pacific, and Inviolable Love
 Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days
 Returning! In perpetual Tenor run
 Delectable, and Shed your Influence Sweet
 On Virtuous *ANN A's* Head: ye Happy Days,
 By *HER* restor'd, Her Just Designs compleat
 And, mildly on *HER* shining, Bless the World.

Thus from the Noisy Croud exempt, with Ease,
 And plenty blest, amid the Mazy Groves ;
 (Sweet Solitude!) where Warbling Birds provoke
 The Silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat
 Of *SAINT JOHN*, *English Memmius*, I presum'd
 To Sing *Britannic* Trophies, inexpert
 Of War, with mean Attempt ; while He intent
 (So *ANN A's* Will Ordains) to Expedite
 His Military-Charge, * no Leisure finds
 To String His Charming Shell; But when Return'd
 Consummate Peace shall Rear Her Cheerful Head,
 Then shall His *CHURCHILL* in Sublimar Verse
 Forever Triumph ; latest Times shall learn
 From Such a Chief to Fight, and Bard, to Sing.

* He was, then, *Secretary of War*.

F I N I S.



